THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Adds to the Profit of a Retail Store

This is the first of a series of advertisements dealing with the application of the Multigraph to various lines of endeavor. Don't wait for future advertisements before investigating the Multigraph for your own use.

THE average retail store has really wonderful possibilities for increasing its profits by using the Multigraph.

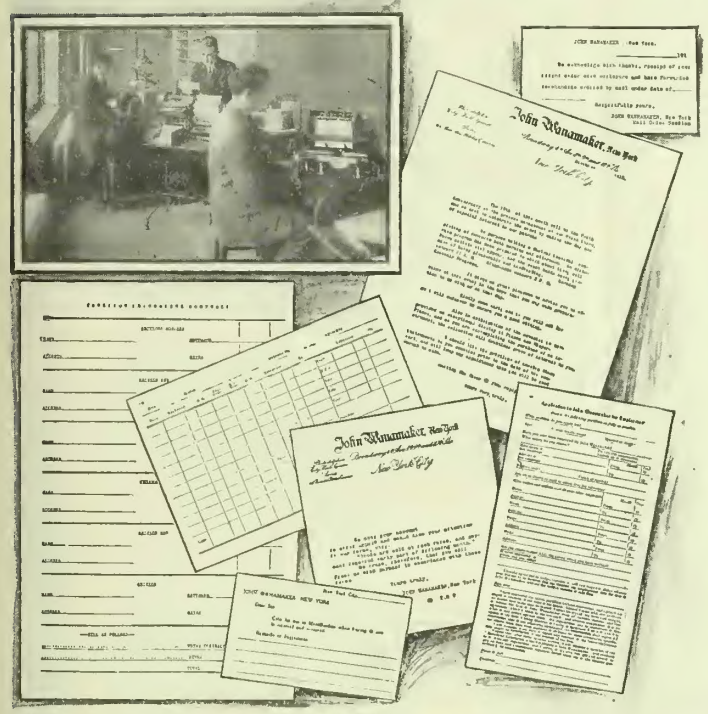
It *makes* money by getting more business. It *saves* money by reducing printing-costs. And where the store employs many people, it is a decided aid in making administration more effective.

These things are demonstrable *facts*—not mere theories.

THE adaptability of the Multigraph to widely varying retail needs is graphically told by the following illustrations.

Look at these two Multigraph users—one a great New York store; the other a shoe-store in a small city of 20,000. In both, the Multigraph is a money-saver and a money-maker—amply efficient for the large store; amply economical for the small one.

In Wanamaker's New York Store—In Feltman's Shoe-Store at Richmond, Ind.



The Wanamaker store in New York, its Multigraph department (showing the Universal Folding-Machine in the foreground), and a few of the multigraphed forms that are making money and saving money.

ALMOST any large retail store can use the Multigraph as it is being used in John Wanamaker's great New York store—to *make* money and to *save* money.

The examples shown—which are but a hint of the various applications of the Multigraph—may be divided into three classes: typewritten letters, typewritten system-forms, and real printing. The letters were multigraphed upon lithographed letter-heads—but the letterheads themselves might have been printed on the Multigraph (as many users are now doing) in a satisfactory manner and at a great saving.* With that exception, each of the forms was produced entirely by the Multigraph.

Now these three general applications—typewritten letters, typewritten system-forms and real printing—include a great proportion of a store's output of printed-matter. The real printing, for example, may include not only all the store's stationery, but much of its advertising-matter: enclosing-slips, folders, mailing-cards—even booklets; so that almost any large store may count upon saving from 25% to 75% of its average annual printing-cost.

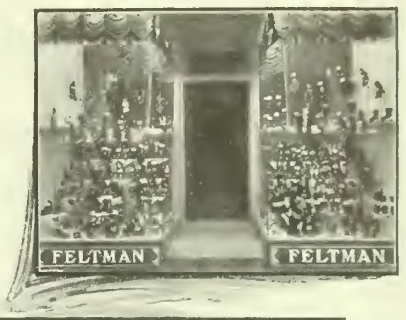
The Wanamaker store adds to its saving and expedites mailing by using the Universal Folding-Machine shown in the foreground. It makes all customary folds in letters, circulars and booklets at a cost of 2c or 3c a thousand as against printers', binders' or hand-folding cost of 10c to 45c. Booklet on request.

* Since making the illustrations for this advertisement we learn that the Wanamaker store has had plates made for multigraphing the letterheads formerly lithographed.

IN smaller stores, money-*making* is the leading feature of Multigraph methods, since the possibilities of increasing the business far outweigh the opportunities to save. Chas. H. Feltman's shoe-store, in Richmond, Indiana, is a typical example.

Mr. Feltman's interest in the Multigraph was aroused by advertisements just such as you are reading now. His inquiry was received on August 27th, 1910; he bought a Multigraph on September 16th; and on October 24th, after circularizing a list of 3000 names, the man in charge of his advertising wrote as follows:

"The immediate results were surprising—the continued results more than I had dared hope for. I do not believe that I exaggerate when I say that the direct returns from this advertising paid in regular profits more than two or three times what the whole amount of the advertising cost. * * * Personally I would regard the Multigraph as an essential part of any retail business. I hardly know of one in which it would not pay for itself in a comparatively short time."



Chas. H. Feltman's shoe-store in Richmond, Indiana, his Multigraph room, and some of the multigraphed advertising he has used so successfully.

A Booklet that Tells What the Multigraph Is and What it Does

WRITE today, on your business stationery, for "More Profit with the Multigraph." Printed in colors on the Multigraph, it shows what wonderful possibilities would be open to you if you owned one.

With it, if you wish, we shall be glad to send some definite suggestions as to the application of the Multigraph to the needs of your business, whether you are a merchant or in any other line.

WHETHER your store is as large as Wanamaker's or as modest as Feltman's, you owe it to the profit side of your ledger to investigate the Multigraph. And retail business is but one of many classes in which it has profitable applications.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

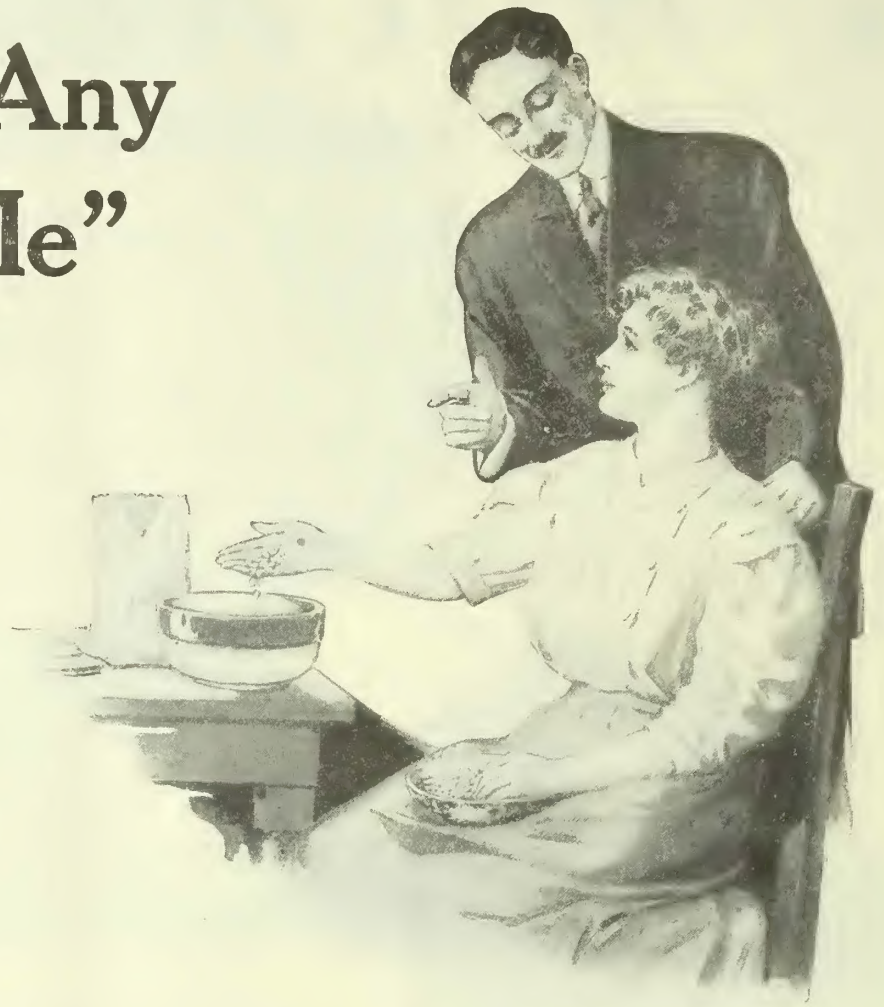
BRANCH OFFICES—Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala.; Boise, Idaho; Boston, Mass.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Detroit, Mich.; Fresno, Cal.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hartford, Conn.; Houston, Tex.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Lincoln, Neb.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Montreal, Que.; Muncie, Ind.; Nashville, Tenn.; Newark, N. J.; New Orleans, La.; New York City; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Portland, Ore.; Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va.; Rochester, N. Y.; Sacramento, Cal.; Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Tex.; San Francisco, Cal.; Scranton, Pa; Seattle, Wash.; Spokane, Wash.; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Toronto, Ont.; Vancouver, B. C.; Washington, D. C.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.; Winnipeg, Man.

European Representatives: **The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England**

You *Can't* Buy a Multigraph Unless You Really Need It

SOMEWHERE near you we have a representative skilled in figuring printing-costs and in suggesting business-getting methods. He will, if you wish it, study your business to see if you have a profitable use for the Multigraph. But before we will be willing to sell you a Multigraph, his report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that you really need it.

"Don't Bake Any Beans for Me"



Some thousands of men have said that to their wives after tasting a dish of Van Camp's. And a million more ought to say it.

For the baking of beans is one of the longest, hottest, hardest tasks in cooking. And the result is a failure in any home oven if digestibility means anything at all.

There is sorting, soaking, boiling and baking. The task must be started sixteen hours in advance.

A hot fire is kept going for four hours and a half. The dish should really be baked for twelve hours—as the Puritans baked it—to come anywhere near being right.

It is only the universal love of baked beans which leads housewives to face this task. Yet few homes which do their own baking serve beans more than once a week. All the rest of the time they serve something more costly, less delicious, less nutritious. And it's mainly on account of the trouble.

The proper baking of beans in any home oven is utterly out of the question. Home ovens use dry heat, and beans must be baked in live steam.

The top beans are crisped in the baking, but the beans below don't get half enough heat. The average is 100 degrees.

As a result, the food particles are not broken so the digestive juices can act. You know that. Everyone knows how home-baked beans, instead of digesting, ferment and form gas.

The Van Camp kitchen is filled with steam ovens, always heated to 245 degrees.

The beans are baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. The result of this process is a food most easy to digest.

The beans are baked without crisping, without bursting the skins. They come from the oven nut-like, mealy and whole—the likable kind of baked beans.

They are baked with the tomato sauce as well as the pork, so a delicious zest permeates every atom.

The result is baked beans at their best—the sort of baked beans you will always insist on when you once know what they are.

These beans of Van Camp's are sterilized after the can is sealed. Thus they remain, until you open the can, exactly the same as they came from the oven. Not a savor is missing, not a flavor is changed.

The housewife keeps them on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. Instead of a dish very hard to prepare, they become her most convenient meal.

As a result, Van Camp's beans are served often—served in place of meat. And beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They are richer than meat in food value, while costing a third as much.

Doesn't it seem that every housewife would welcome these chef-baked beans?

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

The main trouble is that some homes have served ready-baked beans not as good as Van Camp's. Those folks were disappointed.

For there is a very great difference in factory-baked beans. We pick out for Van Camp's—pick out by hand—just the whitest and plumpest of choice Michigan beans. They are all of one size, so they all bake alike. Such beans are far from common.

In making the sauce we use Livingston Stone tomatoes—the whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. The sauce costs us five times what common sauce sells for. It is more than five times as good.

If you get Van Camp's and try them once you will have a new idea of baked beans. Then you will gladly leave this dish to our master cooks.

Three sizes. 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**

(98)

Published Weekly

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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THE MILLION-DOLLAR TWINS

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Oh, Me Name is Sam'l Hall and I 'Ates You One an' Hall"

YES, I was sorter reposin' myself in the shade of some bushes on the side of a little lane cuttin' into the pike when Bill come along. I cottoned to Bill right off. He was big and hearty-lookin', with curly hair, grizzled around the edges, and a jolly, twinklin' eye. Only there wa'n't much twinkle to it just then and his face was sweaty and tired-lookin'. I see at a glance that Bill wa'n't no experienced hobo like myself, and from his rollin' gait and big hands and wrists covered with tattooin' I guessed he was a seafarin' man. A little dog with curly hair and a pug nose was atrottin' at his heels. Takin' of 'em full and by, there ain't much harm in sailormen. I been one myself off an' on for forty or fifty years and know the breed. They git rough sometimes when they come ashore, havin' a sorter idee that the shore was made to git drunk on; but the main run of 'em are just children-like and I piped Bill down for one of the old school. Bill, he wa'n't no longer young—fifty years, mebbe; and he looked sorter hot and troubled; so when he fetched up alongside I hailed him.

"Hello, matey!" says I.

"'Ello, yourself!" says he, lookin' at me doubtful.

"Set down and rest a spell," says I. "You look sorter het up."

Bill, he hesitates a moment, then come over and flopped down in the shade, swabbin' his face with a bandanna. The little dog with a pug nose curls up in his lap and lolls out his tongue. Bill strokes him gentle with a hand like a bunch o' bananas; and I liked him better for that. I pushed up my old iron-rimmed specs and give him a good look. Trampin' all over the United States gives a thoughtful man like me a lot of experience in human natur' and I see that Bill was all right.

Well, we got talkin' and Bill tells me as how he'd jumped ship. Second orf'cer he was and got into a rumpus with the mate while the ship was alayin' in the roads off Bedloe's. Bill, he laid him out, then got off ashore, takin' the little Japanese dog, Moki, that was the prop'ty of the skipper.

"Mebbe I 'adn't orter stole the tyke," says Bill, doubtful; "but the skipper, 'e was allus maltreatin' of 'im."

Bill was hungry and dead beat, so I give him wot was left of a handout I'd just bummed from a house up the lane. I told him as how I was a sorter wanderin' philosopher, who didn't believe that man was made in God's image to be a livin' dredge; and Bill said he didn't know but what I was right. He et and then took a nap; and when he woke up I give him a paper I'd picked up on the pike. It was the month of June, early, and too hot to hit the pike yet a while. Bill starts to read and I begun to peroose a little copy o' Shakspere that I allus carry with me.

Pretty soon Bill begins to breathe hard through his nose. I looked over and see that he was readin' about the Stuyvesant-Stirling divorce case.

"Blarst me, mate!" says Bill; "this 'ere's a houtrage; that's wot it is—a bloomink houtrage!"

"That's wot," says I. "Them people live right around here somewhere."

Most likely you remember all about this here case. Mr. Stirling, you rec'lect, let the woman git the divorce with the understandin' that he was to have the custody of the twin babies, Randolph and Cecil. She was in the wrong, all right; and, more'n that, everybody knew she wa'n't no fit person to keep them twins, she bein' an all-round bad lot from the start. Actress, she was; and drank more'n was good for her and gave him a bad time general. It was understood between 'em that Mr. Stirling was to keep the young uns; but when the decision was given, lo and behold! the mother made a claim for the babies and the jedge awarded 'em to her, he bein' fixed, like as not. When he see how things stood Mr. Stirling offered her a cold million for the twins and she told him to go to blazes—not that she wanted them herself, but just to spite him.

Me and Bill was discussin' the ongentlemanly way she'd acted and commentin' on the cussedness of womenfolks in general, when down the lane come a big, yaller autymobile and fetched up clost by. She was a full-powered husky-lookin' car, all closed in, and hardly had she come to a stop when the door opened and out jumps a tall, handsome-lookin' gent, with a crisp yaller mustache. He looked at his watch, then says somethin' to the shoffer, a furrin-lookin' feller. The shoffer touches his hat and stops the motor.

The gentleman takes a quick look up and down the lane. He didn't see Bill and me, us bein' screened-like by the bushes. Then he crosses the lane and I heard him pushin' through the arbor-vity hedge.

I give Bill a nudge.

"Somethin' doin'," says I. "Reckernize that gent?"

"Naw," growls Bill. "'Ow should I?"

"Lookyhere," says I, and picks up the paper. On the first page there was the picture of a man and underneath: "John B. Stuyvesant-Stirling."

"S'elp me!" growls Bill—"'it's 'im."

I give him another nudge and nodded my head at the car. The shoffer had been standin' by the side of it lookin' after the boss. He waits a minute, then turns to the other side of the lane and gives a low whistle. Nothin' happens. The shoffer walks back down the lane and whistles again. A minute later back he comes and with him four hard-faced parties that it didn't take a hobo of my experience to spot right off for plain-clothes cops. They talked for a minute to the shoffer, then crept into the bushes on the other side of the road.

I give Bill another nudge.

"Are you on, matey?" I whispers. "Here's some dirty business. Mr. Stirling has fixed to steal his kids and this skunk of a shoffer is playin' in with the other parties."

I see Bill's big muscles tighten.

"Blarst 'im!" he growls. "Honly as 'ow I'm wanted for bashin' the mate's 'ead I'd starnd by."

I see he meant it too; but my old headpiece was workin' faster than wot his was.

"Sneak along after me," says I. "Don't make no noise."

Bill caught on and we wormed back through the bushes and squirmed along by the hedge till we come to a place where we could git through. On the other side was a sorter park and directly we struck a little footpath. Almost the same minute I see a man and a woman comin' toward us, a long way off under the trees.

"That's him," I says to Bill.

We hurried down the path to meet 'em. Mr. Stirling, he saw us and stopped short in his tracks. As we got near we see that the woman was a high-toned nurse-gal and she and the master had, each of 'em, a kid tucked under their arms.

Mr. Stirling's face was black as thunder as we come up. He sets down the baby and eyes me and Bill mighty hostyle.

"Blarst Me, Mate! This 'ere's a Houtrage; That's Wot It is—a Bloomink Houtrage!"

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" he snaps.

Bill sorter shuffled his feet and gave a tug at his forelock. I steps for'ard.

"Mr. Stirling, sir?" I asks.

"Well," he growled, impatient; "and what if I am?"

"Your shoffer is aimin' to do you dirt, sir," says I. "He's got four cops in plain clothes ahidin' in the bushes acrost the lane."

Mr. Stirling give me a hard look, then shifted his eyes to Bill. The nurse-gal had sot down her twin. They was shore pretty babies, solid and healthy, but a mite peaked-lookin' about the faces. Both of 'em had their eyes on Moki and was asmilin' and reachin' out their little hands. Moki, he was interested in them too, and runs up and rolls over on his back. The nurse-gal was white as a sheet.

"Now, then, my man," says Mr. Stirling, "wot's all this about?"

"Me and my mate Bill," says I, "was restin'-like under the bushes and readin' about you in the papers when you drove up. I reckernized you from your picture in the paper and guessed wot was goin' on. As soon as you was gone, this here furrin' shoffer of yourn goes down the lane a piece and fetches up the constables. They're alayin' fer you in the bushes t'other side the road. Me and Bill thought we'd come and put you on."

"Right-o!" says Bill, low but hearty. "You 'ave our sympathy, sir—arskin' your pardon, sir."

Mr. Stirling's face got black as a thundersquall.

"The swine!" he growls; then looked at the twins, mighty doubtful and distressed. They was both on their hands and knees, playin' with Moki, who seemed to like it. Mr. Stirling looked at us, quick and suspicious.

"Wait a minute," says he, and walks off down the path.

No sooner was he out o' sight than the nurse-gal spins in her tracks and heads back down the trail. But Bill, he plants himself in front of her.

"'Old 'ard, miss!" says he. "Better wait for the marster."

The gal dropped down on the moss, white and scared. Moki was runnin' round the twins in little circles and they was alaughin' and toddlin' after him. Bill stood there abeamin' at 'em.

"Bless their innercent 'earts!" says he.

Pretty soon Mr. Stirling came back to where we was.

"You are right," he said. "I spoke to my man and told him to wait farther down the lane. When he went ahead I saw the constables follow him." He stood for a moment tugging at his mustache and thinkin' hard. Then he looked at Bill, who was watchin' Moki and the twins, real benevolent.

"Wot are you two men?" asks Mr. Stirling.

"My mate Bill, here," says I, "is a seafarin' man ——"

"Second mate, sir, with first mate's papers," says Bill.

"And you?" asks Mr. Stirling, giving me a sharp look.

"A walkin' philosopher, sir," says I; "though, like as not, many folks would call me a hobo."

Mr. Stirling reached for his wallet, took out a big roll and peeled off a couple of bills.

"Well," says he, "you two have earned fifty apiece." He handed us each a note. Bill saluted, dazed-like.

"Now then," says Mr. Stirling, "are you game to make a thousand apiece?" He frowned. "You'll be running some risk, for I mustn't appear in the job."

"Not if it's to tackle the cops," says I.

"It's not that. You say your mate here is a sailor. Now, I've got a yawl down here in the cove and what I want you to do is to sail out into the Sound with these children and wait for my yacht—a few miles below here. There shouldn't be much risk and you stand to make a thousand apiece. If by any chance you do get caught it's your own lookout."

I looked at Bill. His face was sorter startled-like, but his blue eyes was ashinin'.

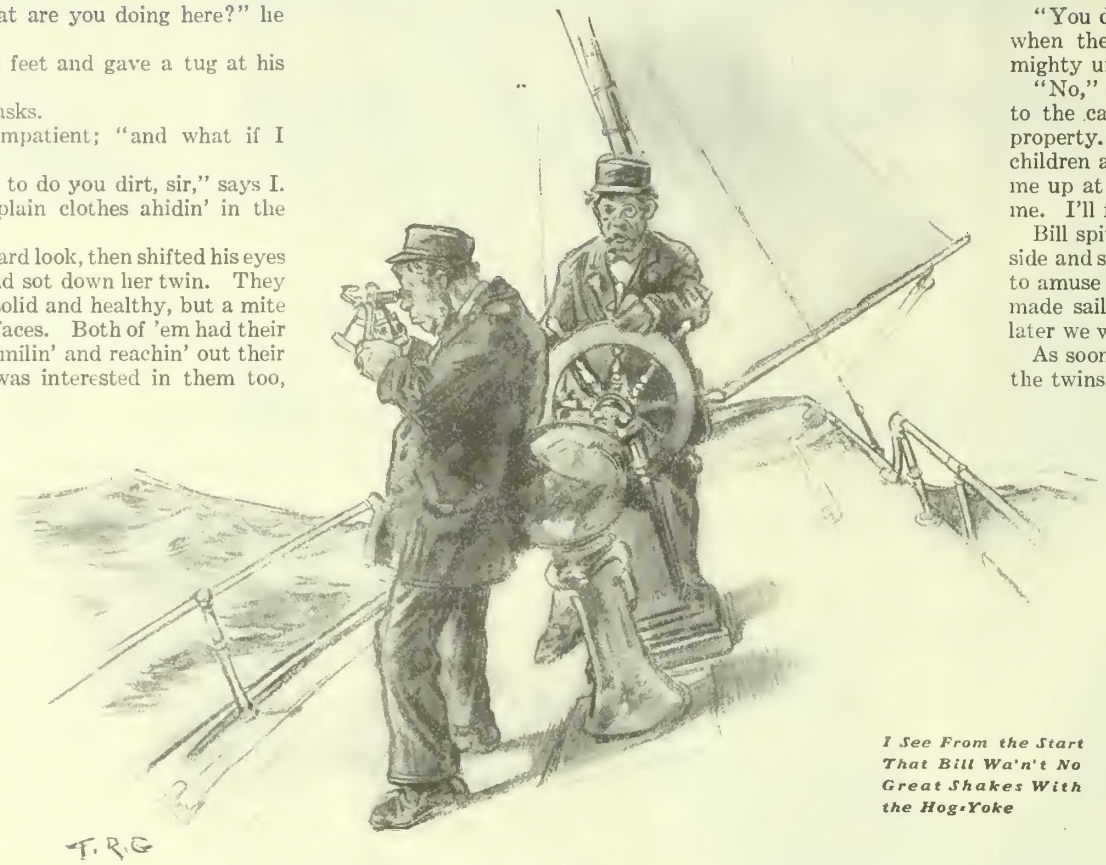
"I'm gyme, marster," says he.

"So'm I," says I, though mighty took aback. But a thousand dollars is a heap of money for a battered old hobo.

"Well, then, come along," says Mr. Stirling.

The maid was atotterin' on her pins. She begun to whimper-like, but Mr. Stirling says to her, stern: "Stop that noise!" and she shut her trap. The boss picked up a twin and handed it to Bill.

"Here," says he; "carry the child," and he picked up t'other himself.



I See From the Start That Bill Wa'n't No Great Shakes With the Hog-Yoke

Off we started, Mr. Stirling first, then the gal, then Bill, him blushin' like a June bride and carryin' that baby like it was a can o' nitroglycerin, with Moki trottin' at his heels, mighty contented to have some children in the family. We cut through the woods for half a mile or so and then I see the glint of water ahead. Directly we struck a path and come out on a little bight, with the woods all round. There was a boathouse on the shore and layin off to a moorin' was a staunch-lookin' yawl-rigged yacht about forty-five feet on the waterline. She was all in cruisin' trim and looked able and comf'table.

Mr. Stirling stopped by the boathouse and sot down his twin, which took out after Moki agin. Bill's twin, seein' what was goin' on, squirmed so to get in the game that he sot him down too.

"That yawl belongs to me," said Mr. Stirling. "A few days ago I telephoned to the house to say that I was sending a man to take her away, so the chances are nobody will suspect anything. Now, does either of you know the Sound?"

"I'm toll'ble acquainted, sir," says I, "havin' racked up and down here considerable when I was cook aboard the schooner Mary Amelia."

"Good," says he. "Then you must know the Stratford Middle Ground."

"Yes, sir," says I. "She lies betwixt Bridgeport and Port Jeff'."

"That's right. Besides, you will find charts aboard. Now I want you to take the children and go aboard and hike right out for the eastward. Tomorrow morning you are to stand off and on between the Middle Ground and Port Jefferson. I will be along about noon. Look for a white, three-masted steam yacht—the Sacondaga. I will fly a blue peter from the foretruck. Is that clear?"

"Clear as the ship's bell, sir," says Bill; "but what I wanter know is ——"

"You will get your money as soon as I come alongside," Mr. Stirling interrupts.

Bill, he tugs at his forelock.

"I ain't adoubtin' of a gentleman's word, sir," says he. "Wot I wanter know is 'ow you expects two coves like me and my mate to take care of two innercent babbies like these 'ere."

"The maid will go with you," says Mr. Stirling, impatient.

But the nurse-gal, she seen it different. The idee of bein' shipmates over night with two hard-lookin' parties like me and Bill set her to squallin' like a cat. I see there was nothin' in that.

"Lookyhere, boss," says I; "I been a family man in my time and brung up three—not that they ever growed up to be a credit to me. Don't you have no fear, provided there's the right rations for infants aboard the yawl."

"There's canned soup," says he, "and condensed milk and the like. Plenty for over night. Now, look sharp! We've no time to lose. There's a boat in under the shed on the float."

Bill, he sorter hung back, but it didn't take me no time to run out the boat; and Bill was that dazed-like that he got in and picked up the oars, Moki hoppin' after. I got in the stern-sheets and Mr. Stirling handed me down the twins, kissin' both, mighty affectionate.

"You don't reckon we'll have a police boat after us when they find that the infants is gone?" I asked, mighty uneasy.

"No," says Mr. Stirling. "I'll take the girl and go to the car and drive round to the other side of the property. The police will think that we've got the children at some other point and probably try to hold me up at the other end. You leave that part of it to me. I'll fool 'em. Now get along with you!"

Bill spit on his hands and give way. We got alongside and stowed the children down below, leavin' Moki to amuse 'em, then hoisted the boat on the davits and made sail. Nobody was in sight and a few minutes later we was beatin' out into the Sound.

As soon as we was started I went below and found the twins havin' a high old time with Moki; and from the way the little pug-nosed pup seemed to take to 'em I reckoned he must ha' been used to playin' with young uns back in Japan, where he come from. Seein' all three so contented-like, I started in to overhaul down below. The yawl was a fine, big, able boat, built for offshore cruisin', and had a fo'castle and galley for'ard, a pantry, saloon, two small staterooms and a big room aft. There was grub aplenty and I found some blue clothes in a locker and rigged myself out, my own duds bein' wore a mite and not so clean as what they might be; and I didn't want to track no germs around them children. I found a bottle of whisky, too, and took it up on deck, thinkin' Bill would like a mite of stim'lant. 'Stid o' that he give a look at the bottle and scowled.

"'Eave that there overboard, 'Enery," says he. "No rum while we're shipmates with these 'ere hinfants."

Seein' me hesitate, I'll be darned if he didn't grab the licker in his big fist and heave it over the side.

Middle o' the afternoon we got flat beca'med off Shippan Point. I went down and mixed up some milk for the twins; and they lapped it up like good uns, Moki takin' charge o' wot was left. Then we give 'em some little biscuits and brought 'em up on deck. They was right tickled at seein' the water all around. I'd found a box o' seegars in the pantry—good ones they was, too—and me and Bill sot back and smoked and watched the kids. Bill made 'em some little paper boats and set 'em afloat—and them twins jes' hopped up and down and clapped their hands.

"Wot's your name, bubbie?" Bill asks of a twin.

"Wandolph," says the little feller.

"Who do you love best, Randolph?" I asks—"your mommer or your popper?"

"Popper," says he, quick as a flash.

"Mommer 'panks Cecil," says the other twin; and Bill give a snort.

"She's a bad lot," he growls to me; "that's wot she is. Think o' spankin' a nipper like that! W'y, 'e hain't more'n four-year old."

"How old are you, Randolph?" I asks.

"Free," says he, his mouth full o' biscuit.

Come five o'clock I fixed 'em up some soup, thickened it with rice and breakin' biscuit into it. Their appetites was all right, but while I was makin' 'em a bed on the floor of the big room, bein' afraid they might fall outen the bunk, they got a mite restless. Pretty soon Cecil begun to cry.

Bill give me a scared look.

"Wot's to be done now, 'Enery?" he asks, lookin' mighty uncomfortable.

"'Tain't nothin' serious," says I; "jest a mite homesick."

"You carn't tell," says Bill, wipin' his for'ed. "It might be cramps."

Randolph see that somethin' was wrong and pretty soon he pipes up too. Bill begun to breathe hard.

"Cecil wants Marie!" blubbed one twin and the other joins in with: "Wandolph wants to go home!"

"'Ere, 'Enery," says Bill; "this won't do. Wot next?"

"It's nateral enough," says I. "They're jes' a mite strange. You soothe 'em. I'll go and light the sailin' lights."

So up I went and pretty soon the twins stopped cryin'. I heard a sort o' growlin' noise down below. I peeked over the edge of the skylight and, s'elp me, if there wa'n't Bill, settin' all hunched up on the rim of the transom, with a twin in each arm. He was rockin' back and forth and singin', and the words was like this—he sung it often arterward and the twins wouldn't have nothin' else:

Oh, me name is Sam'l Hall, Sam'l Hall.
Oh, me name is Sam'l Hall, Sam'l Hall.
Oh, me name is Sam'l Hall, and I 'ates you one an' hall;
And I wish you was in 'ell—, d—— your eyes!

Bill told me arterward it was a song sung by a pirate wot was hanged at Tyburn. It was all the song Bill knew.

Well, we got them twins to bed without wakin' 'em, they bein' all wore out with the excitement of bein' kidnapped. Then, seein' that it was likely to be ca'm all night,

we dropped the headsails and lit a ridin' light, layin' to a little kedge anchor. I cooked up a good feed and then we took a nap, me sleepin' on deck, bein' used to lots o' fresh air. About four o'clock a breeze sprung up and I h'isted the kedge and run up the headsails and stood out acrost. A little later I heard a sorter chirpin' down below and Moki barkin'—he'd slep' with the twins; and up comes Bill.

"You mind the boat," says I. "Them twins is awake and they must have their breakfast and a bath."

"Wot d'ye want to bathe 'em for?" asks Bill. "They ain't aneedin' of no bath. I never see cleaner kiddies'n what they be."

"How you talk, Bill!" says I. "Course they don't really need it none, but swell kids like them always gits bathed every morning. Do you reckon I'm agoin' to turn 'em over to their father without no bath?"

Bill looked uneasy.

"P'raps you're right, 'Enery," he says; "but mind you don't git the water too 'ot. I've hear tell as 'ow 'ot water was weakenin'."

"Don't you worry none," says I, and went below. I het up some water in a pan and turned to. Them little boys jes' loved that bath. Bill was that interested he left the wheel and come down to watch. The breeze was light and the Middle Ground not far. When I'd washed a twin I give him to Bill to wipe off, and you'd thought he was dustin' a piece o' bricky-brack.

"Rub a mite," says I. "He won't break and it sets the blood acirculatin'."

"Rub 'ell!" growls Bill. "'E's got a 'ide like tissoo-paper."

By nine o'clock we was up to the Middle Ground; but, 'stid o' standin' back and forth out in the deep channel, I ran down off the west end of the reef and lay to the kedge, like we was fishin'. There was a fresh breeze by this time and it struck me that to go battin' back and forth in the same place the hull o' the forenoon was jest huntin' trouble. There was a good chancet that when the twins was missed and it was found that Mr. Stirling didn't have 'em—for there was no doubt that the cops would be akeepin' their eyes on the steam yacht—this here woman would suspicion they'd been took off aboard the yawl and send a perlice boat to look for us. Oncet we got rid of the twins it would be all right, as then Mr. Stirling would 'a' given us orders to take her some place and lay her up; but meantime it was a mite resky and it was that we was paid for. Mr. Stirling wa'n't handin' out no two thousand dollars for a little sailin' party on the Sound; he knew; and bein' no fool I knew that there was danger in the job. That there woman had refused a cold million for them twins, and she wa'n't goin' to set down and do her crochay work when she heard they was stole.

Well, the mornin' wore on, me and Bill playin' with the kids. It was almost noon when Bill, who'd been keepin' a weather-eye liftin', suddenly sings out: "'Ere she comes!"

I grabbed up the glasses and there, sure enough, 'way down to the west'ard, come a big white yacht. A minute or so later Bill made out the blue peter flyin' from her foretruck; but about the same time I made out somethin' else, and that was a long, low, black critter ahangin' on her port quarter. Bill seen it too and looks at me mighty troubled.

"That there is a torpedo boat,'Enery," says he. "Now wot's to be done?"

"Bill," says I, "as sure as we're asettin' here that torpedo boat is aspyin' on the yacht. This woman has put two and two together and invoked the assistance of the Gov'ment to uphold her rights as given by the courts."

Bill growls somethin' blasphemious; but I was thinkin' hard. There wa'n't no time to lose, as both vessels was comin' up fast. Says I to Bill:

"You take them twins and Moki and get in the dink and pull over among them rocks, where they can't see you. Then I'll stand out acrost and speak the yacht and git orders. If the torpedo boat lays me aboard they won't find nothin' and Mr. Stirling can meet us some other place. Off with you now, quick!"

"'Enery," says Bill, "you 'ave a 'ead like a 'ammer—it's that long."

He drops the dink and piles in with the kids and the pup, while I yanked up the kedge and h'isted the jib and forestaysail. Two minutes later I was standin' off acrost the Sound to head the yacht. She sighted me directly and changed her course a mite, but even as she done so I was sighted from the torpedo boat and I seen her straighten out and the white water bile up under her bows as she come tearin' down smack for me. The yacht, seein' that I was spotted and wantin' to draw the torpedo boat away, swung off agin on her course; and the black smoke come apourin' out of her stack. She passed me about half a mile to windward and through the glass I could see Mr. Stirling on the bridge; and I see him throw up both hands with a sorter despairin' gesture.

The torpedo boat come foamin' down and a moment later she was glidin' up within hail. There was a bunch o' plain-clothes cops up for'ard and a orf'cer in uniform. He picks up a megaphone and bawls acrost at me:

"Yawl, there!"

"Yes, sir," I answers.

"Heave to. I'm sendin' a boat alongside you."

I touched my cap, then put my hellum down and let the jib and forestaysail halyards go. The yacht seemed to have slowed down, but was still on her course to the eastward. The torpedo feller drops a boat and the cops piled aboard and a sailor pulls 'em over to where I was layin' hove to. A minute later they was scramblin' aboard.

"Now, then," says one, "hand over them twins!"

"Wot, sir?" I asks, surprised-like.

"Hand over them children," says he, "and be quick about it."

"Wot are you talkin' about?" says I. "I ain't got no children."

"Oh, you ain't, eh? This here is Mr. Stirling's yawl, ain't she?"

"Yes, sir," says I, "and yonder is Mr. Stirling's yacht. I got orders to meet him here."

"Don't doubt it," says he, and turns to go below.

Well, sir, they raked that yawl fore-and-aft and from truck to gudgeon, even gettin' the floorin' up and pokin' into the bilges, like as if a man was goin' to cram a brace o' millionaire kids or any other kids down there. But I'd put everything shipshape and nary a trace of them twins did they find. My! but they was hot.

"Lookyhere, you!" says the chief; "wot are you doin' out here anyway?"

"I told you," says I, "that I come out here to meet the yacht. That's all I know. Mr. Stirling is bound for Yurrup and like as not he wanted to give me some orders about what to do with the yawl. If you want to know any more you'd best go ask him."

I never see a madder lot o' men. They ripped and cussed round and I gathered that the torpedo boat had orders only to keep the yacht in sight until she met up with the yawl.

"This here is all a plant," says the chief. "He's lookin' for them children farther on and now we got to give up the hunt."

So back they went aboard the torpedo boat and I see a grand palaver goin' on for'ard betwixt the cops and the liftenant in command. I guessed that he'd got his orders to put back after findin' me and the cops was atryin' to persuade him to keep on after the yacht, which by this time was belchin' out black smoke nigh hull down to the eastward. That made me sorter sick too; for I reckoned that Mr. Stirling must think that the twins was took and was tryin' to git away himself, fearin' they might arrest him for kidnappin' his own children.

There wa'n't nothin' to do, so I filled away and directly the torpedo boat turned and headed back to the westward. As soon as she was hull down I stood back and picked up Bill and the kids.

"Here's a nice mess," says I. "Mr. Stirling thinks it's all up and has cleared out to keep from gittin' pinched."

Bill's jaw sorter dropped. Then he looked at Randolph, who was experimentin' dangerous with a crab, and his face sorter cleared.

"Then for the time bein', 'Enery," says he, "the kids is ourn."

"How you talk!" says I, irritated. "Them millionaire twins ourn? The pen is ourn—if we git caught with them."

"We mustn't git caught," says Bill. "Besides, 'Enery, who's agoin' to look for we? These 'ere land sharks think as 'ow Mr. Stirling 'as pulled it orf and the marster thinks as 'ow the perlice 'as twigged 'is gyme and scooped the lot of us. Now wot's to be done? Us carn't give up them million-dollar twins without goin' to chokey ourselves; so us got to keep 'em along o' we." And he beams at Cecil and gives the crab a kick overboard.

Well, there wa'n't no denyin' but that them twins was sawed off on us all right; and after we'd et some lunch and smoked a cigar or two I begun to look at it more cheerful, myself. There wouldn't be no search yet a while for the twins, each party thinkin' t'other party had 'em, and meanwhile we was right comf'table. I reckoned nobody would bother none about the yawl, so we decided to cruise round a spell and wait to see what happened. The kiddies was happy and contented and seemed to have took a fancy to us. That night we lay in Smithtown Bay and the next mornin' I landed and bought some fresh grub, with milk and eggs and sich for the twins. I got a newspaper too, and the first thing I see was: "Exciting chase for million-dollar twins! Divorced husband fools police."

The article went on to say as how the Sacondaga had been followed by the torpedo boat, which had been led off the scent by the millionaire's cruising yawl, her being supposed by the perlice to have the twins aboard. The general opinion was that Mr. Stirling had picked up the twins at some p'int to the eastward, for the yacht had passed Montauk outward-bound under full speed.

Bill he read the article, pleased as Punch, but I wa'n't so tickled. Like most seafarin' men, Bill only lived from day to day like, but I looked further ahead. Bill had taken sich a fancy to them twins that the longer we kep' 'em the better he was suited. They sorter grew on me too, espeshul Cecil, who seemed to cotton to me, jes' as Ran did to Bill. They was cute little fellers and the best children I ever see, tuckin' away their grub and goin' bye-bye contented arterward, with Moki snuggled up betwixt 'em. That night, when we come to put 'em to bed, Bill says:

Bill, Blushin' Like a June Bride and Carryin' That Baby Like it Was a Can o' Nitroglycerin

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HIS MAJESTY THE FRESHMAN

How to Make Him Democratic—By John Corbin

ON A CHILLY evening at the outset of term-time last fall the Sophomores of a New York university rounded up two hundred Freshmen shivering in pajamas, marched them down the street behind the college band and ducked them one by one in a neighboring fountain. At a great New England university, about the same time, leading members of the Senior class pledged themselves to be guide, philosopher and friend each to a group of five or six incoming youngsters. While the New York Freshmen were drenched with cold water and ridicule the Massachusetts Freshmen were treated with sympathy and tea. There you have it—an object-lesson in the old attitude and the new.

Once conventionally regarded as the meanest of the mean, mere dirt beneath the feet of the upperclassman, the Freshman is now looked upon with respect. College life is opening up before him and four years are all too short to get the good of it. He must be started right—taken to the heart of Alma Mater from the outset. The spirit of this new attitude is not wholly altruistic. Rather is it an enlightened self-interest; for what profits the Freshman in turn profits the institution—the reputation of which consists not so much in buildings, laboratories and professors as in the obvious well-being and loyalty of those who have been graduated and passed on into the world. This new spirit is manifesting itself not only in the social life but in every department of college activity—in the matter of studies as in the matter of clubs and athletics.

A few years ago this idea was only dimly recognized by a few progressive institutions. Now it is widespread and rapidly growing. The once despised Freshman has become a momentous, a majestic, personage.

This, at least, is the superficial view of the case. Beneath the surface the change is perhaps not so great. Let us look into the details of that ducking. There was violence, but no compulsion. Practically the entire Freshman class voluntarily got itself into pajamas and assembled before one of the college buildings. Barkis was "willin'." On the way to the fountain they obediently crawled through lengths of sewer-pipe along the road. Before immersion each sang a song and made a speech—with the understanding that his ducking should be brief or prolonged according as he amused or failed to amuse his hearers. Furthermore, the ceremony occurs yearly, is of long standing and apparently goes off without opposition from the Faculty.

The Ancient Institution of Hazing

SUCH hazing was once almost universal in American colleges and, when it stopped short of maiming and manslaughter, was condoned by the authorities; indeed, it was often tacitly approved. It is, in fact, of the most ancient origin. Probably the oldest graphic representation of college life is a medieval print that shows a party of hazers holding the Freshman's nose to a grindstone—from which kindly custom perhaps originated the familiar phrase. Think a moment. When the purpose is to introduce the Freshman to his college mates, to initiate him into the democratic spirit and the discipline of the institution, which method is more likely to bear fruit—a boyish rollick in the moonlight, with song, story, laughter and some slight test of pluck, or a formal call and seniorial advice?

Those who regret the passing of the old order are not without reason. When violent hazing at West Point and Annapolis lately evoked a public protest and vigorous measures of suppression from Washington, many—perhaps most—of the officers of our Army and Navy shook their heads. They knew what the public did not know—that such acts are only occasional excesses of undergraduate customs that have their roots in the best traditions of the institution. Public spirit resides not in those in office but in the masses; and the masses in West Point and Annapolis are the undergraduates. It is only half the truth that boys will be boys. They must be boys. The natural expression of their spirit is horseplay and grotesque custom; and as this is the means of enforcing tradition to which the upperclassman instinctively resorts, so it is the means most likely to impress the mind of the Freshman. At Annapolis some years ago there was a Freshman from New York, of aristocratic family and patrician nose, who was inclined to look down on fellows from the West, even though Seniors. They cut a switch and, forcing him to his hands and knees, made him follow the end of it about the room with his aristocratic nose upon the floor. He is now a hearty sailorman and yields to no one in devotion both to the democratic spirit of the Navy and to its discipline. Can any one suggest a readier and more effective means of conversion? If you abolish all such horseplay what is to take its place?

Dr. Jowett on College Spirit

A FORMER master of Baliol College, Oxford—the great humanist, Jowett—understood this sort of thing very well. When, as not infrequently happened, public opinion expressed itself in broken heads and broken windows he would smile and say, with the whimsical wisdom for which he was noted: "The mind of the college, I am glad to see, is still vigorous. It has been expressing itself."

At Princeton, which of all American institutions best understands and most deeply respects undergraduate nature, horseplay is religiously cherished. There are elaborate regulations as to canes, tan shoes, mackintoshes, slickers and neckties. If a Sophomore encounters a band of Freshmen on the narrow walks of the campus it is the many who step into the mud to let one pass dryshod. A breach of such custom—though breaches seldom occur—is met with ready and condign punishment.

It is none the less obvious that, by and large, the ancient order is disappearing. Undergraduates are older, less boyish, more serious, than they were when such customs originated; and classes are far larger. Horseplay comes less naturally and is less effective as a source of helpful acquaintance and college spirit. The game is now scarcely worth the candle. When two or three hundred youths in pajamas are immersed of a raw night the result at best can only be a crop of colds, fevers, even pneumonia. And when a ducking, rush or cane spree occurs between two factions of three to four hundred young men of the age of twenty the outcome is almost certain to be violence, even bloodshed.

The history of the Bloody Monday rush at Harvard is characteristic. From time immemorial it had been a representative function. The opposing factions were led by the prominent men in each class. It was a genuine expression of class spirit. But almost half a century ago the Faculty decided, and perhaps wisely, to put an end to it. A force of proctors appeared in the Yard and "spotted" the leaders of the Sophomores. The Faculty pronounced them expelled. But a compromise was effected. The offenders were reinstated on condition that, through the all-important clubs to which they belonged, they should do their best to discredit the rush by keeping representative men out of the Yard on Bloody Monday. The rushes continued until recent memory, when it was recognized that to take part in them was bad form.

Other boyish customs have gone the same way. One of the most vivid memories of my own Freshman year is a callow classmate who ventured into the Yard with a cane. The upperclassmen took no notice. The classes were so large, and so scattered in their college activities and residence, that probably none of the Sophomores who saw him knew that he was a Freshman, or would have cared if they had known. Presently the fellow began to strut and swagger. It was a case of deplorably bad form, and in the end his own classmates took a hand in the matter. They caught him, broke his cane into bits, and then passed him a few swift kicks where they hurt least. That much, they felt, was due to the dignity of the Freshman class! It may seem paradoxical but it is none the less true that every year, at our leading universities, scores of Freshmen are in their hearts bitterly disappointed at not being hazed. Anything is better than the utter neglect with which they are treated!

In short, during the past three or four decades there has everywhere been an increasing decay in class spirit and, as a consequence, in college spirit. The minority, who "make" the clubs or fraternities, live very happily in prominent cliques; the majority, who do not, live very unhappily in obscure ones. The signal result has been a jealous rivalry between the ins and the outs that has often disrupted the classes and brought disrepute on the institution as a whole. Even more to be deplored is the ever-present unhappiness from which these occasional outbursts spring. Many a fine fellow has graduated without friends among his kind—without once coming under the best spirit of his college. This is as harmful to the institution as to the individual; for in failing to give it fails also to receive. Without thoroughgoing democracy and discipline there can be no college tradition worthy of the name. The undergraduate body, once compact and effective, has become a mob. The best evidence of this is that our largest and richest institutions—Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania and others—are often least successful in the concern dearest to the undergraduate heart—athletics.

What a Freshman Did for Princeton

THE problem of modern college life is to bring the Freshman immediately and effectively beneath the influence of the local democracy and discipline. Since hazing has become so largely obsolete, some other means must be found. They are not far to seek. The strongest sources of helpful influence are always at hand in the intimate acts of daily life—eating and lodging, work and play. The business of a college, according to Matthew Arnold, is to care for "unlicked cubs." Under the new order, the licking is of the gentler kind. The bruin Alma Mater has ceased to wield her paw.

Princeton was first in systematizing the new order. There, as elsewhere, the upperclassman has been traditionally the important person. Rooms in the campus being insufficient, Freshmen were excluded. The newcomers passed an entire year in scattered lodging houses, without coming in any effective measure under the spirit of the college as a whole, or even of their class. To a Freshman belongs the credit of the first step in a notably constructive reform. He induced a wealthy relative, Mrs. Russell Sage, to give money for a Freshman hall on the campus, which was to lodge one hundred and fifty of the three hundred and fifty newcomers. Thus almost half of the class would live from the start in the center of undergraduate life. But the authorities thought it wiser to change the details of this plan. The Freshman lodging house in the town had always been the scene of disorder, and they felt that to lodge the one hundred and fifty Freshmen as a body would be to encourage loafing and turbulence. So they obtained permission to scatter them among all the dormitories. By this means, moreover,

Freshmen are put in the way of knowing upperclassmen who live in neighboring rooms, an arrangement which, it is believed, is beneficial not only to the Freshman who receives advice and friendship but to the upperclassman who has the responsibility of giving it.

One detail of this arrangement is perhaps not wholly fortunate. In order to make way for the one hundred and fifty Freshmen it is sometimes necessary to exclude a certain number of Sophomores who have already been excluded as Freshmen, and are thus kept out of the campus during half of their undergraduate life. The means by which colleges in the English universities meet this problem is vastly to be preferred, though at first sight it seems even more subversive of tradition. When the rooms in college are insufficient for the entire body of undergraduates all Freshmen are admitted, and to make way for them fourth-year men are required to take lodgings among townspeople. The Senior creeps out, with diminished reverence and gravity, as the majestic Freshman stalks in!

This is really not so hard on the Senior as may appear. In his three years in college he has had every opportunity for making friends. When he leaves the quadrangle it is not to live a lonesome life or a life among classmates with whom he has little in common. He unites with friends of three years' standing to take over some townsman's house entire. Instead of a lonesome or ill-assorted life as in his Freshman year he has a year of close association with his nearest comrades. This fourth year out of college is often the happiest and most profitable of all.

Social Innovations at Yale and Harvard

AT ABOUT the same time Princeton reformed the college commons. When the Freshmen ate in small clubs kept by townspeople the class was from the outset divided into cliques; and the evil was intensified by the fact that certain of the Freshman clubs led as surely to election into the all-important upperclass clubs—Ivy, Cottage, Tiger Inn and the rest—as others led to social obscurity. The result was all sorts of undignified rivalry—push and pull, toadyism and snobbery. The Freshman class is now given separate rooms in the college commons and every one is required to eat there. This change came gradually and with the full consent of the Freshmen. It worked so well that the Sophomores in turn welcomed compulsory commons. The result is that the old evils of social climbing have been reduced to a minimum. If a man fails to come under the pleasantest and most helpful influences of the place he has usually no one but himself to blame.

At Yale the situation has been much the same, and much the same remedy is being applied. About five per cent of the Freshmen live on the campus, and twenty-eight per cent in Pierson Hall, which is not a campus building. The rest lodge with townspeople. A project is on foot, however, to build a hall on the campus, the Wright Memorial Building, which will house about half the Freshman class. There is no Freshman commons; the class as yet dines in various and scattered places. But it is probable that the not distant future will see a movement toward the organization of the life of the Freshmen in this as in other respects.

At Harvard reforms are in progress that promise to be even more effective. In an article published some years ago in these pages it was shown that, as a result of imitating the scientific methods of instruction in vogue in the German universities—in itself a most admirable thing—Harvard had progressed farther than most other American institutions in social disintegration and decay. Almost immediately after his election President Lowell announced a program that is little short of revolutionary.

The first innovation to take actual form is the system of Senior advisers to which I have alluded. There are over one hundred of these, and they are chosen by the Dean of Freshmen in conference with the Student Council from among men who have been prominent in college life and have the faculty of inspiring friendship and confidence. Each is assigned five or six Freshmen. During the summer he writes friendly letters to his men, making it clear that he is not an officer of discipline but a fellow student who wants to help welcome the newcomer, and asking him to call at a definite time and place the day college opens. When they meet they discuss the all-important questions of where to lodge and board; what friends to make and how to make them; what athletic teams and other student organizations to try for. They even discuss the personalities of members of the Faculty—which ones to shun and which to cultivate. Subsequently the Senior entertains his advisees as a body over light refreshments, introducing them to one another and thus starting them in the way of a general acquaintance in the class. Sometimes the Senior is chosen as coming from the same school or the same part of the country as his advisee; again the Freshmen are so grouped as to bring together men from different schools and different parts of the country. In practice it is found that a Freshman in difficulty will unbosom himself to a Senior when he would fight shy of the Dean. If any good end is to be served, however, the Senior reports to the Dean, knowing that the information will be received in confidence. One of the most valued functions of the Senior adviser is to give information as to men who are lonely or desperately poor. Such cases cannot now escape the notice of those best qualified to render assistance.

Making the Corporation Seem Human

TWENTY years ago the only representative of the university whom the newcomer met was the bursar—to whom he delivered over the office counter a bond or security for the payment of term bills. Harvard University confronted him as a corporation doing business; and many an incoming Freshman, overcome with diffidence, trembling with awe, and alone in the world for the first time, learned the meaning of the adage that a corporation has no heart. Clearly, the Senior adviser marks an advance. Yet, as I gathered, the advance in many cases is in the matter of intentions rather than of effect. An acquaintanceship that has no other aim than philanthropy is least of all calculated to produce philanthropic results. The Senior is likely to feel foolish and the Freshman patronized.

A more promising reform is President Lowell's scheme of a separate residence for Freshmen, which has long been a cherished project. Two great minds, it appears, a Prexy and a Freshman, separately evolved the same plan!

Harvard, however, instead of shying at the idea of a Freshman hall, is developing it to its utmost. There is no fear of the sort of disorder that obsessed the minds of the authorities at Princeton. This may be due to ignorance of collective Freshman nature, for there has been no counterpart at Cambridge of the houses and eating clubs that have proved so turbulent at Princeton. For many decades Harvard men have led a scattered and unorganized existence. Largely, however, it is the result of a difference in the temper of the two institutions. Hazing, still a valued institution at Princeton in its milder forms, has long been obsolete at Cambridge. At Harvard the Freshmen are to have not only separate buildings but separate commons. Eating or sleeping, at work or at play, their life is to be a highly organized unit.

For almost a decade a syndicate of loyal Harvard graduates, regretting the disorganization of the college life, has taken measures toward some such reform. Gaining control of a tract of land, ideally situated between the club district in Mount Auburn Street and the beautiful esplanade bordering the Charles River, they have held it at an annual expense, it is said, of twenty thousand dollars. This is to be the site of the new buildings for Freshmen.

Further to concentrate and organize the life of the newcomers, Harvard is to divide the class into units. In the English universities it has been found that the ideal size for a college is about two hundred. Small colleges tend to become narrow, large ones cliquey. Where men are to live together only one year, the ideal size is somewhat less than this. The Harvard Freshman classes, which approximate six hundred, are to be divided into four groups of one hundred and fifty, each with its separate building, quadrangle and commons, its separate clubs and athletic teams, and its separate body of resident officials appointed by the Faculty. The Freshman college, so to speak, is to be divided into four Freshman halls. Under this arrangement a man must, humanly speaking, become acquainted with the members of his hall; and he will have all possible opportunity for knowing all the members of his class. This plan is a clear advance on that in vogue at Princeton; in fact, its consummation.

The purpose of the subdivision is to produce the utmost possible degree of democracy and discipline. Just what measures will be taken has not yet been decided. The problem is by no means easy. Ideally, each hall should be made representative of the class as a whole. There has been a tendency for men from the same preparatory schools and from the same parts of the country to flock together. There have been cliques from Groton, Saint Mark's and Saint Paul's; from Boston, New York, Chicago. It would strongly counteract this evil tendency if each hall were to contain men from all schools and from all parts of the country. Riches and poverty have never been so powerful in creating social distinctions at Harvard as many have supposed; yet it would be well to make each hall representative in this respect also. In a word, each hall is to be as far as possible a microcosm of Harvard life, in which every individual shall be brought at once under the varied influences of the place. Every Freshman is to be digested and assimilated into the collegiate body.

The Oxford Quad System

TO AID in the practical working of the scheme, each hall is to be governed by a master and resident proctors appointed by the authorities and carefully selected for their ability in getting in touch with the Freshmen. Young instructors will be preferred who have been prominent as undergraduates in college life, as also those who teach in courses frequented by Freshmen. It is possible that Senior advisers will live in the Freshman halls so as to make their relationship with their advisees more natural and inevitable. In a word, everything possible will be done to concentrate all influences tending to the happiness of the Freshman and to the cultivation of the spirit of democracy and undergraduate discipline.

When this scheme, or anything approaching it, is put into effect Harvard will cease to be one of the least organized universities in the land and become perhaps the best organized. The only objection to the scheme is that it is somewhat mechanical. Many Freshmen may very naturally object to having their companions chosen for them. But at the worst the arrangement endures for a single year; and surely any reasonably loyal undergraduate will place the welfare of the institution as a whole above his private and probably mistaken preference.

At both Harvard and Princeton it has long been proposed to divide the college as a whole into residential halls, or quads, modeled roughly on the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and not dissimilar to these Freshman halls. Harvard was the first to propose the idea—as early as 1894—and Princeton has agitated it most prominently.

At Princeton President Wilson made it a part of his plan to abolish the upperclass eating clubs. So far as an outsider can judge, this was not wise. Experience at Oxford has shown that there is no antagonism between hall and club, but, on the contrary, that they are mutually corrective. A man whose daily life and chief association are with fellow members of a hall or quad can never degenerate into a mere member of a club clique, however pleasant and distinguished; and, on the other hand, a college or hall in which the leading members are also members of university clubs can never become isolated from the larger life of the university. Leading men in each hall become intimate club mates of the leading men from all halls and so have the maximum scope for individual development and influence. At the same time members of the halls who do not make the university clubs are kept in touch with the larger life of the institution by association

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HEPZIBAH

By OTHEMAN STEVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE Queen of Tarativi was voluminously stretched on her steamer chair under an awning, reading her Bible and smoking black Manila cheroots.

I was sprawled on a length of matting on the deck, clad in my pajamas and watching a Gilbert Islander swab up little pools of blood where a Marquesan had been triced to the mainmast and flogged.

Her Majesty, His Majesty and myself had spent the best part of the night drinking what His Majesty called punch—it was fermented cocoanut milk mixed with Hollands and other fireful liquors—and for an unnumbered time I had recited again all my knowledge of events in the States for the past ten years or so.

Her Majesty was a stoutly handsome woman of fifty—perhaps more; she had kept her skin fair and smooth through these many years of verging above and below the line. Her English might have been that of the Berkshire Hills or Birmingham; and, though no beachcomber was ever more under the lure of these hopelessly lovely, character-slaying isles, there was still a gleam in her big blue eyes and a set of her jaw that bespoke forebears who had thought for themselves and, moreover, acted as they thought.

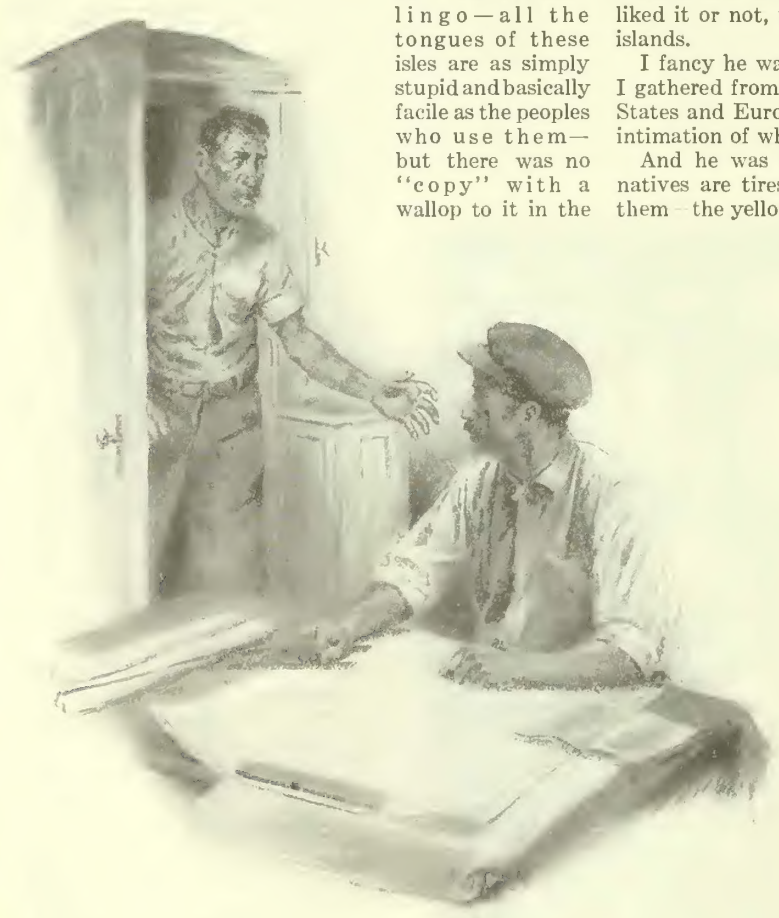
The Hepzibah I floated as serenely as that famous painted ship on a painted sea. We were in the little coral-framed bay of Toorlootai. His Majesty John Ilcomb of Tarativi, whom I had beaten out of six hundred dollars at the club in Honolulu six months before, had at my request left me on the beach here three months ago.

It was quest for "copy" that had brought me to these sleepy and stupid seas. It's poor stuff to be had in these latitudes now; the natives are not so romantic as the delightful savages of New York, and if you do not sell them gin and guns, or buy their wives or daughters, they won't play with you.

His Majesty had been pleased with the manner in which I had made him lay down aces up, when all I had was a pair of queens and a fifty-dollar raise. The psychology of it was that it was my last fifty in the world. John Ilcomb had associated so long with those thin-souled blackies that he had forgotten the white man's burden of nerve.

So we had foregathered about Honolulu and he suggested Toorlootai as virgin to the romance seeker. The Hepzibah I was roomy and I was bidden to take a cabin; and I did.

When finally I was left at Toorlootai, the native king, who was Ilcomb's vassal, was made a *valet de place* for me; my hut palace was put taboo, so that as soon as the Hepzibah I dropped into the offing I was a king myself. I soon picked up the Toorlootai lingo—all the tongues of these isles are as simply stupid and basically facile as the peoples who use them—but there was no "copy" with a wallop to it in the lazy childish lot. They worked a very little; they fought a very little more. They plunked gourd banjos to strains of four notes and incidentally loved—such as it was—a whole lot; and they did not rob or kill me because I was taboo and they were afraid.



"'Captain Ilcomb, We've the Plague Aboard!'"

Ilcomb let the king reign at Toorlootai and supported the population of about six hundred, in return for a monopoly of the trade in the pink and white pearls and copra. The isle properly belonged to England, but there is graft in the seas down there as well as at home; and Ilcomb's pull had so far controlled the place with no agency established.

With the mysterious influence he used and by gamely fighting off other traders, Ilcomb so far held both Tarativi and Toorlootai under a rule of bullets or gin, according to conditions, and was a rich man.

This was to be about my last day at Toorlootai. One of Ilcomb's schooners, the Hepzibah II—they were all Hepzibahs—was due to take me to Apia, whence my six hundred dollars and empty notebook were to take me back to Honolulu and San Francisco to an end of adventuring.

"All She Seemed to Know of the World Was Duty and Piety"

Neither of their Majesties had ventured any information about who they had been or whence they came; people in these seas rarely did—and when they did they usually lied.

Her Majesty I gave up trying to make out at once; she was still fascinating, though fifty or more, for she was by turn as narrow as Calvin and again as broad and joyous as Catherine.

Ilcomb might be English; he was sixty—and sometimes he was a gentleman and sometimes he was not. He had a hard name from Hilo to Sydney for business and badgering the blackies; but he had bank accounts in Honolulu, in Yokohama, Sydney, and I suspect in London; and he had nothing to show for it all but a mahogany palace at Tarativi, a fleet of Hepzibahs—which I took to be Her Majesty's name—and a life that he lived as he wished, without the trouble of having any one say whether he liked it or not, which is one satisfaction of living on the islands.

I fancy he was barred from white men's countries, for I gathered from odds and ends of his talk that the United States and Europe were taboo for him, though never an intimation of why.

And he was wise to prefer the islands to Asia; the natives are tiresome and bothersome, but you can boss them—the yellow men are different. We know just where a blackie stands, but there is always the idea that the yellow man may stand on our necks.

But I left us swinging at cable's end on a sea like sleep. Ilcomb heaved himself up the cabinway, squatted on a mat and said, "Sure you've had enough of this, lad? If you say the word I'll take you to Tarativi and you can make a try there for your literature."

"I don't believe there is anything left in the whole blooming sunshining South Sea that white people want to read about," I said. "What I want is something with white people's character, and romance, and action. There's no romance or character about a lot of black fellows who can never grow up."

"So you go back empty handed? We do not like to do that hereabout."

"I do not like it here or back there," I responded, "but that's the way I go, save for that episode when you thought you could play poker; and—save for memories I will take of you and the missus—I conclude that we are friends, Ilcomb."

"Aye, we are," he says; and he eyes me a while.

"I'll tell you a story, lad," he finally says, "if you'll change the names of the islands in it. I've never told the story, nor have any of those who were in it, and I think you may find a bit of character and mayhap some romance to it."

I gave him my word about the names and he told his story. Ilcomb has a nose that is spread over a good part of his left cheek and he has a queer manner of speech, with much Polynesian mixed in from habit; so I write the narrative with something of his mannerism, but in straightaway English.

. . . .

"It's a matter of nigh thirty years ago, when I was young and gingery and had made a few cleanups about these waters. I had roved a bit—in India, Borneo, Ceylon and over to Siam. I had got my grip on Tarativi, and in those days the States were open to me and I went there to order a schooner and to market some packages of pearls.

"You can sell all the fool stuff of the world for more money in New York than any other place. But it was a foolish venture one way, for, as you may have guessed, there were reasons, one of them being a—well, a personage across from New York on the other side of the Atlantic, who hated me—and with right—for a piece of folly with a tragedy in the last act; and I wanted to see home again, but New York was as near as I could go without disaster to myself and others.

"That's a story I will not tell you; not that I am much ashamed of what it was—but I am sore sorry for what I did; we'll let that go.

"And I had good sport on that trip. When I landed in San Francisco the newspapers made much of me and the lads who wrote were a good lot. I was ready to spend money freely with them for a good time. So, though I did not tell them much about myself, they needed not much telling and they made me a South Sea king, which I was just hoping to be. Though I was bold enough and had mixed up one thing and another of adventure enough, the reporters did so much of your word-painting stunt that I found myself of more interest than I ever imagined.

"This followed me to New York; and by the time I had bargained off my pearls and had my new schooner's keel laid I was a national incident. I'll admit it pleased my vanity, for I had been so long away from the silly tirradaddle of civilization that even to be lied about to that extent made me interesting to myself.

"So, when I returned to San Francisco and found myself on board the old Asia, bound for Honolulu, I had every one kowtowing to me, and old Captain Silas Latham, who knew me well, wanting to know 'how in the ——' I had ever managed to get so much advertising free. But he put me to his right. And next to me sat a girl.

"Lad, I have had much to do with women—women of all degrees. The reason I'm not able to go home, nor ever will be, is because of a fair face. I've won them by making love; I've bought them like cattle with money, and I've quite frequently had the fun of fighting for them with steel and lead.

"But when I sat down to dinner that night and old Silas Latham introduced me to 'Miss Enderby, Captain Ilcomb,' I forgot all who had gone before and she was the only one left in the world."

I broke in here and nodded toward Her Majesty, now sound asleep in her chair, with a naked kid of a Gilberter fanning her with a palmleaf:

"Ilcomb, do you think you had better tell this story here? She might ——"

"She's asleep—anyway, she has forgiven me long ago."

Her Majesty snoozed and smiled during the story; at one portion, toward the last, her eyes, like a self-conscious

cat's, narrowed back of her smile, as women's eyes often do when they feel a bit malicious—and it is then that it is well to move out of reach of their claws, verbal or real. Ilcomb went on with his story.

"This girl's charm was —— Do you know your Keats and what he phrased—'a rubious argent' woman? That was Lois Enderby.

"A child in naïve gentleness and frankness; a noble-throbbing and rich-in-beauty woman—all she seemed to know of the world was duty and piety. But what she looked was The Woman.

"She was serenely assured in her wise ignorance. She believed first in piety, in abnegation, in self-sacrifice; practiced the sweet side of dogmatism.

"Captain Latham knew something about me and he evidently felt the girl would be as well or better off under my wing than others'; so, in a way, he placed her in my charge.

"'Her family,' he said with undue repression of warmth, 'ought all to be flogged to ribbons; the poor girl has been sent out from a town in Vermont—South Dedham—to marry Ethan Mallory, that missionary who risks his head and the rest of him among your human-eating friends; he's to take her to Samoa and she's to be both wife and missionary.'

"It was true then, and it is now, that we who felt out of the pale thought mighty small of missionaries. I had met Mallory. You might slap his face over a personal difference and he would, like as not, set to praying and resent it not; but if you blasphemed his particular faith, or smiled at predestination, or scoffed at original sin, he'd fight like a naked Moro.

"I know, because I knew his mixup with Beast Darrick, at that time estimated the wickedest murdering man between the Aleuts and the South Pole. Mallory asked him for a passage from Apia to the Friendlies.

"Beast had been waiting for a chance to do him up proper and this one he took. He kicked Mallory about the deck and called him every known term of putrid profanity in twenty languages; but Mallory never answered or fought—he just dropped on his knees there on the deck of Darrick's schooner and prayed for him.

"This puts Beast to his limits and he turns his dripping tongue against Mallory's faith and the like.

"Mallory does a knee-spring for Darrick's throat and it was all over in two minutes. Darrick's face looked as though the two eyes of him and his nose and mouth had been made one screeching mass of flayed, crushed flesh. His ribs countered on one side and his left arm hung limp from a shoulder out of its socket.

"Then he picks Darrick from his whimpering in a red mess on the deck and is about to drop him over the rail when he changes his mind and drops him not over gently on the deck again. Then, standing with one of his naked feet quietly grinding into what had been a few minutes before the face of Darrick, he made the 'terror of our seas' weep out an apology to his church. After that he carries Darrick to his cabin, washes him, dresses his smashes and sets his nose so it grows on again well-nigh straight—which is more than he did for me in performing the same office a bit later," added Ilcomb, thoughtfully handling his own mushroomed nose. "I always had reckoned Mallory a fool, but I had liked him because he was a rare good fool and a real man; but the combination was not to my fancy and we never became friends. He had been made welcome to a berth in my schooner, and he was the only white man I'd let put foot on Tarativi, though not for long enough to make my niggers religious.

"'I've read about you, Mr. Ilcomb,' said Lois to me as we ate our dinner. She looked at me sideways as she would at a freak man; but I managed to interest her in my life, which is the first step of progress to a girl's heart.

"I did not make love to her, but I took precious care that no other man could.

"She began to tell me about herself; of how Mallory had left South Dedham five years before, sent out by the Foreign Missionary Society, and of how he had written to her regularly about his work.

"He had asked her to come and be his wife, so as to help in the cause. The missionary society had urged her on; and her own father and mother—her father was a preacher—and the society had paid her way and were to add as much again to Mallory's meager salary when they married.

"When she told of her farewell at the meeting at the church her face was lighted with love for her mission, which made me determined that it would some time be lighted by love for me. It was a pretty picture she drew of the ancient steepled meeting-house by the side of the dusty old highway, elm-lined, and the houses set back from the street, with white-palinged fences in front; with lilacs, hollyhocks and peonies growing in the yards. And the meeting closed with the congregation singing one of her favorite hymns. She cried when she told of the farewells, and of how old Tom Spence, the town atheist—'A very wicked man, Mr. Ilcomb, but good, for grace shone on him'—had given her one hundred dollars, 'not to waste on dirty cannibals but to buy a wedding frock. But it shall go into God's treasury, Mr. Ilcomb,' she said.

"'God Will Settle Between Us in His Own Way,' Was All He Said"

"She'd never had any romance; her life had been passed in school and in church—and the school was a church academy for girls.

"That experience and a letter every month or so from Mallory had made her knowledge of the world.

"'Does he write nice love letters, Miss Enderby?' I asked her as coolly as I could ask such a question.

"'I do not know,' she answered faintly. 'He tells me about his labors with the savages and the difficulties he meets, and how different it would be if the traders were God-fearing men.' Then she turned her eyes on me: 'Are you a godly man, Mr. Ilcomb?'

"'I'm not a good man as Ethan Mallory is a good man,' was my answer. 'I haven't had time to think about God; but Lois, now for all time I'll have you to think about.'

"She looked at me with wide, curious, virginal eyes, and seemed to take my use of her Christian name as natural. I looked straight back into the clear blue pools whence the light of her clean soul shone; the white lids quivered and fell.

"I picked up a ukelele that I had gotten from a steerage Kanaka and sang island love songs to her—the love songs that were writ in memories before there were churches or missionaries; the same songs that were even then, as now, being toned on the reaches of white sand amid the palm clumps and from canoes on the prisoned waters of the atolls.

"And I had thought I loved before! The girl did not know what the songs said, but I think she began to glean their meaning. She was awakening. Her womanhood was dawning and the aurora illumined the sweet mystery of her girlhood.

"One night I was sitting by her on the bridge deck—the other passengers had by that time come to leave us to ourselves much of the time—when there was a scrimmage among the coolies, Kanakas and lascars below us on the steerage deck. A revolver barked and a bullet zinged over our heads.

"She had heart and never flinched, but her little, white, cool hand sought mine and our palms closed on each.

"I put my other hand about her throat and turned her face to mine and kissed her mouth—and the kiss was returned. She knew then. We stood and faced each other and I saw the love in her dear eyes, but saw as well those South Dedham teachings, the church, and Ethan Mallory and what her steel-hearted forebears had given her—all these still held her prisoner.

"'Lois, Captain Latham will marry us in the morning,' I said stoutly, though I knew full well by the misery as she smiled at me, and the tender, shamed flush on her face of knowing what she now knew for the first time, that I was saying what would not be.

"'I'm promised to Ethan Mallory,' she said, with scarlet lips firm; 'and if he wants me after I tell him what befell me this night I will wed with him.'

"'Ethan Mallory will surely want you, Lois, no matter what word you give him of this night; but you do not want him. You know now what love is and you love me, my girl, and it is my name that shall be yours tomorrow or some tomorrow; for you belong to me.'

"She stepped bravely closer to me and took my hand again—but there was no tingle of flesh as our clasp touched this time.

"'John, I know I have sinned,' she said, 'but I am not ashamed of what I know and you know ——'

"''Twas but a kiss, Lois; there's no great sin in that!' I protested earnestly.

"She smiled at this pettiness and went on: 'I shall make my confession to Ethan Mallory and ask his forgiveness; and if he so wishes I will keep my troth to him. God will help me if I keep true; but I cannot believe that God would ever help a liar.'

"We were alone abaft the big smokestack, for the row below had drawn all the idlers.

"I talked and talked; but it was all like arguing with Plymouth Rock. It was only church-taught right and wrong that she knew.

"My vitals grew cold in me. I felt I was losing her; and this made clear to me what the girl meant to my life. I knew it was not alone her beauty that I wanted, and that showed me what love really is, but also something as much more and as much higher as the dear souls we love here will be after they leave sweet bodies.

"And she stood with proud meekness beside me, her fair face wet with tears; for when Nature feels itself slain by a creed there is sharp agony.

"I could not have then touched her with a caress to have won her. She clutched her faith so firmly that she seemed more like an idea than a woman.

"For the moment I felt oddly and bashfully ashamed of the kiss that had bared to my view the core of her heart.

"And then I became angered at the bars of belief that shut me out from my heaven. She was all womanhood to me; and I swore a round oath to myself. I took her gently by the shoulder and turned her to face me and said: 'Lois, whenever you can say to me, "John Ilcomb, I do not love you; I do not wish to become your wife; Ethan Mallory has my love as well as my duty," then I

will pass you out of my life—maybe; but, if you cannot say that, my wife you shall be!'

"She flushed scarlet, but she still said,'If Ethan Mallory holds me to my word I will wed with him. Goodby, John Ilcomb!'—and she turned away.

"There seemed to be too much piety about me then and I swore to myself in all the tongues I knew—and they are many, but were not enough.

"I had not long to devise relief, for it came over me like the thrust of a knife that the Asia had stopped. Being a master myself, I knew that this might mean something serious; and, by the bells of hell, it did that very same.

"There was the slip of feet running about the decks, and above the din I could hear the voice, snappylike, of Captain Silas, cursing and calling me: 'You, John Ilcomb, come to the port gangway!' I tumbled down the steps and there was Silas, purple with wrath, and the first mate of my schooner, the John Ilcomb, beside him, and the big, sour face of Ethan Mallory showing above the rail as he climbed over.

"'I looked down and there, fast to the rope ladder, was a whaleboat; and, glancing off, I could make out a vessel's starboard light gleaming over the listless sea.

"My mate, I must tell you, was an Englishman who had lost a bark on a reef of one of the Solomon Isles years before. Because he was drunk and most of his crew were drowned—he couldn't, being full of alcohol—he had never tried to get home. This was in the long-pig days, and why he had not been baked stuffed with sea-grass I had never found out. He had drifted my way and he thought I had befriended him by letting him work like a dog for me.

"'I got your letter telling me to wait at Honolulu for the Asia,' he said to me; 'but, meanwhile, Jean Laporelle came in and brought word that Beast Darrick, hearing you were in the States, was planning to take Tarativi from you and had bought the guns to hold it.'

"'Go on!' says I, for he had stopped, as I guess my face looked black.

"'I had some money left on board and I bought all the muskets I could find in Honolulu, Captain Ilcomb, sixty of 'em, and I have 'em aboard; also got a four-pounder placed forward of the hatch, that I found in a junkshop—got twenty shrapnel shells for it. I knew close to the Asia's course and I chanced meeting her to save time.'

"'And what's this man doing aboard?' I asked, pointing at Mallory, who had been trying to talk to Captain Silas while Silas was continuing his oration to me.

"'Why, I knew he was your friend,' replies the mate, which added to the anger I was feeling. 'Mallory said you would surely give him a lift to Apia or pass him along to some other schooner; and he says his wife is on board.'

"And then Ethan faced me and grabbed my hand. 'Have you met Miss Enderby? She is to be my wife; she must have told you. You can marry us in the morning when you're master of your own schooner,' he says, while I stood like a dummy, pumphandling his hand, black rage teetering on my tongue, and Captain Silas keeping up his dance about the deck with the most artistically appalling curses that even my educated ears had ever heard.

"'This is a mail steamer, you —— of —— to —— What the —— of —— Do you think I'll let such —— of —— get away with fizzing up distress rockets and stopping my boat? You —— to —— of —— Of all the ——' And then Lois came up and put her hand on Silas Latham's arm and said, 'Please, Captain!'—and he stopped.

"And Mallory reached for her and drew her to him and kissed her—on the forehead—and she suffered him.

"So my anger grew cold and I knew I had to put Lois and Mallory on my schooner, where I would be master; and, with some unformed knavish idea of what might be brought about, I turned to Captain Silas and said: 'My mate here has broken the law by stopping you falsely, and you've both the right and, what's more, the men to do as you like with us; but, Silas, remember that Tarativi has been my life for ten years past; and, more, here's a man who expects to marry Miss Enderby, and if he doesn't get her to his station now on my vessel he may be six months or a year away from his duty.'

"He looked at me with jaw hanging, but I grinned at him and he saw how much I wanted to get away for my chance.

"'Sit in the game, Silas, and speed us to the John Ilcomb yonder; and I'll pledge you my word I'll come back to Honolulu and answer to the consul for this fellow's dummy distress rockets—but, Silas, I've got to settle with Beast Darrick first.'

"Captain Silas stopped his oratory and ordered the deck stewards to bring our luggage and traps—and they went over the side into the whaleboat.

"A stewardess rove a cord about the bottom of the skirts of Lois; she was guarded by Ethan Mallory as she climbed down the ladder and the blackies lifted her into the whaleboat and put her aft.

"Ethan Mallory made his way to a place beside her. I shook Captain Silas by the hand and slipped over the side into my boat; we cast off and made for my schooner—and that's as near as I've been to the white man's land since.

"While we pulled to the schooner Ethan Mallory talked to Lois and to me, but we answered him not; finally he kept quiet, with fretted brow and eyes peering at us both. When we boarded my schooner I had my boy take Lois to my own cabin. I turned the mate for'ard and gave his cabin to Mallory; and I took for myself the sofa under the barometer.

"As the schooner gained head I turned to Mallory and said: 'I'll not talk to you tonight and I'll not marry you and Miss Enderby in the morning or any other time; and we're not friends. You're welcome to the schooner, but I'll not quit Tarativi to drop you at Apia. I'll put you ashore at Toorlootai if you like, and I'll put Miss Enderby ashore with you if she pleases; and if she does not please she'll stay on board.'

"'I begin to understand, Ilcomb,' he said, after a keen glance at me; 'and—well, we shall know how to settle this when the day comes. Good night, John.' But, of course, he did not hold out his hand; and I lay down on my sofa and did some wicked thinking.

"The next morning, when I went on deck, I kept away from both Lois and Ethan Mallory.

"I saw them talking, she very white of face and he with square-set jaw. After a bit, when she saw me, Lois went below and I heard the click of the key in the cabin-door lock. She was beginning to learn what men are outside of South Dedham.

"While I was thumbing my logarithm tables and my charts my mate came—liver-faced and stuttering—from for'ard.

"'Captain Ilcomb, we've the plague aboard!' he says. 'Tony, the Gilbert Islander, is dead, and he was hauling a sheet two hours ago—man, he's swelled as big as a he manatee!'

"We did not fear much of anything in those days, but we did the black death, which is what you now call the bubonic. Ethan Mallory went white and I myself felt my spine melt.

"We chucked Tony's evil carcass overboard and I hunted up some sulphur from the stores. I smoked the ship and put out tobacco and pipes, and ordered every one to smoke. Tobacco may kill you in time, but we hold that it drives away the plague bugs.

"I got some cigarettes and bade Lois smoke, and Ethan Mallory stuck a pipe in his mouth.

"Lois would none of the cigarettes. 'You'd best do it, Lois,' said Mallory; and she looked at me.

"'You must do it, Lois,' I said, and she took one and went at it; and jigger me if she went sick at all! Which made my love for her bigger. A man likes a woman for doing well the same foolish things that he does himself.

"That night the mate was dead and we sunk him proper when Ethan Mallory had read the service.

"I ran the schooner that night till near dawn, when Ethan Mallory spelled me at the wheel and I slept until I heard a yell above.

"When I got on deck there was Mallory neatly tied to the binnacle and the whaleboat under a spritsail bowling away from us with the crew in her—each man with a rifle.

"I ran to the four-pounder for'ard, but she was plugged.

"In my black thoughts of the night I had dreamed of some such solution that would leave the three of us together, which would let me settle the problem my own way with Ethan Mallory; but the plague was in the schooner and so was Lois—and there were but the two men of us to work the seven-hundred-ton vessel, with Toorlootai far away and Tarativi farther, and Beast Darrick the devil knew where.

"It's fair to say that Ethan Mallory was a man. I'd slipped on a sheath knife and a revolver, as the custom is hereabout, when I got on board my schooner, and I saw he'd noticed this; and he knew my—well, my reputation, such as it was. I would have killed him from inclination, but I've always been as white a man as the white men about me would let me be.

"But when I found the two of us facing each other, and the girl in our minds, it was different. I went to my cabin and got a knife and revolver and brought them to him.

"He looked at them and at me, and put them away. 'God will settle between us in His own way,' was all he said. We had no more words. We worked the schooner and we smoked our heads off—Lois too. When we weren't hauling on sheets we were cleaning. The John Ilcomb was scalded with boiling water from keelson to topmast; and then we sealed the fo'cas'le close.

"Those were cruel days. We could make but half sail; Lois cooked for us and no word of love came from either man. It was slaughtering work we had and always the expectation that a gripe would strike our vitals and that there would be but two left on board—and perhaps none. I felt my littleness as never before or again; and I wished I had left undone many things that I could not then forget.

"There was little talking. I gave the orders and Ethan Mallory obeyed and did his stint of work and more. He would often ask for some task. He was no sailor, but he was fearful strong and he did not seem to think about the black death as much as myself. He knew he'd be saved, I suppose, if he died; and I was not so sure about myself.

"When he was clean fagged and had to quit he would drop on his knees and pray and go at his labor again fresh.

"It vexed me sorely, for, though I was as strong as he, I had not the prayers to brace me, and it is fair to admit that he did more than I.

"The weather was as if the doors of hell had opened for our welcome and let flow fiery blasts at us. Ethan Mallory and I got down to our pajamas, which was the way of the world; but Lois, when she saw us that way first, looked like the state of Massachusetts gazing at a hula, and neither Ethan Mallory nor I would be classed in a beauty show.

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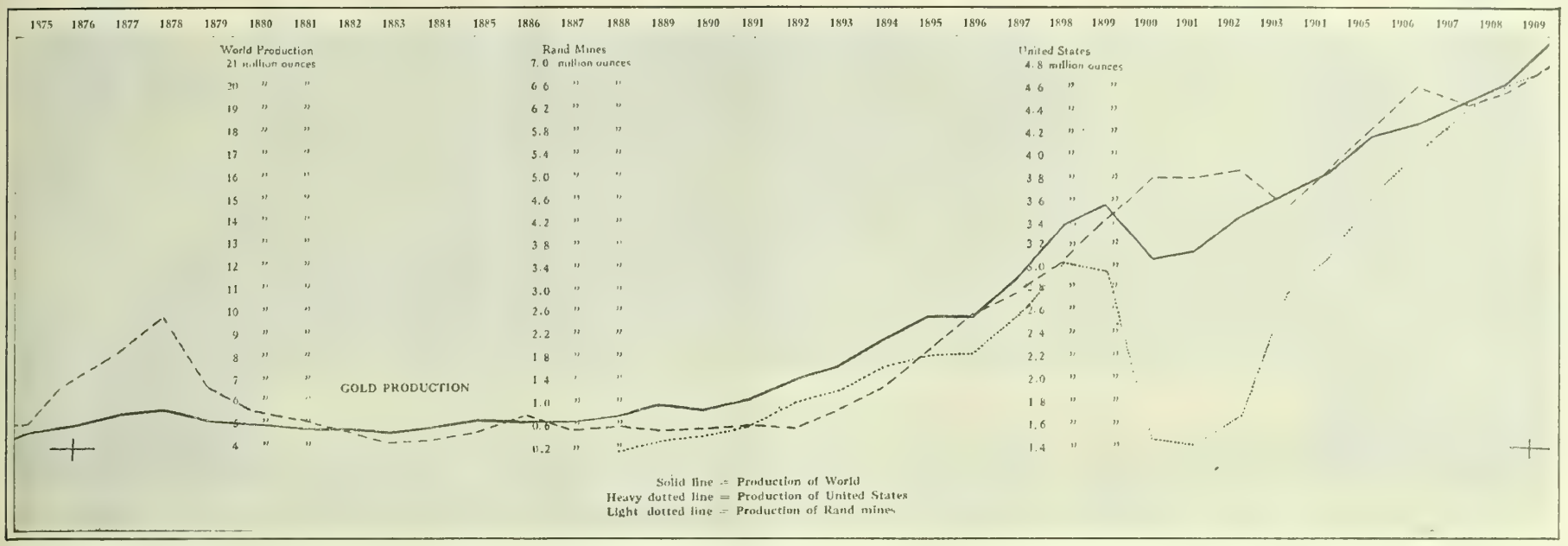
"It May Have Been Fifty, it May Have Been a Hundred—Any Number of Knots an Hour"

TOO MUCH GOLD

An Interview With Edison—By Roger W. Babson


1875 1876 1877 1878 1879 1880 1881 1882 1883 1884 1885 1886 1887 1888 1889 1890 1891 1892 1893 1894 1895 1896 1897 1898 1899 1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909
World Production
21 million ounces
Rand Mines
7.0 million ounces
United States
4.8 million ounces
GOLD PRODUCTION
Solid line = Production of World
Heavy dotted line = Production of United States
Light dotted line = Production of Rand mines

The World's Production of Gold from 1874 to 1909, Inclusive

VERY few people realize that Thomas A. Edison is one of the best-informed men in America on the production of gold. Edison is known the world over as America's greatest inventor, probably having done more to make practical the use of electricity than any other living man. He, however, is a much broader man than one interested simply in electrical and mechanical investigations; in fact, he is wonderfully well informed on almost every subject.

Although during the last few years he has had more time to give to general topics than previously, yet it is probably through his chemical research work that he has become interested in the "gold theory"; in fact, he and his great organization in some of their experiments have come very close to discovering a process whereby gold may be extracted profitably from common clay. The tremendous importance of such a discovery has frightened him.

Few men give so little thought to money and have so slight a desire for it as Mr. Edison; therefore it was not the possibility of making gold for himself that thrilled him while carrying on these experiments, but the fear that—should his experiments be successful—he would shake the entire commercial, industrial and investment world to its very foundations. Certainly such a discovery would cause a greater world panic or industrial and social revolution than history has ever witnessed.

This is not all. Mr. Edison's experiments have not been limited to the walls of his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, as he has spent large sums of money in the South on practical and extensive operations. As is well known, in a certain section of the country there is a kind of clay that contains almost enough gold to make its working profitable. I know of no mines that are being worked at the present time wherein there is less than about three dollars to the ton, although I have been told that some ore has been treated profitably that assays less than this amount. The most important of these great beds of clay run about a dollar to the ton; and when some process is discovered that will enable these dollar clays to be operated profitably something vital will happen to our gold standard.

It was chiefly to talk over these matters that I met Mr. Edison a short time ago in his library at Orange, New Jersey, and listened to the most striking discussion of gold production that I have ever heard. Among the many things that Mr. Edison told me was that under the city of Philadelphia was a stretch of clay, forty miles long, which assayed thirty cents to the ton, and that in this little belt alone there was more gold than all the free gold today in the vaults of the United States Treasury. After telling me about this and other deposits, he spoke of the very limited use of gold in the arts and manufactures; and then, smiling in his good-natured way, he said: "Babson, doesn't it seem strange for the entire financial systems of the world's greatest countries to be founded on a metal for which the only use we have is to gild picture-frames and to fill teeth?"

Of course no discovery has yet been made to use these low-grade clays; but Mr. Edison told me that it is not only entirely possible but very probable that some such discovery will be made within a reasonably short time. Experiments, which he and others are making, are bringing such discoveries nearer every day, and even tomorrow some chemical process may be found successfully to bring about this most wonderful and farreaching result. When it is considered that this clay exists in very large quantities throughout the entire United States, and that even the sea-water is said to contain five cents' worth of gold to every cubic yard, the great importance of the work is self-evident.

Now a word as to the gold theory. At the present time the monetary systems of the world are based on the fact that the Bank of England must, by law, be ready to purchase all gold of standard fineness at seventy-seven shillings nine pence a troy ounce, and that any person can bring gold to our United States Treasury and receive gold certificates therefor on a similar basis. The result of this is that any one having a gold mine is in a different position from almost any one else in the world, as his product is not subject to supply and demand in the ordinary sense, but he can take it to the Bank of England or to the United States Treasury and receive money for it at this fixed rate, which money he can use for the purchase of any goods.

The Gold Miner's Vantage Point

IT, THEREFORE, will be seen that if some man should discover an unlimited amount of gold he would not bring down the price of that gold in the terms of money, the same as if he discovered any other commodity, but he could go to the Bank of England or to the United States Treasury and obtain an unlimited supply of gold certificates in exchange. Now it can readily be seen that, although some man might have an unlimited supply of gold and could obtain an unlimited supply of bills from the Bank of England or the United States Government, as soon as the people, who own real commodities - such as wheat, iron and merchandise—became aware of this fact they would not sell him their real commodities at the prices at which they held them before his discovery, but would immediately advance their prices. In other words, the more money he might manufacture the less they would care for it; and consequently they would want more of it for the real commodities that they gave him in exchange. For a ton of iron, a bale of cotton or a bushel of wheat is much more useful intrinsically than a thousand dollars in bills, or even the actual gold that these bills represent.

Of course this is a radical illustration; but Mr. Edison insists that a process similar in principle is now slowly going on—that is, that gold is actually becoming more common; that the miners are rushing it to the United States Mint too rapidly, and that the merchants to whom they offer it are unconsciously feeling that it is depreciating in value and consequently are raising the prices on their goods to correspond. Of course this is hard on those of us who have not gold mines and are dependent on fixed salaries or on long-term bonds, but it is impossible for the storekeeper to have one price for the miner and another for the wage-earner; therefore we must all pay these increased prices.

This great increase in gold production, about which Mr. Edison talks, is well illustrated in the chart that I have prepared showing by a heavy solid line the world's production of gold; by a heavy dotted line the production of gold in the United States, and by a light dotted line the production of gold in the Rand mines. It will be seen how the total yearly production has increased from 5,749,306 fine ounces in 1890. The estimated production for 1910, not shown on the chart, is 23,000,000 ounces.

This increased production is causing a general increase in commodity prices. The increase, however, is equalized throughout the entire world. If wages and incomes could be raised likewise there would be no direct harm from this. Theoretically prices, wages and incomes should all rise together; but unfortunately this is not true in practice.

When this increased production increases too rapidly it is like giving a boy too much money to spend. It causes a certain recklessness among the wealthy and great discontent among the poor, spreading the seed for a financial and social revolution: an effect which, to my mind, is the real evil of the increased production of gold.

The last and most interesting effect is on the investor and the prices of stocks and bonds; and this is best described by Mr. Edison's own words, which I herewith submit verbatim, Mr. Edison having written in longhand these conclusions after very careful thought; in fact, I have his original notes in my possession. They read as follows:

"All the great government, state, municipal and railroad loans of the world are represented by long-term bonds. These bonds are payable in a certain commodity of a certain weight and degree of purity. This commodity has very little intrinsic value little is used in the arts, it is kept in vaults and shuttlecocked between financial centers, melted, coined and remelted. It is a mobile commodity which is accumulative; has been accumulating since the dawn of history. Its only value resides in the brain of man. All men agree to accept it as a measure. Nearly all other commodities are desirable to meet physical wants which will never change; but gold is a commodity of the imagination.

"Modern methods in mining, modern chemical discoveries, increased intelligence and scientific business methods have led in the last fifteen years and are still leading to the production of an immense amount of gold. Every year the average will increase at a greater ratio; and when science has advanced a little more, the gigantic and absolutely inexhaustible deposits within the low-grade rocks and clays of gold countries will be worked at a high profit. The world's business has increased so enormously that the increased production of gold has heretofore fitted in; but this point has been passed. Gold production will hereafter increase faster than business.

"The mass of this commodity will become a burden. Thinking masters of capital will hesitate to loan money to be repaid at some long period in the future with this commodity. It they loan at all, and place themselves at the mercy of a steam shovel and a chemical works, the

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PROFESSIONAL FARMING

Lessons in Land—By F. D. Coburn

THE technical education of the farmer—a professional education it may be properly called—is one of the crying needs connected with the problem of the world's food supply today. In every other profession those who succeed are liberally educated for it and are especially equipped for their work. A farmer may even have a college education, although comparatively few have gone beyond the high school and many have passed only through the grades; but most of this class have little or no technical farming education, the kind needed to make their lifework more than a passable success and an enjoyable vocation. Vast numbers plow and sow and reap just as their fathers did, and as their fathers before them plowed and sowed and reaped. Farmers have probably made less advance than members of any other profession.

In earlier years those who intended being lawyers studied in law offices; would-be preachers, who "felt the call," served a period of probation and went out to preach. Now the method is to teach the professions in schools, where all the available information bearing on the chosen profession has been gathered, sorted and arranged for delivery to the candidate according to his choice, in yearly installments, comprehending a broad, if not complete, general knowledge of his intended work. If he so desires the student may take up some special line of it—as the criminal law for some lawyers, the corporation law for others; the eye, ear, nose and throat for some physicians, the heart and lungs for others; and civil or electrical engineering for the engineers, and so on.

The Age of Scientific Method

THE most successful attorneys are those who have learned in schools the theory and philosophy of the law, what the law is, how and where to find it, and how to apply what they have found to a given case. The clergymen of power and influence are those who have a broad training in the history of theology, who know where to seek light on the mooted points of ritual and dogma, not only of their own but of other creeds, and in the light of ancient and modern beliefs. They are men of learning, too, in other lines—who know good books, who know something of law, medicine, mechanics and the sciences. A minister destitute of such learning could not hope to attract and hold the interest of any large congregation of educated people who study and who think for themselves; but the American farmer has not been, as yet, more than superficially stirred by the real necessities with which his successors must deal. It is the very richness of the soil, however, that has, in the main, prevented his failure. His business has not yet reached the stage that represents the survival of the fittest—where the best-trained men win, as is the case in other lines.

Throughout Western Europe, China, Japan, India and other countries the limit of production was virtually reached decades ago. Once, no doubt, the people believed the soil would forever continue producing average crops with no return to the land. It required hundreds of years for them to learn that this could not be, but now all these countries are farming scientifically. The soil-tillers are making their work a profession; their land, instead of being robbed each year, is nursed and nurtured and given the most painstaking, intelligent tillage.

The solution of the cost-of-living problem is in making agriculture a profession, a real business by the farmer really educated for his work. In New England there are thousands of acres of farms abandoned because the farmers did not know how to conserve their fertility. Educated effort is needed to prevent the soils of the rest of our country from going the same way as those along the Atlantic Coast and in the starved-out cotton and tobacco fields of the South. Japan, in some instances, produces three crops a year on a single field. It has been shown many times that an increasingly large crop can be produced year after year on the same ground by careful treatment, and the soil continuously improves.

It is probable that the robbery and deterioration of the soils in the East and South would never have occurred but for the abundance of rich and cheap lands available farther West. When his land in the East became impoverished the farmer or the planter simply gathered up his family and chattels, moved westward and acquired another, and incidentally a larger, farm, and began anew the work of soil plunder. In Europe and the Far East there are no great stretches of new land awaiting the plow; the maximum of average production has been reached in these countries, but population has not decreased and the crop output is all the time maintained to the limit. There are few failures or shortages; one can tell in advance almost the wheat production of England or the beet production of Germany or France for any year. There is no guesswork. The average wheat yield of England is about 32.2 bushels to the acre, and every year the soil produces approximately that quantity. The farmers who bring this about proceed scientifically, keeping their soil built to its maximum productivity by putting back into it the elements demanded to produce a full crop of the same quality in the year to follow. Nothing is haphazard. The European farmer is a professional man, as is the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman and the civil engineer.

Ignorance has been the chief cause of deterioration, although common, ordinary shiftlessness has been a party to it; but ignorance of what their soils had contained, what they lacked and what crops they were by Nature most especially suited for, may be listed at the head of the causes of later low productiveness of thousands of once fertile and fecund acres.

The Farmer's Independence

IT IS practically impossible wholly to change the farming methods of the present generation. It is the farm boys and girls who will control in the years to come, who must and will master the problems of greater production. The problem that should concern the present generation is such conservation of the soil as to prevent its destruction before their sons are in a position to apply the methods best suited to its maintenance. If those of the present can be aroused to the necessity of right conservation the future will take care of itself. Those who are beginning to see the need of new and better methods are the ones sending their children to the agricultural schools to learn the underlying truths about soils and seeds, tillage and breeding and feeding. As the more progressive accomplish good results others will see the light and follow.

John Williams Streeter in his book, The Fat of the Land, a story of a successful farm and a farmer who tilled the soil with care and who made the conservation of the soil a paramount idea, says:

> The farmer who produces all the necessities and many of the luxuries, and whose products are in constant demand and never out of vogue, should be independent in mode of life and prosperous in his fortunes. If this is not the condition of the average farmer the fault is to be found not in the land but in the man who tills it.

Ninety-five per cent of those who engage in commercial and professional occupations fail of large success; more than fifty per cent fail utterly, and are doomed to miserable, dependent lives in the service of the more fortunate. That farmers do not fail nearly so often is due to the bounty of the land, the beneficence of Nature and the recurring seedtime and harvest, which even the most thoughtless cannot interrupt.

The farmer is here to stay and is a necessity that cannot be dispensed with. The great manufacturing plants could be removed, ocean travel be abandoned, and men cease risking their lives trying to navigate the air; but without the farmer and his farm the world would soon be an uninhabitable wilderness. There is no occupation less hazardous than agriculture, nor one which returns a more certain revenue for its labor, rightly done. The first essential in the development of the race is food, and food must come from the farm. The actual necessaries of life come entirely from the farm, and after the necessaries are supplied the possibility of luxuries may be considered.

A New Kind of Education

THE farmer is generally apt to be looked down upon by persons in other professions. This is not unnatural, as it would scarcely be expected that an untrained man could or would command the same respect or wield the same influence as another thoroughly grounded in the needs, elements and principles of his calling. Farming ought to be among the highest professions, one looked up to and respected instead of regarded with disdain. Many worthy farmers are actually ashamed of their work and their means of livelihood.

The professional man digs deep into all matters pertaining to his calling and exhausts every resource in getting his facts together for use in the most effective way. But the farmer too often delves in a field and gleans what he can from it without definite plan or without working in the light of his own and others' experience. His is practically the only unskilled profession, and only a comparatively small number are really educated for their work. Many farmers have attended the country schools and a much smaller number have gone through the high schools; but very few have been through college. Most of those who attended college studied courses of little use in managing a farm. In very many instances the farmer boy has returned to his home after a course in high school, academy or even in college without knowing a whit more about that which he intends making his lifework than when he entered the school. Most of those who return home, after completing their education, begin tilling the soil in the same way their fathers, and their fathers before them, tilled the same soil.

The question of an agricultural education has not been seriously considered by educators until within recent years. Profound knowledge of soil needs, seed-breeding, stock-raising and the like were not necessary until the problem of sufficient foodstuffs confronted economists. The farmers themselves took little interest in agricultural education; many actually opposed courses in farming in the schools. They had no particular reason for this opposition except an inherent prejudice against scientific or "book farming," believing that schools and textbooks were for those who intended to pursue other callings, and particularly for those unwilling to toil with their hands.

It is only within the last few years that the rudiments of agricultural knowledge became a part of the study work in any of the schools. No general effort has yet been made, except by the agricultural colleges, to get pupils of schools interested in farming. In some city schools gardening and floriculture are taught, but rather to interest the youth in civic pride and beauty and in something that will help to keep them pleasantly occupied and off the streets.

However, it is a hopeful sign that in a number of country schools here and there elementary agriculture is now being made a part of the course of study. The purpose is to have the pupils become interested in an intelligent study and understanding of farmwork, with the expectation that when the common-school courses are completed they will go forward with real agricultural college instruction. The Kansas educators are planning to add an agricultural course to the common-school work and make it a requirement for graduation. A smattering of agriculture will do no harm to any one; it may arouse a still greater interest in farming and also be the means of many pleasant hours for those who do not expect to make farming the business of their lives.

The chief obstacle to wider knowledge has been lack of suitable schools and teachers. Farming has been taught only in the agricultural colleges—one in each state—and too often but feebly and inefficiently. There are colleges of medicine, law, mechanics, engineering, theology, the arts and sciences, scattered throughout the land, and when pupils are in the high school, and even in the common school, they are provided with courses leading to the profession they seek, but there has been no common-school farm education or any agricultural high school.

The Government is considering measures for high-school agricultural work, and Representative C. R. Davis, of the Third Minnesota District, has introduced in Congress a bill to establish an agricultural high school in each Congressional district where agriculture is the chief industry. The plan is one that should have been inaugurated years ago. If there had been efficient agricultural high schools half a century ago there would not now be the abandoned farms of the East and the South, and less occasion for constant discussion of the high cost of living.

Details of the plan have not been definitely determined. It is a new undertaking, and whether or not it would be best to endow some of the high schools already established with a Government subsidy, to be used entirely for agricultural instruction, or to have the Government build, equip and maintain new schools in the same manner as it maintains its Indian schools, is a question for the most careful consideration. Politics may play an important part in the final determination, as Congressmen are charged by political opponents with casting about for plans that will most help themselves personally rather than for those that will be solely of benefit to the country.

The question of just what shall make up the curricula of the agricultural schools is not nearly so important now as that of having more schools, as the courses of study have already been worked out exceptionally well in the

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Railroad Expenses and Earnings

By CLIFFORD THORNE

IT HAS been widely asserted that the operating expenses of our railway companies, including the cost of labor and supplies, have increased so rapidly during the past ten years that the railroads are face to face with a crisis in their business, which can be averted only by raising rates. This has been repeated in so many different forms—from the public platform, in newspaper items and magazine articles—that it is beginning to have a marked effect upon the best thought of the country.

It may be of some interest and value to hear the other side of this story and to learn something concerning the increases in the earnings from the operation of our railroads. The real question is not, Have the operating expenses increased in bulk? but, Which have increased more—operating expenses or earnings?

The railway companies make annual reports of their earnings and expenses to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which are then published by the commission. We now have complete reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission covering the years from June 30, 1887, to June 30, 1907, and partial reports for the years 1908, 1909 and 1910. The following table has been compiled from data presented in these reports:

THE EARNINGS OF AMERICAN RAILROADS FROM THE ORGANIZATION OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME FROM JUNE 30, 1887, TO JUNE 30, 1910

GROSS EARNINGS FROM OPERATION

YEAR ENDING	REVENUE FOR EACH TON-MILE IN CENTS	TOTAL REVENUE	NET EARNINGS: OR EARNINGS FROM OPERATION ABOVE OPERATING EXPENSES	FOR EACH MILE OF LINE
June 30, 1888	1.001	$ 910,621,220	$315,626,564	$2,307
" " 1889	.922	964,816,129	320,109,428	2,087
" " 1890	.941	1,051,877,632	359,783,661	2,300
" " 1891	.895	1,096,761,395	364,873,502	2,262
" " 1892	.898	1,171,407,343	390,409,347	2,404
" " 1893	.878	1,220,751,874	392,830,575	2,314
" " 1894	.860	1,073,361,797	341,947,475	1,946
" " 1895	.839	1,075,371,462	349,651,047	1,967
" " 1896	.806	1,150,169,376	377,180,332	2,072
" " 1897	.798	1,122,089,773	369,565,009	2,016
" " 1898	.753	1,247,325,621	429,352,345	2,325
" " 1899	.724	1,313,610,118	456,641,119	2,435
" " 1900	.729	1,487,044,814	525,616,303	2,729
" " 1901	.750	1,588,526,037	558,128,767	2,854
" " 1902	.757	1,726,380,267	610,131,520	3,048
" " 1903	.763	1,900,846,907	643,308,055	3,133
" " 1904	.780	1,975,174,091	636,277,838	2,998
" " 1905	.766	2,082,482,406	691,880,254	3,189
" " 1906	.748	2,325,765,167	788,887,896	3,548
" " 1907	.759	2,589,105,578	840,589,764	3,696
" " 1908	.754	2,421,542,004	734,397,029	3,218
" " 1909	.763	2,443,312,232	827,814,999	3,553
" " 1910		2,779,246,875	938,121,107	3,963

Compiled from Reports on the Statistics of Railways in the United States, and Bulletins of Revenues and Expenses of Steam Roads in the United States, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics and Accounts of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Statistics for 1910 are advance figures subject to minor revisions. The item left blank cannot be obtained as yet. The above figures represent substantially all the mileage in the United States. The item "Net Earnings," used above, refers to the earnings from operation of all the railroads in the United States after subtracting all operating expenses, which include: (1) the cost of transportation and traffic expenses; (2) the cost of maintenance of equipment; (3) the cost of maintenance of way and structures; and (4) general expenses. The statistics given for 1908, 1909 and 1910 are not compiled entirely according to the rules of prior years because of changes in the rules of the commission taking effect during the fiscal year 1908; but the final results in the foregoing table are close enough to justify the comparison given above for the purpose stated.

Two great economic facts are reflected in the foregoing table. The first is that during the past ten years railroading has been completely revolutionized. The average net earnings for every mile of railroad in the country were about seventy per cent greater in 1910 than in 1898. This remarkable fact is best appreciated by comparison with the same item from 1888 to 1898, during which time the average net earnings increased only eight-tenths of one per cent for each mile of line. Larger cars, better engines, stronger roadbeds, greater traffic and improved methods have worked the marvelous changes of the last ten years.

The second important fact revealed in the above table is that our railway companies have been able to prevent further reductions in rates. This is indicated, somewhat accurately, in the average revenue for every ton hauled one mile. The only practical way we have of following the trend of transportation in the country as a whole is to observe the increase and decrease in this item. The average revenue for each ton-mile is the closest approach we have to average rates, but it is not absolutely accurate because of the variation in long and short hauls and in the character of commodities handled; however, so long as the items last named remain substantially constant, the revenue for each ton-mile is a substantially safe index to average rates. With this qualification, let us see what can be learned from the figures in the foregoing table.

Consider a few comparisons. The marked change in the relation between freight charges and net earnings occurred about the year 1898. We will divide the years given in the table into two groups, the first period being the eleven years from 1888 to 1898 inclusive, the second period from 1899 to 1910 inclusive. During the first period the annual net earnings of American railroads increased about one hundred million dollars, while freight charges declined about twenty-five per cent—the public sharing in the profits of modern railroading; during the latter period the annual net earnings increased almost five hundred million dollars, while freight charges did not decline one per cent—the public not sharing in the progress this time. Again, during the first period the average net earnings for each mile of line increased about eight-tenths of one per cent, while freight charges declined twenty-five per cent. This would indicate a healthy situation, in which competition was distributing a large portion of the benefits of modern inventions and methods of railroading among the shippers and consumers of the nation. A similar result has generally followed other great strides in industrial progress. During the second period the net earnings for each mile of line increased over sixty per cent, while freight charges entirely ceased to decline.

The vast increase in traffic indicated by the doubling of their gross earnings, the immense saving effected by modern inventions and methods, indicated by the increase in net earnings, and the enormous increase in net earnings for each mile of line—all of these important facts throw into bold prominence the fact that the average revenue for each ton-mile has ceased its downward course during the past decade. Glance at the steady downward trend of the revenue for each ton-mile from 1888 to 1898, then notice how suddenly the decline stops. One is compelled to wonder why this decline was completely checked in 1899 and has remained checked, notwithstanding the phenomenal increase in traffic handled and the enormous increase in net earnings during the past decade.

The Factors That Have Helped Railroads

THE two factors—first, modern methods of operation in a new industry, the rapid development of which has surpassed anything in the history of the human race; and second, the enormous consolidations of recent years—have enabled our railway companies to monopolize entirely the vast benefits of modern progress in transportation matters. The public has had no share in this increase in net earnings, amounting to fabulous fortunes, approaching the colossal sum of half a billion dollars every year, this increase alone surpassing the entire tariff or customs revenue of our National Government by over a hundred million dollars.

The margin between the earnings and expenses of American railroads, instead of becoming smaller from year to year, has grown enormously and constitutes absolutely no justification whatever for increasing transportation charges in the United States. The further question as to whether even present earnings are adequate must depend entirely upon other factors and involves the problem of what is a reasonable rate of return and the value of the property entitled to such return. Here we have the ultimate fundamental issue of this stupendous question.

THE HIGH HAND

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XI

WITH his gaze immovably fixed upon some trivial ornament of his desk, his mouth set, his hands clenched, Lewis was giving orders sharply through closed teeth. Franques was jotting them down in notes on the back of an old envelope. There was an air of humility about Franques, an oily deference in his tone, an obsequiousness in his manner, which were belied by the evil glitter of his beady eyes and the sardonic twist of his thin lips. It was all lost upon Lewis. For him there remained only one thought, one idea in the world—to crush Jim Warren. He'd given him, Lewis, a week to get used to the idea of withdrawing! An ultimatum! It was a bluff, of course! Nobody had heard their conversation, therefore—— A bluff—and a crude one at that.

He Was Being Butchered to Make a Roman Holiday

"See Big Tom Simmonds this morning," Lewis was saying, "and tell him I want Jim Warren's name kept out of the caucus of his machine at any cost."

"Yes, sir," said Franques.

"Tell him, further, that Jim Warren must not be so much as mentioned in the primaries. I'll look after my end; I'll expect him to look after his."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him, also, that under these conditions the deal I talked over with him the other day is on, if he's willing—that is, he is to have the mayor and council in return for his machine's support of me against Warren."

Franques looked up in surprise.

"That's a fat price you're paying," he ventured.

"No comments," Lewis snarled. "Do as I say."

"Yes, sir." Franques' lips turned up slightly at the corners. "That all?"

"That's all."

There was joy around Big Tom Simmonds' throne when Franques brought the glad tidings. It had been something like four years since Big Tom had been compelled to loosen his grip on Warburton's throat—four lean, hungry years—and his fingers were itching.

"Tell Lewis he's on," was his characteristic reply. "My machine would nominate the devil himself in caucus if I knew we could put over the mayor and council!"

Lewis received the message in silence, then sat down to wait. It was Jim Warren's move. What would it be? The production of more photographs? He shuddered at the thought. Day after day passed and no more photographs appeared. Slowly but surely a nervous elation took possession of Lewis. Of course no more photographs appeared, for the simple reason that Jim Warren had no more! After all it had only been an assumption of Franques that all the papers in the safe had been copied. The conjecture soothed him; confidence came back. Of course he'd beat Jim Warren. Two or three newspapers and half a dozen labor organizations had declared for Warren, but even at that he'd beat Warren with Simmonds' support.

He put a question to Franques one day; the answer still further restored his belief in the future.

"Why is Jim Warren holding off?"

"To a man up a tree it would seem he's holding off because he has no more photographs," Franques replied, with a shrug of his dusty shoulders. "Of course there may be other reasons, but that is the obvious answer."

"I suppose there's no earthly way to get hold of them if he has?"—tentatively.

"I'd be afraid to try again—he'd shoot the next man," Franques declared. "Besides, if he has no more, what's the use?"

The week passed, and Jim Warren had failed to make good on his ultimatum. Lewis laughed outright with relief and from that moment began his big planning for the fight that was to come. While Jim Warren was around talking from the tail of a tip-cart to the men who toiled he would open his campaign with a rally that would smother all that had gone before or would come after. He'd bring Lieutenant-Governor Hope and United States Senator Fynes and Speaker Tillinghast down to Warburton from the capital and smash Jim Warren once for all! Meanwhile, some night, he'd run around in his automobile and—unobserved himself—look over this crowd of Jim Warren's. It might be interesting.

It was a night or so later that Jim Warren took a running jump through Lewis' dream, like a circus performer through a paper hoop. He laid aside the popgun with which he had been campaigning and unmasked his thirteen-inch battery. Lewis and his henchman, Franques, tucked away behind the closely drawn curtains of an automobile standing near, were there and heard.

"Boys," Jim Warren began, with that quizzical grin of his, "it's all over but the shouting. Tomorrow Francis Everard Lewis is going to withdraw in my favor. At the caucus of his machine next week Francis E. Lewis, in person, will present my name and make me the candidate of his party instead of himself. He doesn't know it yet, but he'll do it."

"Is this man an idiot?" Lewis growled.

Franques didn't say.

"With you fellows and the indorsement of his machine no earthly power can stop me; and his machine will indorse me, whether it likes or not—it will indorse me because Francis Everard Lewis is its boss and he'll tell it to."

Whereupon, quietly and succinctly, Jim Warren detailed the conditions of the deal by which Simmonds was to have the mayor and council in return for his support of Lewis for the legislature. Lewis squirmed uneasily. There hadn't been a hint of this in the public prints. How did Jim Warren know it?

"You can search me!" Franques answered.

Following this Jim Warren commented at some length upon that splendid economy by which Lewis, in ten years, had saved enough out of his salary of eight hundred dollars a year to build ten tenement houses and still have money in bank.

"Of course," Jim Warren grinned, "it might not have been merely economy. It is barely possible that this affidavit may have some bearing."

From his pocket he produced a bank record, with an affidavit attached, showing that the octopus had once loaned a trifling sum of fifty thousand dollars to Lewis on an unindorsed demand note that bore on its back the magical words: "No protest and no interest." That note, dated four years before, had been charged off against the account of the octopus. Lewis swayed, felt himself slipping and seized Franques' arm with damp, chilled fingers. Franques looked at him and was silent.

"Oh, you Jim Warren!" came out of the crowd in the voice of old Bob Allaire. "Go to him, boy!"

Jim Warren laughed and produced from a suitcase on the tip-cart behind him a phonograph which, in the thunderous clamor following upon his last statement, he deliberately adjusted and set up on a box. Lewis stared, stared with his eyes almost bursting from his head. Jim Warren turned to the throng, with one hand upon the lever of the phonograph; the flambeaux lighted his face, tensely earnest now.

"Here is why Francis Everard Lewis is going to quit," he screamed suddenly. "Listen to the manner of man he is! Judge him by his own words! The first voice is mine!"

"You want me to quit?" grated the machine. That was Jim Warren.

"Now, Lewis!" Jim Warren shouted.

"Well, it's unfortunate that we should be opposed," came from the phonograph in Lewis' smooth, suave voice. "Matters might have been adjusted in another way if I had only understood. Now, if you had proceeded in the regular way——"

White as chalk, with strange lines veined across his face, Lewis leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur. The car sped away.

There was dead silence in the crowd save for the light whir of the phonograph and the thin piping voices that were born of it—dead silence to the end of that interview in Jim Warren's private office, and then—chaos! Upon the shoulders of his fellows Jim Warren was hoisted and borne through the streets. The surging mob halted traffic, jeered at the staying hands of the police, hooted Lewis and raised the name of Jim Warren to the skies.

From a darkened window of his apartments in the Hotel Stanton Lewis looked down upon the crowd in the street and knew that the end had come. His power was broken; he was being butchered to make a Roman holiday—this redheaded Warren person was an idol; he had beaten him, Lewis, at his own game—trickery! He wondered if Warren would go further! If he might, perchance, in the first flush of exultation, proceed to criminal prosecution! He shuddered!

There came a knock at the door. Lewis whirled with a poignant apprehension of danger. Perhaps the police were there now! His teeth snapped; he opened the door. Some newspaper men wanted to see him. The door crashed in their faces. . . . After a while he thought of Edna. She must not know! . . . He called Tillinghast on the long-distance.

"Don't let Edna see tomorrow's newspapers!" he pleaded over the wire.

"What's the matter?" asked Tillinghast, bewildered. "What's happened?"

"Don't let her see them--you'll know why when you see them!"

Next morning Franques, meek, unemotional, brought in the newspapers and the early mail.

"Come back at noon," Lewis directed.

"Yes, sir."

Franques vanished as silently as he had come. Lewis opened the newspapers with unsteady hands. There it was! He read it without comment. . . . There was some mail too. One envelope bore the mark of the Atlas Plow Works. He opened it:

Will it be necessary for me to go further? Will you quit? Will your machine indorse me? Or shall I proceed to criminal prosecution? JAMES PALMER WARREN.

XII

DWIGHT TILLINGHAST raised his eyes to those of his daughter across the breakfast table.

"I heard from Lewis last night just before twelve," he remarked.

"Yes!"—eagerly.

"He called me up by long-distance to ask me not to let you read today's newspapers."

Edna arched her brows in perplexity, and held the coffee-pot suspended in midair.

"Why not?" she queried.

"Because"—Tillinghast paused to clear his throat—"Because—well, there are many things in politics you would not understand, my dear. Last night, for instance, a very bitter and very violent attack was made upon Lewis by this Jim Warren person in Warburton."

Edna flushed a little, finished pouring the coffee and put down the pot.

"Why shouldn't I read it?" she asked.

"His request, I am sure, was made out of consideration for your feelings," her father went on to explain. "He is very thoughtful of you. Politicians, my dear, have to be thick-skinned, particularly a man in Lewis' position. He is a man of great power, therefore a man peculiarly liable to attack. He cares nothing about it himself, but he hates to think that it might bring you pain, even indirectly." He was silent a moment. "In this instance I thoroughly agree with him and shall add my request to his own."

Edna shrugged her shoulders and was silent.

"It's all for the best, my dear," her father went on pleasantly. "Remember I am under many obligations to Mr. Lewis and you are under even a greater obligation because of your—your betrothal to him. I think it wisest and best that you obey his—our—wishes in this instance."

"Certainly," the girl agreed; "but it seems rather absurd—doesn't it? Everybody in the world will know just what it was except me and I have a greater right than anybody."

"The circumstances are unusual," her father pointed out.

They finished their breakfast in silence and Edna arose to go. At the door she lingered a moment.

"This—this attack," she queried. "You say it was personal?"

"Purely personal, my dear."

"Will it in any way affect Mr. Lewis'—his chance of election?" She faltered a little as she asked the question.

"One can never tell, Edna, just what effect such attacks as this will have." Mr. Tillinghast faltered a little too.

The girl's eyes were blazing.

"You mean that there is a chance that Mr. Lewis will be—defeated?"

"There is always a chance," her father told her gently. "Or, it may cause changes in his plans of a totally different nature. After all, suppose you wait and talk it over with Lewis himself. He can make you understand; I couldn't."

"A personal attack, you say?" remarked the girl. "That would involve his integrity, wouldn't it? I could hardly believe that this Jim—this Mr. Warren—would descend to that."

Tillinghast arose and went to her. The slender little figure was atremble with indignation.

"He wants the job, my dear," said her father. "There seems to be no limit to what he would do to get it. His campaign throughout has been based upon personalities."

Edna stood staring straight into the puffy eyes for an instant, then turned away suddenly and went to her room.

That afternoon, forty miles away, in Warburton, Lewis had decided upon his course and was giving the necessary instructions to Franques.

"See Big Tom Simmonds," he directed, "and tell him that our deal is off."

"Yes, sir."

"I told the Commissioners of Elections about keeping Warren's name off the ballots. Tell them that is off too."

"Yes, sir." Franques' evil eyes were gleaming; his swarthy face was flushed slightly.

"Some time this afternoon make a dozen copies of this letter of withdrawal I have drafted and get it to all the newspapers in time for publication tomorrow morning."

That was all. Suave, courteous, soft-spoken as ever, Lewis received the newspaper men. He answered no questions—merely smiled genially and told them that in view of the popular demand for Jim Warren he would not only retire from the race but personally he would bring Jim Warren's name before the caucus of his party. That, of course, was equivalent to Jim Warren's election. He didn't care to discuss the slight misunderstanding he had had with Jim Warren. It was trivial and personal.

"How about that fifty-thousand-dollar note?"

He had nothing further to say.

"How about your offer of twenty-five thousand if Jim Warren would quit?"

He had nothing further to say.

"Don't you intend to make any denials?"

He had nothing further to say.

"How about that phonographic interview? How did Jim Warren get it? What about the deal on the mayoralty? What safe was robbed? Who did it? Where was it? When? What was in it?"

Really, gentlemen—he could not discuss the matter further.

There was a grin of triumph on Jim Warren's freckled face on the following morning when he read Lewis' letter of withdrawal and coupled therewith his statement. The grin lingered until, in glancing through his mail, he opened one envelope and took out a single sheet of paper, with just a few lines, unsigned:

"The time never comes when it is necessary to revile an individual merely because you want his political head. I didn't believe you capable of it."

It was the handwriting of a woman. A signature would have meant nothing; he knew instantly whence it came and gazed at it a long time in deep abstraction.

. . . . . .

It was a landslide for Jim Warren. Big Tom Simmonds had roared mightily in the heat of his indignation against Lewis when the mayoralty deal was called off and the city slid from under his greedy fingers—roared mightily and in his excitement thrust in a candidate to oppose Jim Warren or Lewis or whoever else there was to be opposed. Nobody ever heard of his candidate again.

Lewis received the returns in the seclusion of his apartments, whence he could look down upon the noisy crowd without. At last, wearily, he dropped back into a chair. At that instant his eyes met Franques' and he was startled by the savage exultation he read there.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sharply.

"It's come—it's come at last!" Franques exclaimed fiercely. His clawlike fingers were knotted, his lips tightly compressed. Lewis drew back uneasily.

"What's come? What are you talking about?"

"I'm going to be the next political boss of this state!" Franques burst out violently. "I found Jim Warren; I showed him how to win; I made him. I gave him the photographs of the contents of your safe; I told him every move you planned; we've tricked you out of your shoes."

For a time Lewis merely stared at him. It was quite clear. This man whom he had trusted above all others had betrayed him, had sold him—that was how Jim Warren had made himself invincible.

"You dog!" Lewis finally said.

. . . . . .

About midnight Jim Warren, drunk with his victory, forsook the adulation of his followers and went home. He sat there for a long time, thinking of many things. At last the clock struck four. He arose and removed his coat.

"When you mark your cards right you've got to win!" he said grimly. "The big idea is a pippin—yet." He was silent a moment; then came that illuminating grin of his. "I wonder how much an enterprising, redheaded young fellow could pick up in this new job of mine?" Again he was silent for a little. "I'll meet her somewhere," he added irrelevantly. "She said if I won we'd meet again."

XIII

WHEN, by some quirk of Fate, an unknown leaps into sudden and spectacular political success he instantly becomes, by right of victory, that sterling young patriot and rising young statesman; when he fails the world hoots at him. Jim Warren, the unknown, succeeded. On the morning following that achievement Jim Warren was no more. In his stead there was the Honorable James Palmer Warren, our distinguished fellow-townsman and newly elected representative from the Warburton District. However, the Honorable James Palmer Warren was no whit less redheaded and blue-eyed and freckle-faced than the original Jim Warren. His arm was as sinewy, his fist as hard, his grin as ready; he lived in the same modest room and plugged away at the same old desk.

For a week or more letters and telegrams of congratulation poured in upon him. The first of these was from Francis Everard Lewis. Jim Warren chuckled as he read it, but it didn't surprise him. Lewis' attitude was as transparent as the ambient air. He had picked up a poker by the hot end; dexterously and smilingly he was trying to hold on until it cooled off. He couldn't have what he wanted, therefore he would take what he could get. There was fear back of this craven fawning, but there was politics too. Jim Warren was a man of power—he had acquired it suddenly and sensationally—and a political boss is compelled to respect power that he can't smash.

Two or three days later came a courteous little note from Dwight Tillinghast, the speaker. It brought Mr. Tillinghast's heartiest congratulations to Mr. Warren upon his splendid victory, being altogether the oily sort of effusion that was intended to convey the impression that Tillinghast had been sitting up nights rooting for Jim Warren's success. Tucked away at the bottom was an invitation to dine informally at his home. Jim Warren accepted, knowing perfectly what it must portend. It was simply that Tillinghast was making an effort to win a friend in the new man, and he didn't scruple to use his social position to that end. Another bright thought of Lewis'! If Tillinghast would be governor—that, with a United States senatorship in view—he must draw to himself men like Jim Warren.

The dinner was a week or so off; meanwhile Jim Warren had some trivial matters to dispose of. So rapidly had he hewn that he hadn't had time to clear away his chips behind him. Now he started in methodically to clean up.

First, in compliance with the state law, he filed his campaign expense account. Its publication brought a smile. It was something like this:

1 phonograph	$12.00
Lights for meetings	8.40
Cigars	.65
1 pk. of cigarettes	.10
Total . . .	$21.15

Next Jim Warren resigned from the Atlas Plow Works and began to close up a few personal affairs, in preparation for his removal to Sandringham, the state capital.

These things disposed of, there remained Franques—Franques, that lank, dusty-looking, evil-eyed genius whose betrayal of his master had made Jim Warren possible. Jim Warren was not proud of the means he had employed to win, but he had had no choice. It was that or stay out; and the big idea would have perished of inanition. So it was, from the very beginning, he and Franques had worked with a complete understanding and their plans had fruited perfectly. Franques' motive? He didn't know and he didn't care. He only knew that Franques had arranged everything, even down to the silly incident of capturing the burglar; and only once, and that for just a moment, did Lewis suspect.

It was not pleasant for Jim Warren to think over these things and it was still less pleasant to think of the forthcoming reckoning with Franques. He didn't know what to expect; he only knew that Franques was not a part of the big idea that was still to be put to the touch. Suppose Franques' long pent-up and unexplained hatred against Lewis should be turned against him, Jim Warren? In preparation for the interview Jim Warren placed a small revolver beneath a paper on the table beside him; then, ashamed of himself, he put it back where it belonged.

Franques came to him in answer to his summons—came, meek-faced, and deposited his dusty-looking person on the edge of a chair and his dusty-looking hat on the floor beside him. He had not obtruded since Jim Warren's victory; he had waited to be sent for. He could bide his time, for was not he

"Beat Him? They Had to Pick Him Up in a Basket"

the master? Had he not made Jim Warren? Did he not hold, through Jim Warren, a slice of the state in his hand? Could he not garner his profit at his own will?

"Franques," Jim Warren began abruptly, "I am admitting every obligation to you that you can possibly impose upon me. I'll deny nothing. It was your fight—you won it—I was merely the pawn. We are agreed upon these things as a general ground for this discussion." He stopped and his eyes met those of the other man squarely. "Now, I'm going to double-cross you, Franques—pass you out. I've finished with you. Do you get it?"

For a minute or more Franques gazed at him, silently, inscrutably; then drew one of his clawlike hands across his brow as if to sweep away something there. It was his eyes that Jim Warren was watching—he found no inkling there of what was going through the cunning brain behind them.

"Why?" Franques queried at last. There was not the slightest trace of emotion in his voice.

"You'll understand it better," replied Jim Warren steadily, "if I tell you that I'm going to do to you only what you did to Lewis. I'm going to do it because I've got the foothold I want and it can't be taken away from me. Incidentally I am going to be the next governor of this state and the power of no man can stop me!"

"What makes you think that?" Franques asked in the same quiet manner. "Do you think that what you have done will get that job for you so soon? Do you think——"

"I know that I have done one thing, which doesn't happen to be known to you or any other person, that will win for me any job within the gift of the people of this state the instant I declare myself," said Jim Warren steadily. "There's been one definite idea back of everything I have done thus far—the big idea. With that idea I'm going to stand this state on its head when the time comes."

"What is it?" Franques asked. He didn't seem to be angry or even disappointed. His was the placid tone of one who reasons with a willful child. Never before had he been able to inspect at close range so monumental an example of egotism. Jim Warren was suffering intensely from arrogance, growing out of an overdose of spotlight. "What is it?" Franques repeated.

"You made only one mistake in your estimate of me, Franques," Jim Warren continued. "We agreed that I should take the holier-than-thou attitude. I was to pose as an honest man, a representative of labor—that's all. You were to take care of the rest of it. You did. With the power you placed in my hands by your betrayal of Lewis, I won. The mistake you made was your failure to take into account the fact that I am an honest man. The people of this state suspect it now; before I finish I'll convince 'em of it in a way they won't forget."

"Lots of honest men don't get to be governor." Franques came back to the point that interested him most. "How are you going to do it?"

"How?" Jim Warren echoed. "I've marked the cards. This political game is played with a marked pack. I've marked this pack! I've shuffled 'em myself and taken the hand I wanted. Now I'm going to play it out." He stopped; the tense earnestness of his manner passed, his tone became quite casual. "So far as my relations with you are concerned you never had a chance. I've no sentiment about it at all. I never intended from the first to do anything but double-cross you, once I was elected. You thought I was easy; I could see it in your eyes that first day we met—I knew it when you made your proposition. I accepted that proposition and played upon your selfishness and desire for revenge upon Lewis to use you, to make you advance my interests. I've squeezed you like a lemon; now I've finished with you."

For a long time Franques said nothing. His dream of power, through this man at least, was shattered; argument was useless—he knew that too. Suddenly he looked very old, very weak, very feeble. He picked up his dusty looking hat and twisted it idly in his hands.

"There is honor even among thieves," he reminded Jim Warren.

"I am not a thief; therefore I don't have to be honest with thieves," Jim Warren replied. "It would be a waste of time to attempt to make you understand some of the subtler reasons that have inspired my conduct; therefore—this is all. I am an ingrate; yes. I have nothing further to say."

Franques arose and wandered aimlessly toward the door. In that moment, as he stood regarding this lank, shabby, broken old man, Jim Warren was sorry for him. He had expected a row—he had found only a resignation that was almost pitiful. Crooked or not, he hadn't given the old man a square deal. He was about to say so . . . the door opened and Franques was gone.

So, at last, Jim Warren came to be free. He had played the first hand and won; he had paid his last debt as he had reckoned he would pay it. Clear of that burden, absolutely alone and independent, owing no man any favor, he riffled the cards for the second hand. Now the big idea was to be put to the test!

XIV

DWIGHT TILLINGHAST'S invitation had specified the time and the place; and there Jim Warren found—the girl! Clad in some soft clinging stuff that bared the ivory of her throat, she stood beside her father more distractingly pretty than ever. Her eyes met Jim Warren's demurely, then crinkled into a smile. For a moment Jim Warren merely stared at her in his astonishment.

"My daughter Edna, Mr. Warren," Tillinghast was saying in that fat, pompous way of his. "Mr. Warren, my dear, has become one of the big young men of our state."

"I know Mr. Warren by his newspaper pictures," Edna said graciously, and the color started in her cheeks under the spell of his gaze. "I think, too, I've seen him once—one day in the Sandringham National Bank?"

"And once after that!"

The girl reproved him with a glance suddenly grown cool and extended her hand. He gulped and accepted it impetuously. There followed some platitudes; then, in a sort of daze, he permitted himself to be led into the drawing room. This girl the daughter of Dwight Tillinghast! Well! Well, well, well! He couldn't get over that first shock. And her name was Edna!

"You remember I said I'd see you again if you beat Mr. Lewis?" the girl queried.

"I remember," he said slowly, meaningly; "and that isn't all you said."

"No?" She sat down.

"You said you wouldn't like me."

"You didn't beat him, did you?"

"Beat him?" Jim Warren grinned. "They had to pick him up in a basket."

"I beg your pardon. You didn't beat him. He withdrew in your favor—didn't he?"

"Because—Well, There Are Many Things in Politics You Would Not Understand, My Dear"

Then, and not before, Jim Warren realized that he was treading upon dangerous ground. Of course she would know Lewis and be friendly with him, because of the close relations of Lewis and her father.

"Mr. Lewis speaks very kindly of you," the girl went on pointedly. "I've heard him discuss you with my father often since your election. You know Mr. Lewis, of course?"

"Yes, I've met him—once!" He was trying to fathom the singular light in her eyes. "Only once," he added absently.

"And you were political enemies at that time?" Edna laughed lightly. "Political enemies! It sounds so horrid and amounts to so little. I can't imagine any one being an enemy of Mr. Lewis."

"No?" Jim Warren was quite polite about it.

"Then, afterward, Mr. Lewis came to see you were such a wonderful young man—oh, really wonderful!—and retired in your favor—didn't he?"

"Something of that sort," Jim Warren agreed. What was she driving at? Was she trying to bait him? There was a defensive note in her voice.

"I should think that would have made close friends of you and Mr. Lewis."

"What?"

"His withdrawal in your favor."

"Why?"

Little puckers appeared in the girl's smooth, white brow. She didn't understand the monosyllabic questions.

"It was the magnanimous thing to do—wasn't it?" she queried. "It put you under obligations to him. So, naturally, you must be grateful for his assistance?"

For an instant Jim Warren's face was grave; then he grinned.

"I can't imagine your being so wise politically," he remarked banteringly. "You are interested in the game, then?"

"The game!" Edna's eyes sparkled. "The very words to express it. That's what it is—isn't it? A big, brilliant, wonderful game? And naturally I am interested because my—my father is. He has ambitions."

Jim Warren had never known but two women in his life well. One of them had been his mother. This girl was a revelation; a figure in a world he had never known. His interest in her was intense; yet, oddly enough, everything she had said had grated upon him. Perhaps it was because there was an implied knowledge of things of which he thought women knew nothing; or, perhaps, because she had fashioned Lewis into a tin god of her own imagining! Vaguely he found himself wondering if she knew what Lewis really was? Of course she must know. The newspapers had been full of it and—hang it!—she could read.

He shook off a sudden little silence.

"Did you get home all right that day?" he queried irrelevantly.

"Oh, yes; thanks to you!" She was smiling again now; an elusive dimple played about a corner of her mouth. Strange he had never noticed it before!

"Had any more trouble with the new car?"

"No; none at all. I think there must have been a flaw in the steel pin and —— Do you know anything about steel?"

"Something; yes."

Francis Everard Lewis, immaculate in evening dress, appeared in the doorway.

"Ah, Edna!" and he came toward her eagerly. She turned and extended both hands. "Shall I have to say it all over again?"

"Say—what?" she asked.

"How charming you look and—the rest of it?"

Edna flushed and her eyes dropped.

"I believe you have met Mr. Warren, Mr. Lewis?"

Jim Warren had arisen. He hadn't seen Lewis since their fateful interview that day in his private office, and he was not certain as to just what was going to happen now. However, he had a good husky punch up his sleeve, if the worst came to the worst; and besides, he was hardly thinking of that. He was thinking that not only did Edna know Lewis but evidently she knew him well—well enough for him to address her by her first name; well enough to offer him both her hands; well enough to blush at his compliment. His doubt as to Lewis' attitude was instantly dispelled.

"Of course I know Warren," Lewis exclaimed heartily. He offered his hand; Jim Warren shook it. "Let me repeat, Mr. Warren, the congratulations I wired to you

(Continued on Page 36)

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

By

Corra Harris

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

"I'm Getting it at Last"

VIII

IT NEVER occurred to me to doubt Aunt Rebecca's story. I had some sorrowful witness of the spirit which confirmed it. A middle-aged wife is apt to have, whether the tale she hears is true or not. The name of love in her is often jealousy. It is the quick involuntary confession she makes of the fading of her own loveliness.

I spent the whole night considering the situation. Twenty years earlier I should have spent the whole of it weeping and praying for guidance. By this time I understood that we are endowed with an intelligence that works backward and forward to guide ourselves properly, while God gives His more immediate attention to larger affairs, like fixing new stars.

The queer thing about it all was this: how sorrow sometimes delivers a woman from the tyranny of many cares. In the course of that night I forgot the pull and drain of a hundred daily duties. The children asleep in their beds passed out of my mind. I did not know it, but I was experiencing a release and getting a rare sense of freedom. I had a change of thought, a new companion, in my new trouble.

When the dawn came I arose and dressed myself. There was the image of a sad woman's face in the mirror, which I refused to consider—when you have been reduced to combing your hair straight back and winding it conveniently, but not becomingly, at the back of your head; when your features have lined up with just your virtues, and there remains in your expression nothing but the witness of your maternal integrity, you lose interest in looking-glasses. It would be two hours before life stirred in the town. I went out softly, and found myself alone with the world and the stars just taking leave of it. Suddenly, unaccountably, I experienced an intimacy ancient and strong with the living things of the soil. If there was only one woman in the world I believe the roses would speak to her. It seemed that the grass knew me. The flowers in the garden looked at me like little hallelujah virgins who had been sitting up all night with the dead. In the valley below the town the prayer of the night still lay upon the earth like the peace we sometimes have after a long, refreshing sleep. There was not a sign in Nature anywhere that recognized or accorded with my grief. The lilies glistening by the garden fence, the dew plants and balsam along the path and the "pretty-by-nights" under the windows all refused to consider the tragedy of Adam's unfaithfulness. The difference between the fever of being human and the health of being just the rose and the dust, neither of which has ever felt the stir and anguish of mortal mind, is so beneficent one might be tempted to wonder if man is not a disease developed by a sick clod. The meaning of the vigorous heartlessness of every green stalk and bough slowly dawned upon me, sitting there in the garden, and brought me back to something like the right sense of things. The way to live is not to suffer. Misery is a kind of degradation of the spirit brought on by the mind, not by any circumstance of life.

It is too long ago now; I cannot follow the trail of my thoughts word for word through that strangely healing hour, but for the sake of many I am setting this down here as a scripture of life worth following. For a few moments, a very few, in the dawn of each day, it is easy for any man or any woman to return and be closer kin to the things they were before they suffered the frightful scandal of becoming mortal. And the experience is singularly corrective in its effects upon that impiety of human nature which we praise as "emotion."

Since Aunt Rebecca's revelations of the day before, Adam had been dead to me. All women have a pall-bearing passion for burying and mourning over love now and then; and it would horrify a good many husbands if they knew how often their wives bury them. The point is, we cannot permit them to remain buried. We cannot long endure the self-imposed bereavement. We are like little girls at heart, who go back and rob their doll graves after they have enjoyed the thrills of the funeral. It was impossible for me to live without Adam. So, refreshed and revived by the spirit of the morning, I began to plan what to do—not with tears, but with a better understanding.

Old Mr. Todd had reported that the woman in Washington who engaged his attention was young and very "gay," to use Aunt Rebecca's own little frivolous word. Evidently she was the counterpart of something winged and transient in Adam. In short, he had found his affinity. I reckon many a thoughtful person has observed that a man rarely marries his affinity, although women often make this mistake. To do it is like a solid body's disregarding the law of gravity. Adam had forgotten me, his honest earth, for a little operatic strophe of femininity; but if he had married her instead of me she would have forsaken him at the end of the strophe.

Meanwhile it appeared that I had been so busy doing right that I had gone wrong. I had taken all the responsibility of the family, economized, nursed the children and neglected the most important digit in my equation—namely, myself. I had lost that quality of personal feminine assurance which is called attractiveness in women. There is not in this world a more durable or homely person than a middle-aged woman who has given her whole mind to her household duties. She is good and dependable, but she is not—what a man must have in a woman—adorable. She is simply the fertile soil in which her family grows and flourishes. From being poetry I had become prose; and Adam was a man with a lyrical nature, who could not bear too much prose, no matter how good it was. This was why he had been attracted to the little doggerel of femininity in Washington so graphically described by old Mr. Todd and Aunt Rebecca. The doggerel woman makes a crime of her clothes and of her complexion, I knew. Still, this was an indication of the nature of man to which I had not given enough attention. With me, clothes had been a necessity, not a decoration. Poor Adam had lived for years with a wife who wore rickrack braid on her petticoats because it was durable, and who would freshen up an old hat with a Methuselah crown to save expense. Economy began to look like a wifely defalcation in love. My thrift had cheated Adam, the lover.

So at last I came up on my courage as the sun arose upon the garden. For me, this was a discovery in the arithmetic of existence. Women are rarely brave except to bear physical pain, to endure privation and to sacrifice morbidly what they ought to keep for themselves. They lack the cool stamina, the initiative of positive courage, with which to meet an emergency that yields neither to dumb endurance nor to ecstatic religious endurance. To get the right courage not to endure is the great thing. Up to this time I had been brave, like mother, as a lamb before the shearers is dumb. Now, all at once, I began to feel the blood of my father. Father was not much of a man, but he was a good hero once you got him started. He had acquired a sort of steel-spring courage in the Confederate Army, which only lasted long enough at a time to lead a forlorn hope; but while it lasted it ticked out splendid history. I say I felt for the first time the stimulation of this kind of desperation. And when a woman of forty, with an immense rather than a beautiful figure, who has acquired an expression which reminds you of Longfellow's Psalm of Life rather than of feminine prettiness, resolves to change her views of life, her character and her appearance, she is braver than any veteran. At once I had a new interest in life that was not a new baby. This was to reclaim Adam, not from sin and destruction so much—though, of course, evangelistic motive was contributory—but from another woman. If one could peel off the angelic expression of the most saintly woman in existence one might be astonished to discover how simple, direct and like the most primitive woman she is in this particular.

For the Better Part of Three Days I Sat Becalmed

The opening of Mrs. Sears' kitchen door on the opposite side of the street roused me from the reverie into which I had passed with the coming of the light. Mrs. Sears was a woman whose very nature had bereaved her of a bust. She was blamelessly flat from her chin downward. She always did her colorless hair up in long black hairpins at night, which gave her wide sallow face with its prominent blue eyes the peeled look of an idiotic spirit. She never voluntarily appeared anywhere but at her kitchen door until after the hairpins had been removed and her thin locks had been arranged in a row of little pale scallops on each side of her face. She had the mouse-gnawing curiosity of her class, however; and now she stood, regardless of her appearance, like a funny paper figure in the darkened doorway with a pan of bread scraps for a flock of noisy fowls on the steps, staring at me idling in my garden at such an hour. The women in Booneville never sat down after they arose in the morning until late afternoon. I construed her hairpin-sharpened expression and added another resolution to my list. I would cultivate idleness more in the future. I would never be busy again oftener than I could help. The women men admire may be industrious, but the women they love most are usually idle ones. I made a footnote in my mind of how much Mr. Sears respected his wife and of how little he loved her, as everybody knew.

I do not know whether I shall be able to set down here, with proper regard for the canons of literary art, the details with which I began to carry out my new plans. When you are living—not writing about it—you do what comes next without considering whether or not it will

make an interesting chapter in your biography. What I did on this particular day was dramatized later when Adam received the bills in Washington and is set down here, so far as I am concerned, as the first exaggerated items of expense in the household ledger.

I began with the children. After they were off to school and the house was quiet enough for great deeds, I gathered up two or three catalogues of different wholesale firms, retired to the parlor, closed the door and deliberately planned to involve Adam so deeply financially that he would have something more pressing to think about than pleasure parties with a questionable companion. From a music house in another city I ordered a baby grand piano for Evangeline. She had a talent for music that had never been cultivated because I dreaded the expense of buying a piano. For Langston I chose at random the most expensive bicycle I could find advertised by another firm. From Martin's livery stable I ordered a certain diminutive pony, calico spotted, for which little Adam had expressed a desire vaguely, as he would have wished for the moon. Then I went through the house considering the furniture and how much of it I could bear to store in the attic. It was all inexpensive, old, ugly and very dear to me by a thousand associations. There were two old rawboned rockers in which Adam and I used to sit before the living-room fire long ago when we talked over his first campaigns, and a little, duck-legged, split-bottomed child's chair, which each of the children had claimed in turn. I resolved to replace them with half a dozen leather-cushioned library chairs. I chose new furnishings entirely for the parlor and a birdseye-maple bedroom set for Evangeline's room. There were other purchases, like a mahogany sideboard, table and chairs for the dining room; rugs and a new-fashioned hatrack for the hall. In all, I managed to have charged to Adam a trifle over four thousand dollars at the different stores in Nashville, where fortunately his credit was good. For the next week I rested on my laurels and awaited the arrival of my purchases.

When the express wagons and furniture vans began to arrive and unload at our door all Booneville was shocked to the point of outrage. There is nothing so insulting to the village mind as a happy dénouement to what seemed a tragedy. Booneville was full of sad-eyed, plumage-picked wives who had submitted silently to the sorrow of having unfaithful husbands. Not one of them, it seemed, had ever thought of profiting by such a situation; in fact, it was a trying time for me. The children were awed by so much formidable elegance in a home that had been as comfortably inelegant as an old bird's nest. I did not like the new things myself, but I kept a quiet face and an alert mind with which to answer the prowling questions of my neighbors.

"Eve," exclaimed Aunt Rebecca after waddling through the house and punching the new chairs to determine the quality of the cushions, "anybody would think you'd want to avoid notice and talk while Adam is carrying on the way he is in Washington instead of showing off like this."

She had a mind that had been preserved in vinegar, and her only animate faculties were critical.

"Mrs. Middlebrook is telling it everywhere," she went on, "that something is wrong; that Adam must have added gambling to his other sins or you couldn't afford such stuff and so much of it all at once. She says the colonel says the way these statesmen in Washington speculate in legislation is something awful. He allows now he is glad he never supported Adam for office."

"Still," I retorted, "Adam has always been elected."

Mrs. Sears came in to say that since we seemed to be in such good circumstances she had decided to charge ten cents more apiece for making the boys' jackets.

"Very well; I have been thinking of offering you twice as much," was my disconcerting reply.

She went away almost in tears because she had demanded less and because of the confirmation she had of so much opulence.

The one thing that has a worse effect upon women's characters than extravagance is penuriousness, which has been reduced in them to a sort of thimble thrift. The rarest being among them is a woman who can spend without spending too much and who can save without saving too much.

Evangeline now employed all of her spare time out of school thumping on the piano with agonizingly long intervals of suspense between thumps. Langston had become a bicycle centaur and little Adam had worn his calico pony down to skin and bones. The dog retired to the back-door mat. He had a proper sense of doghood, which

"Meanwhile, I've Come to Help You Hold a Stiff Upper Lip"

rendered him uncomfortable in sight of the glistening front-hall furniture. The first of September was at hand, when the bills I had run up would be sent to Adam. I awaited his next letter as a stubborn, well-provisioned city awaits the investment of a hostile army. I was gifted for the first time in my married life with a separate will, which acted independently of his.

On the third of the month I received this dispatch:

Furniture concerns send me enormous bills. Don't be alarmed and don't pay if presented to you. Mistake.
ADAM.

Women are naturally loquacious. We have more words than strength. But the sight of that telegram reduced language in me to a masculine brevity. I wired back:

No mistake. Not alarmed. Will not pay if presented to me. Better pay yourself. EVE.

The silence that existed between Washington and Booneville for the next two days was one of the most thrilling experiences of my life. The doggerel woman faded into insignificance. The garish house was a horror. I feared Adam. The fact that he had wronged me and the children did not in the least mitigate the sensation I had of overwhelming disaster. It is one which few good women can brave; and this, I believe, accounts for their pathetic submission to ignoble conditions.

On the fourth day following I received a bulky, legal-looking envelope containing the sheaf of bills for the piano, rugs and furniture—and a brief note from Adam lost among them. He wrote:

Dear Eve: I infer from your dispatch that you know something about these bills—please explain.
Affectionately, ADAM.

Love is a queer thing. It keeps no ledger. It forgives not the debts, but the debtor. I could never forgive the thing he had done; but Adam—the dear familiar way he slashed his t's and dotted his i's, and put in a dash where there should have been a period, brought his image before me. I saw the hat on the back of his head, the everlasting oratorical animation of his face, the winged smile upon his lips. I remembered the treasured sweetness of a thousand words he had spoken—little love phrases of long ago. I went out in the garden and wept like an exile far from home. If by some magic I could have suddenly returned to the stores all that I had bought, could have restored from the attic the old things to their accustomed places in the house, I would have done it as ruthlessly as Joshua made the sun stand still and as regardless of consequences. Since this was impossible I dried my tears and nerved myself to go on with the dreadful ordeal of reforming the too versatile romanticism of Adam's nature. No matter how pusillanimously tender I felt toward him, the respect I had for myself demanded his reclamation. I replaced the hateful bills in a fresh envelope, addressed it to him and inclosed the following note:

Dear Adam: The explanation of this expense for refurnishing the house is that it is better for a wife to bankrupt her husband than for her to economize so much that he can afford extravagances for another woman.
Affectionately, EVE.

You will observe that this record is full of contradictions. It is only in fiction that men and women act logically according to the theme of the romance. In life you act pathologically or illogically according to the exigencies not of the situation but of your heart, that whimsical palpitation of life which the dust does not have, or the dust would change the seasons and cast up blooming stalks in December or wither them in May, according to a momentary pulse agitation. You have only to look back at the beginning of this chapter to see how serenely cured I had been by an early morning intimacy of an hour with just Nature, less than a week before. But now I had lost the pale-dawn trail of thought that had led me to such cool, impersonal peace. Nature is not contradictory, but human nature is. Unless you are a tree or a blade of grass or a thornbush you cannot follow the logic of just the seasons and you cannot maintain the same relation to things about you. It is the effort to do this which makes so many helpless, unhappy women take refuge in various nautilus forms of what they call "new thought." They seek peace in a kind of mental solution of personality. It appeared that I did not belong to this class, that I had revived from a trance and had again become painfully, lovingly human. Having burned the bridges behind me by sending the above letter to Adam, I was no longer on speaking terms with the rose. I had lost the serenity of the unspeaking earth. I was once more kin to the terrors and joys of life, which we have been at such pains to develop. All Nature could not supply enough peace to comfort me if Adam, after reading my letter, should cleave to the doggerel woman and abandon me.

There were times in the evenings after the children were settled to their lessons when I even contemplated visiting Mr. Bailey's grave. A woman never quite recovers from being her first husband's wife. For one thing, she knows where he is; and that was exactly what I did not know about Adam. However, this is not a record of the feminine catalepsy of agonized emotions and I pass over those days of anxiety. One thing I have learned is that most of the emotional thinking women do is unhappy and unhealthy, and must be forgotten as soon as possible if she retains normal strength, physically and mentally.

On the day when I had barely had time to hear from Adam again, no letter came. In the afternoon I went over to see mother. She had observed with a sort of cryptic silence my extravagances of the past few weeks, being the one person who made no comment. It was much as if she had been watching a June-bug, tied by the leg, zone round and round, making a circle according to the length of the string that bound it. When I came in she was on the back porch, peeling and quartering quinces for preserves, a sweet, ample figure in a little old split-bottomed chair, her knees wide apart supporting a yellow crock into which she was dropping the fruit. On one side of her was a feed-basket full of the quinces, on the other a pan into which she cast the cores and peelings. Whenever I am tired to this day it rests me to think of her in that chair on her back porch, behind the world, silent, secure from it. She was, I believe, only the pure spirit of a woman. She had been expurgated. Her heart had been broken. She no longer suffered. All that remained of her was goodness and a deep wisdom. The kind of goodness in a woman of which men take so many advantages and the kind of wisdom which is entombed in a spirit and does not affect the currents of life about it. She had never improved an inch of father's character with all her loveliness. He had slipped through her fingers like water seeking its own level.

"Mother," I said, drawing up a chair and beginning to help her, "what do you think Adam will do?"

"I do not know, daughter. Whatever is easiest."

"How do you mean?"

"Men do what they think is fair or best for them in their dealings with men, but with women they do what is easiest at the moment."

"Even if it is not right?"

"Even if it is wrong. Men have less courage than the most timid woman in their dealings with women where the issue is one of feeling rather than of business. A man who would cheat a woman out of the last cent she had would not be able to resist the woman herself if she tempted him. I reckon it is the way they are made; and for the best."

"Why?"

"Well, if they were not made so they would all escape us; and we cannot live without them. We can exist without money, without fame, without homes or children, but there is nothing so impossible for us as to live without the wear and tear of men in our lives."

This might be good philosophy, but it was not comforting applied to my own case of the wearing and tearing of Adam. I arose presently and started home the back way. I wore a muslin with faded lavender-colored cosmos blossoms in it. The little tatting collar of it was pinned low with a brooch which had Adam's picture in it. My

hair was parted evenly in the middle and dropped half over my ears, because it was wavy and could never be made to remain tightly bound for a whole day. It was still a very light brown, but was distinctly gray about the temples. All women are more or less self-conscious at heart, at first for the sake of practicing their charms, afterward according to their joys and sorrows; but I was long past any consciousness about my appearance and I should never have remembered what I wore that day had it not been for what happened afterward.

As I entered the gate and passed up the path between clumps of sweet jimson and borders of balsam and pinks, I saw a woman ease herself carefully down the two steps from the back porch, balance herself when she reached the ground and advance to meet me. She could not have been more than five feet in height and she had the exact appearance of a large feather pillow in a thin shirtwaist and dark skirt. A very high-crowned straw hat did what it could to add a fictitious cubit to her stature. Nothing remained of an expression upon the broad expanse of her face but a little apostrophe nose which turned up with a tilt of unconquerable animation. I have never seen any feature do so much to redeem a human countenance from the vacuity of fatness. The cheeks were jowls released at the bottom into an immense double chin. The mouth was a mere dropping line. The eyes were bright blue sparks half smothered beneath thick lids. The arched brows above were only the caricature wings of the merry little nose. Crowded in the doorway behind her stood Evangeline, Langston and little Adam, staring in silent amazement. I stood before her equally transfixed. She came on waddling duck fashion and holding out her hands.

"Oh, Eve!" she cried in a lively young voice that exactly matched her nose. "Don't you know me?"

I did not and showed it.

"It's Lavinia—don't you remember?"—pant, pant. "But of course I have changed"—pant, pant. "Still, I'd have known you, Eve, anywhere."

She had reached me by this time and stood looking up at me and apparently absorbed in what she saw.

"Lavinia Scarrott!" I murmured, recalling the figure of a slim girl with a whisking, elfin carriage, who used often to make the pilgrimage of the Booneville square with me in our girlhood.

"The same. Clancey Drew and the oldest Todd boy always made eyes at us, you remember, when we passed the courthouse steps."

She demanded to be kissed.

"It is so long ago!" I said dully.

"A good while; longer for you than for me. I've never married, you see."

I nodded assent. It is always a thing so clear to see when a woman is not married at forty. I longed to embrace her, but I had never learned to be demonstrative to any one except Adam.

"One cannot be a wife and an artist at the same time. They are two separate vocations that lead in opposite directions," she explained in tones of defense.

I nodded, and wondered if it were art or avoirdupois that had come between Lavinia and the marriage altar, while we continued to stare at one another.

"But, good Heavens! Eve, don't keep me standing here. Can't you understand that I've come to see you and I'm tired to death?"

She flopped down upon the borders. I refused to sit upon my own pinks, but knelt solicitously in the path before her. Aunt Rebecca, who was the fattest woman in Booneville, was never so breathless as this.

"Have you walked far?" I communed sympathetically.

"Yes, I have. I walked from your front gate to the house. I have been all through it, guided by your hospitable children; and I have arranged with them to bring back the things stored in the attic. They are homesick, Eve, for their little chairs that they are too big to sit in—the darlings! Then we saw you coming and I came this way to meet you. It's more walking than I've done before in many a day. I'll have to be helped or I shall never get back to the house. When I sit down as low as this I never can get up. It's three years since I've had the natural womanly comfort of sitting on the floor to put on my shoes and stockings!"

She ran her hand somewhere into the folds of her skirt, drew forth a little case, took from it a cigarette, curled up one of her feet and with a strained stretching of her right arm reached it with a match, which she scratched on the sole of her slipper.

The scandal of what she was about to do shocked me into a proper consciousness.

"Lavinia," I said firmly, "if you are going to smoke that thing you must turn around. I cannot allow the children to see you do it."

Fortunately the children had disappeared, for it seemed that she could not turn around. She sat like a round foundation among the flowers.

She continued to regard me, her nose only giving intimation of some emotion within. It seemed to squirm with a kind of tender excitement.

"You are just the same, Eve. I'd never have believed a woman could have preserved what God made her so long. The world smacks most of us out of shape so soon. For example, you were always so nobly silent—and you are still. You are glad to see me now, but you cannot say it."

Lavinia Scarrott laughed at me and I smiled thankfully at her.

Two tears, grotesquely small and thin considering the broad expanse of her face, suddenly made their appearance and trickled slowly down and startled me.

"Don't cry, darling!" she sobbed, although nothing was farther from my mind. "Don't weep. I know all about everything. I have been in Washington two years painting portraits and you do not have to tell me a thing. I have seen Adam once or twice a week somewhere ever since soon after this mischief began. You can take my word for it, the thing will not last much longer. He looks like a fiery devil now. They always take on that desperate moral hue in the last stage of an affinity romance. The damnation shade of it breaks out on 'em like measles. The reaction to mother, home and family comes next. It's as simple as puking. You always do it when you have had too much."

I settled down upon the ground, stunned and fascinated by the audacity of what she was saying. She drew her immense bosom full of smoke, held it, exhaled it in a horizontal whirlwind of blue vapor from the nostrils and went on.

"Meanwhile, I've come to help you hold a stiff upper lip. You are a great woman—Adam has told me about you but I've always had my doubts about your upper lip. A married woman doesn't get much chance to starch it. Her instinct to please her husband is a kind of matrimonial limberness of the soul. Besides, married women do not understand marriage as well as those who have kept out of it. You are too much involved in it now to get the right eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth view of your predicament. All you have to do is to leave Adam alone for a while. Let him feel his outer darkness and he'll come home seeking the light of your countenance. The way to hold a husband sometimes is to let him go for a while and then grip him in a new place. Adam told me about the furniture bills. It took his breath away—didn't understand it. I did. That's why I came. There is some hope for a woman who is willing to spend money to save her husband. The furniture is horrid, of course. It's a crime in such a house. You are no judge of anything least of all, rugs; but we can ram the stuff in the attic and get the old things down again. The point is, you spent the money—bravest thing I ever knew just a good woman to do."

She rambled on regardless of my feelings, telling me of Adam's life in Washington as ruthlessly as if she were gossiping to a stranger. A fat woman, I believe, lacks some sensibility; not the same one every time, but the one the other person most needs that she should have.

Booneville had produced one genius and was so scandalized at the mistake that the town had spurned her the moment it was known she painted from the nude in Paris, of all places! The nude was bad enough anywhere, but the nude in Paris had associations in the imagination of Booneville that were unspeakable. For years Lavinia Scarrott's name had been a horrified whisper in the place on this account. It only added to her extinction that she had had one of those pictures hung in the Salon.

In the first place, there was no accounting for the gift in her that led to this shame. She was what the scientists call a "sport"; not like anything else that had been born in the family. These were simple, honest people, who belonged to the Presbyterian church and kept a grocery store. Looking back, the neighbors declared that Lavinia had never been "right." Around the Booneville square she gave a smile for a smile and was not above mimicking a wink. She flashed through her girlhood like a butterfly with ragged wings, as indifferent to the comment she excited as if she belonged to another element—as, indeed, she did. And she capped the climax after the death of her parents by taking her little inheritance and leaving for Paris, with a feather in her hat and a box of disgraceful colors under her arm. For two or three years we had kept up a correspondence, but after my marriage to Mr. Bailey this had stopped. He said he did not like the influence of such a person upon his wife.

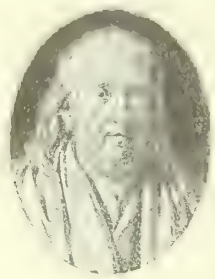
Reports of her success did not reach Booneville until some years after Adam became editor of the Banner. This was one of the boldly patriotic things he did—write up Lavinia Scarrott, the famous young artist, as a "native of Booneville" who was now one of the centers of artistic activity in New York. While he was Congressman she had frequently had commissions in Washington and had finally moved her studio there. Adam occasionally mentioned her in his letters, referred humorously to her figure and acknowledged with the seriousness of respect her work as a portrait painter. But Lavinia had had the delicacy or the diffidence never to return to Booneville. I believe it was her shape more than the scandal of her reputation that kept her away. A woman would rather visit her own grave than the place where she has been young and beautiful after she is aged and ugly.

I considered this as with the uttermost effort I dragged her up from the grass when supper was on the table; and I warmed my welcome as we entered the house, Lavinia limping and groaning at every step.

Continued on Page 34

"Men Have Less Courage Than the Most Timid Woman in Their Dealings With Women"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 14, 1911

Pouring Water Into a Sieve

THE day Mr. Carnegie shed ten million dollars in bonds to promote international peace, Congress was excited by rumors of a suppressed report by the Secretary of War showing the country's complete military helplessness. No one seriously doubts that, strategically, we are quite helpless; but there is absolutely no way of remedying it. During the nineties we spent about fifty millions a year on the War Department. Of late we have been spending about three times as much, yet from the military point of view we are exactly the same infants-in-arms that we were before. And if we had been spending two hundred and fifty millions a year, instead of one hundred and fifty, we should still be in pinafores. This is the finally discouraging thing about the military point of view. To catch up with it is impossible. Any strategist can demonstrate that, with an army of only sixty thousand men, we cannot prevent Japan from seizing the passes of the Sierras. With equal ease, if the army were two hundred thousand men, he could demonstrate that it would be impossible to prevent Germany and Russia from seizing the passes of the Alleghanies.

England financed the Boer War by temporarily raising the income tax from eight pence in the pound to fifteen. Now the British Government stands for an income tax of twelve pence in the pound—largely for military purposes in a time of peace—and England's military position is no better than it was before. With trebled expenditure, ours seems to be, if anything, worse.

It might interest a strategist to see how fast you could go along a road that has no end; to note at precisely what point your eyes became bloodshot and when your legs began to wobble; but your speed would bring you no nearer to any destination than as though you had gone at a snail's pace.

Patriotism and Poverty

IT IS a great and rather mysterious satisfaction to people in general that many of the men whose services to the world were most valuable never had any money. "I have beheld a wonder of the world: a man who has made a nation's fortune, but works nights to support his family!" said Talleyrand after a visit to Hamilton. Because that was true, even Hamilton's enemies respected him. "It is bad to be poor. I shall go to the wall for bread and meat unless I give more time to my private affairs," wrote Lincoln during the contest against slavery. That makes Lincoln dearer. One can imagine the public saying, with swelling emotions of pride and joy: "These are our heroes; they saved a nation, enlarged human thought, put down disease, harnessed lightning—and they never had a decent suit of clothes or a square meal in their lives!"

This sentiment is now appealed to in behalf of certain victims of the November elections who deserve good berths, we are told, because they were long in public service and accumulated no property. There seems to be a popular connection between patriotism and poverty, but it has little foundation in fact. Washington died rich and Burr died poor; but that is no measure of the disinterestedness of their public services. Judas took money; but Pilate wished merely to avoid a row with influential people. Pretty often, indeed, the great man's poverty was a result simply of his carelessness. He wouldn't bother to keep his desk in order, or to change his collar, or to look after his private affairs properly. This carelessness is a rather endearing human weakness; but it is no virtue.

Deceptive Trade Balances

OUR foreign trade in 1910 amounted to about three and a quarter billion dollars, and exports of our own goods exceeded imports of all goods by about a quarter of a billion. This "favorable" balance is quite satisfactory. England's foreign trade during the year amounted to upward of five billions, and imports of all goods exceeded exports of her own goods by more than a billion. This "adverse" balance was quite satisfactory also.

What the figures mean is that we owed the world for interest, freights and so on about a quarter of a billion, which we had to pay by exporting more goods than we imported; while the world owed England for interest, freights and so on about a billion dollars, which England collected by importing more goods than she exported.

Generally speaking, a "favorable" trade balance means simply that the country is in debt and must meet its obligations by selling abroad more goods than it buys; while an "adverse" balance means that the country is a creditor nation and collects its rents from the world by taking more goods than it sells.

Rules for Men Higher Up

WE SHOULD enjoy being present when the directors of a big bank call in the president, vice-presidents and cashier and address them as follows:

"Having your welfare at heart no less than the interests of this concern, we have laid down certain rules for your guidance. You must not keep late hours. If we hear of your doing it we shall reprimand you; and if you disregard the warning you will be discharged. The discussion, during banking hours, of subjects not related to the bank's affairs is strictly prohibited. Speculation or betting in any form will not be tolerated; neither will the use of cigarettes under any circumstances. Please understand clearly that we have little faith in your intelligence and still less in your integrity. We are by no means inclined to allow you the discretion natural to a free and reasonable human being, for we suspect you would abuse it. You must do exactly as we say or you will be fired."

These are the terms and the tone in which some big banks address their clerks. How greatly this must tend to promote self-respect and affection for the bank, the officers would be able to appreciate after having been so addressed themselves.

While looking so ruthlessly after the clerks' morals, we wish the banks would look a little after their own by adopting this rule: "When we require you to work overtime we will pay you what the additional labor is fairly worth."

Why Children Learn Slowly

EVERY cult is apt to resent criticism from the outside. "But he's not a lawyer!" is the stock answer to a layman's criticism of law—which would lead to the absurd conclusion that if a profession satisfies its practitioners those upon whom they practice have no right to complain.

Tolstoi, who was an outsider as to nearly everything, but who was profoundly interested in education, long ago wrote some criticisms of schools with the substance of which the pedagogic world is still wrestling.

"One need only glance at the same child at home and at school," he said. "Here you see a vivacious, inquisitive being, seeking information everywhere as a pleasure; while there you see a weary, shrinking creature, repeating merely with his lips some one else's thoughts in some one else's words—a creature whose soul has retired like a snail into his shell."

This semi-stupefaction he described as "that strange physiological condition, the school state of mind." A chief reason for it, he thought, is "that schools are not so arranged as to make it convenient for the children to learn, but so as to make it convenient for the teachers to teach. The voices, movements and mirth of the children, which form a necessary condition of their studying successfully, incommode the teachers and therefore, in the prisonlike schools of today, are forbidden."

His own school for peasants, in which children romped as they pleased, was not a lasting success; but what observant parent has not been appalled by that same dead-alive "school state of mind" in his own children?

Absent-Minded Coupon Cutters

THE most charming interior view is that of a safe-deposit vault. You see the vigilant manager at his desk; the stout watchman at the steel-barred gate through which no one can pass without proper credentials; the lobby with its row of snug little coupon rooms; the massy doors of the vault itself. Inside the vault proper are other attendants, and several gentlemen, with strong boxes tenderly tucked under their arms, who are about to perform the enchanting operation of cutting the coupons from their bonds. The manager will tell you how many thousand tons of steel rails, concrete and armor plate went into the vault's impregnable construction, and even whisper that there's a stack of rifles where the guards can reach them in a twinkling.

Also, he will tell you that managing this coupon Gibraltar brings many troubles. One manager relates that, happening to look into a box which a lady had recently surrendered, he found a wad of tissue-paper which contained a small fortune in diamonds. The lady would not be so careless as to leave her diamonds around the house. She dutifully put them in a safe-deposit vault and there was no flaw in her system except that, surrendering the box, she quite forgot to take out the jewels. Other renters leave coupons, bonds and stock certificates under the blotters in the coupon rooms, or even carefully throw them in the wastebasket. One patron was so very careful that, having returned his box to the vault, he went back to the coupon room and looked around a second time to make sure he had left nothing; but when he returned the box to the vault he put it in another man's receptacle that happened to be open. Anxious telephone calls from patrons who want to know whether, upon leaving the vault several hours before, they remembered to lock their boxes are quite common.

The trials of the manager are many. Having provided all the safeguards that art and science can suggest, he has to see that his patrons do not absent-mindedly lock up the blotters and leave their bonds on the table. The human mind is strangely liable to these fits. Every man should have a license to act like a complete idiot, say, ten times during the year.

The Statesman's Real Constituents

A BANKRUPT nobleman led the French Revolution until he died; and perhaps an ideal solution of England's House of Lords problem would be to retain the hereditary principle unimpaired, but treble the land tax. The English system of entail and primogeniture tends powerfully to make every peer a landlord; but, of course, it fails here and there. A Unionist "reform" of the upper house, that weeded out mainly the impecunious peers and put in their places elected representatives of wealth in other forms than land, might easily result in a more powerful reactionary body than the present chamber, because it would rest on a broader basis of privilege. On the other hand, there would be little trouble in dealing with a house composed mostly of impecunious peers, and what trouble there was would be largely in the direction of keeping them from trying to blow things up! Naturally the son of an earl doesn't take being poor as kindly and patiently as the son of a bricklayer does. He has not been used to it. To elect members of the upper house, with the electing largely in the hands of the great interests, would be no forward step.

We see what it comes to in our Senate, where the system of electing by state legislatures tends strongly to throw the choice into the hands of party machines that are dominated by the big interests. Taking it by and large, a man is going to represent whatever he owes his position to. Representation of the people in the Senate has almost exactly corresponded with the popular choice of Senators at primaries. Our problem is a good deal the same as England's, but may be solved by rather simpler means—namely, by the Constitutional amendment under which Senators would be chosen directly by popular vote.

The Railroads as Santa Claus

WE ARE favored with a pretty lithograph showing the railroads as the national Christmas tree, from whose benevolent branches depend sacks bearing such labels as "Millions for Labor," "Millions for New Equipment," "Millions for Town Sites," "Enhanced Farm Values."

The picture is quite touching and we do not blame the artist for putting the sack labeled "Millions for Dividends" out of sight on the other side of the tree. But the text that accompanies the drawing is rather confusing. It says, in effect: "Step up, little children, and stuff your dollars into these plethoric sacks; let your Santa Claus raise freight rates and his bountiful tree will be still more heavily laden." Presenting the bill before distributing the gifts is at least an interesting variation in Christmas usage.

It would be pleasant if one could accept the more naïve railroad view of the country's situation. According to this view, giving the roads all the money they want is the only thing necessary to insure the nation's prosperity. They are the goose which, being abundantly nourished on the fat of the land, lays our golden eggs; so we should pay no particular attention to how much the miraculous bird consumes or to just who gets the eggs. To accept this amiable view would simplify things -at least, as long as the money lasted.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Chief Justice

THE diversions of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are varied. Mr. Justice Harlan, for example, plays golf; and so does Mr. Justice McKenna, when his health permits. Mr. Justice Moody used to ride horseback, which is the way Mr. Justice Hughes gets his exercise. The late Chief Justice, Mr. Fuller, got his relaxation by reading detective stories, and the new Chief Justice, Mr. White, takes his in walking.

Between four and five o'clock, on any pleasant afternoon when the court is in session, people on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, may expect to see the Chief Justice walking from the Capitol to his home, usually clutching Mr. Justice Holmes by the arm and usually doing most of the talking. Sometimes Mr. White walks alone, but nine times out of ten Mr. Holmes walks with him. They are as familiar to the sight of those who pass along the Avenue in the afternoon as the Peace Monument or the statue of Benjamin Franklin.

When the conferences break up or the court adjourns for the day the Chief Justice says to Mr. Holmes—and did for several years before he was Chief Justice "Ready, Holmes?" and away they go down the hill to the Avenue, walking slowly, always with the left arm of the Chief Justice hooked into the right arm of the Associate Justice; and always deep in a discussion. Often, when a particularly interesting or important phase of the conversation occurs, the Chief Justice stops abruptly. Inasmuch as he does not unhook his arm, and inasmuch as he is much bigger, broader and heavier than the Associate Justice, the Associate Justice stops also. The Chief Justice has a trick of giving that hooked arm of his a twist that brings the slighter Mr. Holmes around in front of him.

So they stand for a minute or two oblivious of everything and everybody, until that particular point is elucidated. Then the Associate Justice swings back to his original position and they go on gravely until there is another feature that requires concentration, when they stop again.

Since Mr. Justice Brown, who was another great walker, retired, the new Chief Justice is better known by sight to the people who live in and the people who visit Washington than any of his associates. They have seen this great, broad-shouldered, thick-chested, dignified, impressive man on the streets so much that they rather expect him to come along every afternoon and are disappointed when he does not.

Even in Washington, where men who hold high office are reasonably familiar to the public and do not excite remark, the members of the Supreme Court of the United States are regarded with the respectful attention their positions demand.

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The Man Who Holds the Highest Judicial Office in the World

The Court From Which There is No Appeal

THE Chief Justice of the United States holds the highest judicial office in the world. Indeed, there is justification for the statement that he holds the highest office in the world intrinsically; for Presidents are in office but from four to eight years, and the Chief Justice's position is for life. Twenty-six individuals have been Presidents of the United States and only nine have been Chief Justices. Moreover, the function of the President is to execute the laws, but the function of the Supreme Court of the United States is to interpret the laws by virtue of the Constitution. Hence, though a President may be wrong, the Supreme Court cannot be wrong in any practical sense of the word, for what the Supreme Court says is final, and the whole machinery of the Government of the United States—its army, its ships, its citizens and its resources—must, on call, be enlisted to uphold whatever contention that court may hold to be the correct one, should a circumstance arise in which a foreign nation disputed the judgment.

The new Chief Justice, Mr. White, is a massive man. He is tall, heavily built, with a great dome of head and a face that indicates strength, reserve and poise. When he presides he will present a striking contrast to Mr. Fuller, who was slight, pale—almost fragile. On the contrary, Mr. Chief Justice White looks burly and well fed. Mr. Fuller gave an impression of almost entire mentality. Mr. White's great gifts of mind are backed by a robust physical vigor. His complexion is ruddy, his voice is orotund, his manner is forceful and he radiates health and virility.

Mr. White is a Democrat, as was Mr. Fuller; but Mr. Fuller was born in Maine and appointed from Illinois, while Mr. White was born in Louisiana, was a Confederate soldier and still lives in his native state. The difference is merely interesting in a technical way and as an example of President Taft's desire to keep the Supreme Bench at the highest possible standard. The question of the politics or of any previous affiliations of a Justice of the Supreme Court cannot, of course, be considered, except as mere historical facts, and can have no bearing on the individual courses of the nine members of the court or on the decisions of the court itself.

It has frequently been held of late years, by men learned in the law, that Mr. White is the greatest lawyer on the Supreme Bench as it has been constituted. He has been in no sense a specialist, devoting his attention to any one phase of the Constitution, but has had and has a broad, comprehensive grasp of all questions that have come before him and an unusual facility for getting to the bottom of every contention submitted. He is noted for his quick appreciation of the points counsel are endeavoring to establish and for his invariable success in getting at the root of the matters by questions during argument. Lawyers who have appeared before the court know that when Mr. White asks one of his searching, illuminating questions he will either develop the strength of the argument or demonstrate its weakness. Still, Mr. White is not arbitrary, nor does he mean to break down or bolster up an argument. What he is after is the truth of the question in hand; and his extraordinary legal mind and wonderful legal perception enable him, by a few timely questions, to bring out what the lawyer may not be able to establish or what he may not wish to establish.

He is a kindly man. When a lawyer is making an argument before him he does not seek to perplex by his questions. Even though he may with lightning quickness strike on some point that will display, through the answer, the fallacy of the argument of the man who is before the court, the lawyer who is thus overwhelmed can have no thought except that the question was asked with the sole idea of eliciting the truth. Moreover, he is remarkable in another way, and that is in his almost unexampled facility for delivering oral opinions, in making his comment and conclusion on the matter in hand without notes, but so consecutively, so cogently, so comprehensively, so conclusively that it shows his complete mastery of the points involved.

He is a man essentially courteous in all his relations to the bar; affable, but always dignified. In private life he is most genial and companionable. He entertains hospitably but with great discrimination. He likes a good story and can tell one.

Coming from Louisiana, his tastes run to French cooking and his table is celebrated throughout Washington, where dinner giving is a fine art. He is a Roman Catholic and was educated in the Jesuit College in New Orleans, and at Georgetown University.

After the close of the Civil War, Mr. White, who had been in a Louisiana regiment, returned to New Orleans and in 1868 was licensed to practice in the supreme court. He was elected a state senator in 1874 and was appointed associate justice of the supreme court of Louisiana in 1878. He continued on the bench until 1891, when he was sent to the United States Senate, succeeding Senator Eustis. Mr. White had served three years of his term as senator when President Cleveland, in 1894, appointed him an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and he took his seat in March of the same year.

President Taft broke a precedent when he made Mr. White Chief Justice of the United States. Hitherto it has been the custom to appoint the Chief Justice from without the court. Still, the fact that the nomination of Mr. White was confirmed unanimously by the Senate, on the same day it was received, proves that the confirming power deemed it a wise act to break the precedent, and a particularly wise one to break it with the appointment of Edward Douglass White.

A Passenger That Paid

THE late L. Q. C. Lamar, former United States Senator from Mississippi, and at the time of his death an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was a very absent-minded and abstracted man.

One day he entered one of the old horse cars that ran in Washington years ago, walked up to the box at the end where passengers were supposed to deposit their fares, put his hand in his pocket, took out a coin and dropped it in.

"Why, Senator," said a friend, "you put in a quarter instead of a nickel!"

"Did I?" said the Senator. "How very stupid of me!" Then he put his hand in his pocket again, took out a nickel, dropped that in and sat down with a satisfied smile.

The Hall of Fame

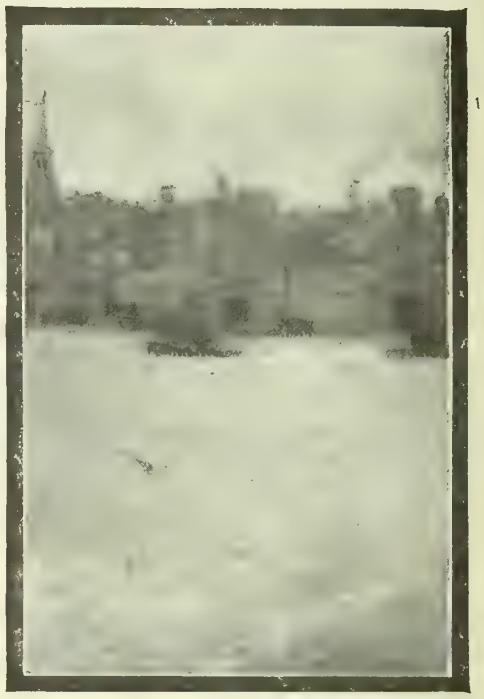
℄ William Loeb, Jr., Collector of the Port of New York, once sought to get rich by running a stock farm in Vermont. He didn't.

℄ William Randolph Hearst designed his own hat. It is bigger than an alpine and not so big as a sombrero—and always black.

℄ Robert Small, of the Washington office of the Associated Press, has been with President Taft on every trip he has made since he first was a candidate for President.

℄ A fine set of chin-whiskers has been added to the hirsute scenery of the United States Senate. They belong to Senator Thornton, just in from Louisiana. Also, Mr. Justice Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, has trimmed his a bit.

THE PARCELS-POST ABROAD



By Robert Shackleton

DECORATION BY H. DEVITT WELSH

A RECENT report from an American consul at a town in Mexico declares that certain American dealers have found that they can ship light-weight packages of shoes to Mexico cheaper and much more quickly by parcels-post than by freight. The latest catalogue of one of the great department stores of Paris has in it a paragraph declaring that it will bear the cost of shipment to the United States by parcels-post of all purchases to the amount of ten dollars and upward weighing, in one parcel, not over eleven pounds. Such things raise the question: What is this parcels-post, which enables shipments to be made from the United States to other countries or from other countries to the United States, but which cannot be used among ourselves for our own convenience and necessities? And one learns that it is a tremendous and long-established institution in other countries. One finds that it is so great a public convenience in Europe as to be considered an absolute public necessity.

In Europe they act on the principle that public utilities are really for public utility—for public convenience, advantage, comfort, accommodation. The post-office, for example, is for more than the mere posting of letters. The organization is there—the men, the means of carriage, of collection, of delivery; and so they endeavor to give, with all this organization, the highest possible quality of service.

Cheapness and Efficiency in Germany

IT IS astonishing to us Americans, who, in spite of declarations of independence and such high-sounding things, have not even begun to learn that government is primarily for the good of the people and not primarily for the good of officeholders or of certain corporations or classes, to learn of some of the things that the post-office is made to do for public accommodation in what we like to call effete Europe. Here and there the post-office is a collecting agency and for a small fee will collect those distant small accounts that are apt to be so troublesome. In at least one country the post-office steps in to aid the law and will serve a summons for the small fee of four cents; but of course we could not think of such a thing in our country, for the very foundations of our liberty would tremble were we to attempt to take the fees from constables! In another country, Germany, the post-office will furnish an identification certificate, vouching for personal description and signature and photograph—and all for twelve cents. In Switzerland the post-office even will exchange your library books for you; for from three to four and a half cents you may have your book taken to the library and another of your choice sent to you in return. In practically all the countries parcels are cheaply carried by the post-office and in a few they are even carried C. O. D.

The German people find an immense and varied convenience in the system of the parcels-post. The other day I noticed, in a Frankfort paper, an advertisement stating that hens, ready to set, would be sent by parcels-post; it reminded me of a German friend who actually outfitted his new chicken yard with sixty chickens sent to him by post! Many a farmer, especially among those who raise special products at special prices for special customers, delivers his produce by post; many a German family of Berlin and Hamburg receives its butter in pats regularly mailed every two or three days; and many a progressive German farmer goes the rounds of his customers, to make or renew his mail-customer contracts, not oftener than once every six months or a year. The larger business houses use the system in a steadily increasing degree.

If, over there, a visiting friend hurries away and forgets his overcoat or umbrella or grip, all you need to do is to drop the forgotten article in the post-office and it will follow him.

The rule that the address of the sender of a parcel must be given is made necessary by such cases as that of the good old mother in the country, who out of her affection and her apple-butter keg sends a sticky jugful to her loving city son. The contents of such packages are liable to damage things, and in that case the Government is sure to set about collecting damages—say two hundred dollars for spoiled gowns, a not unusual kind of claim. The sender of the package that has done injury will be visited by a behelmeted and besworded official who, guttural of voice and with face immobile as that of the Sphinx, will set forth that such and such a package was sent, that it was found to contain thus and so, that it did such and such damage; and that, in short, such and such moneys are to be paid, and paid instantly.

If the damage is due to the service the Government itself pays; but it is very difficult to convince stolid-faced officialdom that the service was at fault!

The Germans revel in complications and intricate details. To them the American desire for simplicity is incomprehensible; in the parcels-post and its rates of charge this propensity for elaboration finds ample scope.

The charge for carrying a parcel weighing not over five kilograms—eleven pounds—for not over ten miles is twenty-five pfennigs, or about six American cents. But the distance is really forty-six of what we understand as miles, as each German geographical *meile* is almost five of our own ordinary miles. For an unlimited distance, within their own country, the charge for not over eleven pounds is twelve cents. But this is only the beginning of the revel in details. Each additional kilogram—two and one-fifth pounds—costs five pfennigs—one and one-sixth cents—for ten of the German miles; ten pfennigs for twenty miles; twenty pfennigs for fifty miles; thirty pfennigs for one hundred miles; forty pfennigs for one hundred and fifty miles; fifty pfennigs for more than one hundred and fifty miles—this one hundred and fifty being some six hundred and ninety of our American miles.

Nor is this all. There are tables of extra charges for breakables and for living things and women's hats—delightful juxtaposition! There are special charges, too, for the admirable object of giving food and water to living things shipped for such a distance as to demand this humane care; and, with more evidence of the romantic than we are apt to expect in German nature, there is a schedule for the watering and care of flowers in transit! There is another scale of charges for packages carried on a fast train, which is a constant temptation to expense on the part of any shipper who desires his parcel to reach its destination within anything like haste; for, by comparison with the ordinary German train, even a canal boat represents speed.

To explain and tabulate all of the possible varieties of weight and cost requires the detailed tables that the German mind craves. But here is the important part of it: The Germans, with all this elaboration, find that the post-office makes money; our own express companies, here at home, have a system elaborately graded for the carrying of packages of different weights for different distances—and they, like the German post-office, make money; all of which leads one to think that there may be drawbacks to American simplicity and that, should we adopt a real parcels-post, we might also adopt to advantage some of this German system of detail at which it is our first impulse to smile. This change would necessitate our postmasters using the same degree of intelligence that the local express agent everywhere must use.

The German post-office officials do not attempt the difficult task of determining a certain proportion of expense for one class of mail and other proportions of expense for other classes; for they say that this cannot be done correctly. Such calculations can be done only by guesswork, where the same buildings, the same trains, the same employees, handle all classes of mail; and anything like guesswork is highly repugnant to the German mind. So far as can be estimated, however, the parcels-post apparently pays for itself. That the post-office, for its work as a whole, adds to the national revenue a net total of over twenty million dollars annually, seems to the officials a fact sufficient for justification, if such were needed.

Monkeys by Mail From Hamburg

THE maximum permissible weight of a parcel is fifty kilograms, or one hundred and ten pounds; and for ordinary parcels carried in the ordinary way, without fees for extra service, the charge may reach five dollars and sixty cents for one hundred and ten pounds for a distance of over six hundred and ninety miles; which shows that the German Government does not precisely offer to carry something for nothing, though at the same time the popularity of the system shows equally that the people are mighty glad to have it.

There are more than two hundred and twenty-five million parcels carried every year in Germany, which is an average of more than three and a half for each of the population; and there is an average weight of over eight pounds for each package.

To mention only the maximum charge would give the impression of a range of high prices, whereas, as a matter of fact, the average prices range low, as they must needs do when eleven pounds go nearly fifty miles for six cents. For an ordinary package weighing fifteen pounds, the charge for ninety-two miles—the same distance as from New York to Philadelphia—is sixteen and two-thirds cents. Constantly one comes back to the realization of the cheapness of all this compared with the charges of our own express companies.

The sending of live things is one of the most interesting features of this postal service. Lizards, turtles and bees—all properly boxed or caged—are not uncommon; and even the sending out of little monkeys from the great commercial city of Hamburg, receiving, as it does, strange consignments from the strange corners of the world, is common enough to be mentioned by the postal folks there as a specialty.

No one seems to know just how long the German post-office has been handling parcels; the beginning, however,

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These facts speak volumes to the home furniture buyer. They are the unsolicited testimony of the biggest furniture users in the world that *Karpen* Furniture offers the utmost in value—that it is the most *economical*, the most *serviceable*, the most *comfortable*, the most *stylish*.

Consider the rough treatment that furniture receives in hotels and office buildings; imagine the tremendous strain and shocks that chairs on a flying passenger train receive. Yet, when put to these *supreme* tests of endurance, Karpen furniture has never failed.

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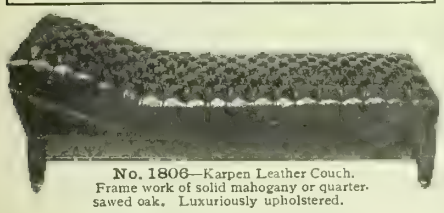
Because Karpen Upholstered Furniture is the only kind that bears the maker's trade-mark and guaranty of permanent satisfaction to the purchaser, some readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have gained the impression that Karpen Upholstered Furniture is costly. *Karpen Upholstered Furniture costs no more than the commonplace kind, as can be seen from the Free Karpen Book of Designs.*



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No. 3169—Flemish Renaissance. Old oak or solid mahogany covered in Spanish leather.

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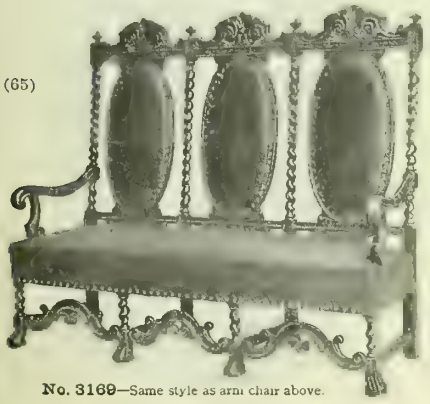

No. 3169—Same style as arm chair above.

is traced far back to somewhere in the eighteenth century. No one ever asks whether or not it is a good thing, for every one looks upon it as a fact established impregnably and beyond question.

They do not bother about limitations of shape and size of parcels in Germany so much as in some other countries. If the parcel is too big or too awkward for ordinary handling it is none the less likely to be taken along, but an additional charge may possibly range as high as one-and-a-half times the ordinary charge; and this gives additional opportunity for adding to the complications of their tables of expense, as does also their system of insurance and their further system of carrying parcels C. O. D., collecting and sending back the money up to the amount of about two hundred dollars—all of which the post-office will do for certain fees above the carrying charges.

Although the Germans like to tell of the thoroughness of their postal service and of how parcels as well as letters reach the very remotest mountain regions in even the very coldest and stormiest weather, you will find that in some remote districts, where there are no post-horses, heavy parcels are not delivered to the consignee, but a notification is sent him that his parcel is at the post-office and he must then find his own way of getting it to his home; again showing the German desire to temper obligingness to the public with a certain amount of consideration for public expense.

Governmental ownership of railways makes the question a somewhat different one in Germany from what it would be with us and from what it is in England; for England has to make contracts with the railway companies for the carrying of the mail. Before crossing to England, however, we ought to look in on Germany's rival and neighbor on the other side of the Rhine.

The man who remarked that they order these things better in France certainly did not have the parcels-post in mind. Indeed, the French parcels-post might be described as a sort of marriage between post and parcels—a marriage of inconvenience. Parcels are neither taken in at the regular post-office nor delivered by the regular carriers: it is not just like the English and German parcels-post, nor just like an express-company system. However, it is a great benefit and convenience, even with its drawbacks.

The maximum weight carried is twenty-two pounds. Up to seven pounds the rate is twelve cents; from seven to eleven pounds, sixteen cents; and from eleven to twenty-two pounds, twenty-five cents. This is for delivery to the consignee at the nearest railway station and in each case there is an additional charge of five cents for delivery at a home.

French Regulations

There are extra charges for certain articles; the mention of just a few of these will indicate, better than anything else could, the infinite variety of things that the parcels-post is used for.

Plants and shrubs, live creatures, boxes of cigars, pieces of furniture, flower-pots, velocipedes, baby carriages—such are a few of the enumerated articles. Live creatures are not accepted in France in any great variety, but the variety is interesting, for it consists of crabs, lobsters, bees, oysters, leeches and snails. Positively explosive articles are barred, but a large number of articles on the danger line are admitted if strict regulations as to packing, boxing, bottling, sealing and labeling are observed; and here again it is illuminative to mention just a few of the things officially enumerated: resin, cotton, oiled paper, charcoal in small pieces, pitch and tar, varnish, prepared colors, arsenic, cobalt, calomel and shavings.

But it is better to cross the Channel and see how it is done in England.

Great Britain gives the railways fifty-five per cent of the gross receipts from such parcels as are railway-borne, this, of course, excluding the great number received and delivered within the same city. The railways are paid over five million dollars a year, leaving over six million dollars in gross revenue, from this source, for the post-office.

It seems to be the way, on that side of the Atlantic as on this, for railways to make Government contracts highly favorable to themselves. A Parliamentary committee recently made a report declaring that the railways are paid far too much for parcels-post service.

This English arrangement with the railways causes the separation of parcel mail from all other kinds and a cumbersome system of bookkeeping, but even then the officials cannot—or, at least, do not—tell just how much is made or lost by the carriage of parcels. It is declared, however, that the system is not carried on at a loss; and the official best qualified, from his position, to know told me that in his opinion the parcels-post has expenses and revenue just about equal. That the post-office, through its various branches of service, had a net revenue last year, above all expenses, of almost eighteen million dollars is the vital point.

Great Britain and Ireland handled last year one hundred and thirteen million twenty-three thousand parcels, this being double the number of fifteen years ago and about two and a half for each of the total population; and the average postage was a trifle under ten cents.

The great central parcels building in London is a fascinating sight, filled as it is with packages of infinite variety; and one sees not only addresses for every corner of the United Kingdom but for every corner of the world—for Europe, Asia and Africa; for Senegal, Togoland, Dahomey and even the solitary islands of Pitcairn and St. Helena.

Parcel rates, within the United Kingdom, are three pence—six cents—for not over one pound; eight cents for not over two pounds; ten cents for not over three pounds; and so on up to twenty-two cents for eleven pounds.

The United States Far Behind

It will be noticed that this leaves rather a high minimum—six cents—for small articles; but the intent is that for little things, such as a handkerchief or a pair of gloves, regular letter postage shall be used, because under that the charge is only two cents for four ounces and one cent more for each additional two ounces.

Under this letter postage the maximum measurements of a package cannot be greater than two feet by one foot by one foot; for the parcels-post a package may be six feet in combined length and girth, but not more than three feet six in any one dimension—and this seeming-simple phraseology becomes positively cryptic in the face of many an irregular package, and the poor puzzled postmaster wields his tape-line and mops his brow in bewilderment. Add to this that parcels for foreign countries must comply with various differing and puzzling standards as to length and girth, and that all sorts of distance tariffs must be studied, and it is enough to make the English postmasters turn prematurely gray.

There is a system of registration under which, for various fees, a loss proved to the satisfaction of the authorities can be compensated for up to varying sums. A four-cent registration gives the possibility of compensation up to twenty-five dollars; six cents, one hundred dollars; and so on, up to a registration fee of forty-four cents and a compensation of two thousand dollars for loss. Even without registration there may be compensation up to ten dollars. No compensation for the breakage of fragile articles is given unless the parcel has been carefully marked as to fragility. Nor will the Government assume responsibility for money sent by parcels-post and lost.

The regulations of the United States as to parcels are apparently designed to prevent their carriage by post. Here, parcels cost sixteen cents a pound and the limit of weight is four pounds, although, absurdly enough by contrast, between some two dozen countries and our own the rate is only twelve cents a pound and the limit is eleven pounds. Besides, even as to our own paltry four pounds and the high charge of sixteen cents a pound, making a charge of sixty-four cents for such a package as compared with twelve cents in England, there are so many limitations as to the kind of things accepted that it is no wonder that the average weight of packages here is only one-third of a pound. Even with our high charges, our post-office declares that it carries these packages at a loss!

Editor's Note—The article on The Popular Magazines and a Business Deal is omitted this week in order to make room for this timely paper on the parcels-post. The Popular Magazines and a Business Deal will appear in an early number.

The maid's day out

IF Campbell's Soups weren't half so good, you'd want them because they are so handy. And if they weren't half so handy you'd want them because they are so good.

On the maid's day out, or when you have no maid; when you are too hurried or tired for a hearty meal; when friends drop in unexpected; when you are lunching alone with the youngsters and want "only a bite"—in short, on endless occasions—nothing else meets the case quite so exactly as

Campbell's SOUPS

They are as easy to prepare as a cup of tea. Yet they are as fine and rich and wholesome as if you spent half the day marketing and cooking to produce them.

There are no choicer materials than we use in these soups. No kitchens are more spotless than ours. And even you could not be more careful and particular than we are in making these perfect soups.

Try them and if you don't think they justify all we say, the grocer returns your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"Uncle! Wuxtree!
All about the battle!
The public craves
For Campbell's Soups
From Boston to Seattle!"

The Joy in

Yours truly

TRADE MARK

PORK AND BEANS

Try at once these *Yours truly* Pork and Beans you've heard so much about—

When you taste them you, too, will rejoice in their nutty, luscious flavor—

The piquant savor of the zestful tomato sauce—

The toothsome taste of the delicious streak-o'-lean pork.

The alluring appearance of these whole, uniform, delightful *Yours truly* Pork and Beans simply *compel* you to eat the moment you open the can.

Almost every grocer sells *Yours truly* Pork and Beans—

If *yours* doesn't, go to one who *does*.

WITH A SNOWSLIDE

By Enos A. Mills

EARLY one spring I spent several days watching the snowslide action in the San Juan Mountains. It was a wild, adventurous, dramatic experience, which closed with an avalanche that took me from the heights on a thrilling, spectacular coast down a steep mountainside.

Desiring fuller knowledge of the birth and the behavior of avalanches or snowslides, I invaded the slide zone on snowshoes at the close of a winter which had the deepest snowfall on record. A thick, snowy, marble stratum overlay the slopes and summits. Appearing in the scene at the time when spring was melting the icy cement that held winter's wind-piled snows on the steeps, I saw many a snowy hill and embankment released or shed off and as a slide make a meteoric movement—one wild, imperious and irresistible coasting plunge from summit crags to gentler places far below.

A snowstorm prevailed during my first night in the slide region and this made a deposit of five or six inches of new snow on top of the old. On the steeper places this had promptly slipped off in dry, small slides, but most of it was still in place at early morn when I started to climb higher.

While tacking up a comparatively smooth slope one of my snowshoes slipped and in scraping across the old, crusted snow started a sheaf of the fluffy new snow to slipping. Slowly, hesitatingly at first, the new snow skinned off. Suddenly the fresh snow to right and left concluded to go along and the full width of the slope below my level was moving and creaking; slowly the whole entered into swifter movement and the mass deepened with the advance. Now and then parts of the surface of the sliding snow slid forward over the slower-moving, crumpling, friction-resisted front and bottom.

With advance it grew steadily deeper from constantly acquired material and from the influence of converging water-channels which it followed. A quarter of a mile from its birthplace it was about fifty feet deep, twice as wide, with a length of three hundred feet. Composed of new snow and coasting as swiftly as a gale, it trailed a white streamer of snowdust behind. A steeper or a rougher channel added to the volume of snowdust or increased the agitation of the pacekeeping pennant. The morning was clear and by watching the wig-wagging snowflag I easily foliowed the slide's fortunes to the bottom of the slope. After a swift mile of chuting and plunging, the slide, greatly compressed, sprawled and spread out over a level glacier meadow, where its last remnant lingered for the warmth of July.

Storm-Slides and Annuals

Dismissing this slide, I watched along the range to the north and south and from time to time saw the white, scudding plumes of other slides, which, hidden in cañons, were merrily coasting down from the steep-sloping crest.

These slides, unless they had run down an animal, did no damage. They were composed of freshly fallen snow and in their flight had moved in old channels that had been followed and formed by hundreds of slides in years gone by. Slides of this kind, those which accompany or follow each storm and which promptly make way with newfallen snow by carrying it down through stream channels, may be called storm or flood slides. These usually are formed in smooth gulches or on steep slopes.

The other kinds of slides may be named the annual and the infrequent. The annual usually runs in early spring and is composed of the winter's local accumulation of snow. The annual carries a much heavier percentage of rock débris than the storm. It carries from the starting place much of the annual crumbling and the weatherings of air and water along with the tribute pried off by ice levers; with this material from the heights goes the year's channel accumulation of débris. The annual slide does man but little damage and, like the flood slide, it follows the gulches and the watercourses.

In snowy zones the avalanche is commonly called a snowslide, or simply a slide. A slide, with its comet tail of powdered snow, makes an intense impression on all who see one. It appears out of order with the scheme of things; but, as a matter of fact, it is one of gravity's working ways, a demonstration of the laws of sliding bodies. A smooth, steep slope, which receives a heavy fall of snow, will promptly produce or throw off a sliding mass of snow. Raise, lower or roughen this slope, increase or decrease the annual snowfall, or change the direction of the wind—and thus the position of snowdrifts—and there will follow a corresponding slide action. Wind and calm, gravity, friction, adhesion, cohesion, geology, temperature and precipitation, all have a part and place in snow piling and in slide starting.

The infrequent slides are the damaging ones. These not only occur at unexpected times but in unexpected places. Many of these come down slopes over a course never before followed by a slide; or they may run over a track that has not seen a slide for a century or even longer. These avalanches occasionally crush through a mountain village or smash through a forest. They may start at last from the accumulated weight of annual snow remnants or by the giving way of a cliff.

A Disagreeable Avalanche

On the morning following my first vivid slide views I paused to wait for the movement of a snow deposit in the head of a gulch above me. The warm sunny air was melting the icy moorings and undermining the foundations of the white fields, cornices and castles that had been formed of winter's drifted snow. A snow cornice and a rock spire fell together while I was watching. Instantly a trainload or more of massed material came thundering down the gulch to go by me. Formed mostly of ice and compacted snow, the mass appeared like a runaway glacier. Many of the bruised, shattered ice chunks appeared like rock salt. These and the snow were being crushed and ground to powder by leaps down terraces and by the rasping and filing of the rough slope. This was a deafening and disagreeably noisy avalanche; it ran nearly two miles and threw off increasing quantities of diamond dust in the sun as it dashed downward. A cloud of steamy dust lingered for a time over its stopping place.

Closely following this avalanche came two tiny ones. Each was every inch a slide and each of these pygmies made a comical show trying to overtake the big fellow, as though they had procrastinated or had been asleep when the giant started.

About one mile from this watching place occurred one of the most striking avalanche actions that took place during this stirring outing. Morning had shown suggestions of a storm, but conditions changed and some of the white clouds that had been floating low in the sky united in the head of a gulch below and formed a fleecy, billowed white bay, with a beautiful, mysterious ocean beyond. Around this bay rose shattered, stupendous rock walls. While looking down upon this strange white harbor there arose a crushing, thundering and booming behind, as though everything was going to smash. An avalanche had started at the top of a long, flattened slope that stood against the skyline above me. Later examination showed that after years of wedging that ice had overthrown a spire of rock of many thousand tons. Tons of snow and débris went with this in wild boundings and rushings down the slope; everything loose or dislodgeable before was swept down. This enormous, fiercely confused bulk made an awful appearance as it plunged head-on from the heights almost directly toward me. A short distance above, it struck and tore unchecked through a grove and threw off a great columnar whirl of snowdust. Most of the trees were crushed off where their roots entered the earth or the rock crevices, or they were torn out by the roots. Midway through the grove a rock rib caused the entire slide to bounce above the earth; and, for the distance of several yards, only the tops of these low trees were mown off. Many of the trees were carried down whole, while

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Show them what genuine soup-delight really is—

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Learn all that is added in quality by the careful selection of the finest materials—fresh and pure—blended perfectly, canned properly.

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INSTANTANEOUS cheers and comforts, warms and strengthens.

An ideal drink for red-blooded folks who love outdoors in winter.

Made in a jiffy and served in the nick of time after sleighing, skating, motoring.

A sensible *"first aid"* to anyone after exposure to severe weather.

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Drink it *before* as well as *after* exposure.

You cannot buy better chocolate. You cannot buy any other chocolate with the everyday convenience of

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INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

Simply mix with boiling milk

Gives a new delight to chocolate desserts and home-made candies.

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If you cannot buy INSTANTANEOUS conveniently write for sample; or, send 40 cents for half pound or 75 cents for one pound tin, sent postpaid.

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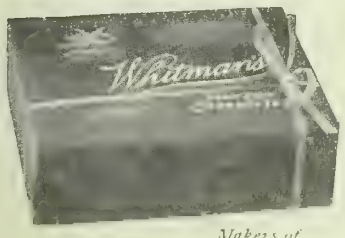

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others were crushed to cordwood or ground to splinters between rocks, earth and snow. Never did train thunder past me more swiftly. Snowdust was gushing and flying from every part of it and excitedly rolling and whirling above as it swished by.

It shot straight for the cloud-filled abyss. So eager was I to see this mountainous monster plunge overboard that I forgot the marginal cyclonic winds which these swiftly moving avalanches create. On the very edge of the jumping-off place I was flung flat, then clutched, and for a few seconds violently shuffled about on the rocks by this confused gale.

The day after the snowy, stony cataract leaped down into the silver lining of the clouds I unexpectedly became a figure—an animated atom—in the climax of these snowslide exhibits. Above, the flat-topped range extended far away, while below me for four thousand feet the mountains lay.

At the bottom of one snowy arm of a V-gulch, separating these arms, was a low, tonguelike rock ledge. I was waiting to watch Gravity, the world-leveler, take his next fragment of filling to the lowlands. A gigantic snow cornice and a great snowfield filled with full-heaped and rounded measure the uppermost parts of the other arm.

Deep rumblings through the earth, echoings from crags and cañons through the communicative air, suddenly heralded the triumphant starting of an enormous slide. About three hundred feet up the heights, a broken end-on embankment of rocks and snow, it came coasting, dusting into view, plunging toward me. As a rock ledge separated the two ravines above the junction I did not realize until too late that I was to coast down with the slide.

A Hair-Raising Coast

Head-on it rumbled heavily toward me with its mixed and crumbling front, making the most impressive riot of moving matter that I have ever beheld. Again and again the snowy monster smashed its shoulder into the impregnable farther wall. At least one hundred feet high and twice as wide came its impinging, crumbling front. At times the bottom caught and rolled under, leaving the overhanging front to cave and tumble forward with snowy splashes.

This crumbling front was not all snow; occasionally an iceberg or a cargo of stones fell forward. With snow flying from it as though a gale-swept, snow-piled summit, this monster of half a million tons roared and thundered by in a soundburst and reverberation of incomparable depth and resonance, to plunge into a deeper, steeper rock-walled gorge. It probably was moving thirty-five or forty miles an hour and was gaining in velocity every second.

The noise of its passing suppressed the sounds of the slide that started in the gulch above me. Before I could realize it, this slide swept down and the snow on which I was standing buckled with me into the air, struck and leaped the low ledge, rammed the rear end of the passing slide and landed me, snowshoes down, on top of it.

The top was unstable and dangerous—it lurched, burst up, curled under, yawned, and gave off hissing jets of snow powder; these and the plunging movements kept me desperately active, even with my broad snowshoes, to avoid being swallowed up or overturned and smothered or crushed in the chaotic, changing mass.

As its speed increased I now and then caught a glimpse, through flying, pelting snow particles, of upshooting rocks, which burst explosively through its top. At timberline the gorge walls abruptly ended and the channel curved swiftly to the left in a broad, shallow ravine. The momentum of this monster carried it out of the ravine and straight ahead, over a rough, forested ridge.

Trees alongside were thrown into a wild state of excitement by the violence of swiftly created and entangling gale currents. I looked down upon the panic through the dust-filled air and saw trees flinging their arms wildly about, bowing and posturing to the snow. Occasionally a treetop was snapped off and these broken tops at once were swirled wildly forward or backward, or were floated upward on rotating, slower currents. Its sides crumbled and expanded; so it became lower, flatter and wider. A half mile after leaving the gorge the slide struck a broad, low moraine at right angles. The shock exploded the rear third of the slide and flung it far to right and left, scattering it over a wide area. Half a minute later I clawed from a snowpile, almost suffocated, but unhurt.

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Labels which claim "quality" for canned fruits prepared by the lye-process do not tell the truth, for the lye-process robs quality, destroys flavor, renders fruit pulpy, juiceless, is a process to save a few cents per dozen cans, which, by the way, the consumer doesn't get. Don't be satisfied with any but Hunt's Quality Fruits. They cost you no more than the lye-peeled kinds, and you can be sure of their quality and wholesomeness.

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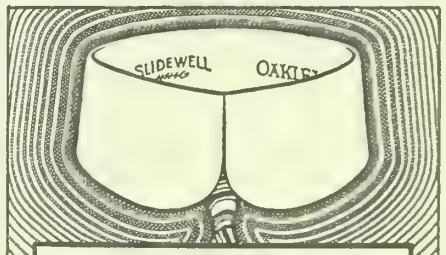

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The Senator's Secretary

THEY pulled the annual war-scare this year a little earlier than usual and in somewhat different form.

Usually the war-scare comes at the exact time when the naval bill gets before the House of Representatives, with the regular appropriation embodied therein for two more battleships of whatever tonnage and type the Navy may have decided upon. As it has been, a few days before the House gets to its discussion of these additional Dreadnoughts, there arise, in and about Washington, various prophets of disaster, like Hobson, of Alabama, who see war with Japan only fifteen minutes away—who have visions of the Pacific Coast laid waste and of the Mikado having a sub in the White House ruling us with a rod of iron, while the hundred million Americans are dominated by the Japanese.

This war-scare is always acute. It seems, to hear them tell it, that Japan is already within our borders and at our throats. Hence, the naval program ordinarily goes through. Then, when the bill gets to the Senate, there is a renewal of the talk. It is announced that, though Japan may have delayed a trifle, it is now emphatically certain that the disastrous moment is at hand; and the Senate concurs in the bill with its two battleships.

There was no reason to expect anything else this year; but it seems the War-Scare Company, Unlimited—of which General Leonard Wood and R. P. Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac, now a member of Congress, are the managing directors—took the business out of the hands of the old War-Scare Company, Limited, which was managed by the Secretary of the Navy and his chiefs of bureaus, and, instead of waiting for the battleship contention, came marching boldly to the front with a vast and general scheme of war-scare—not confined to Japan, but to any country whatsoever that desired to put a few men in a rowboat and take, pillage and hold any city that struck their fancy—or, for the matter of that, any cities or all of them.

This time it wasn't Japan alone. We were informed that any tenth-rate power—Monaco, mayhap, or Costa Rica—could invade the United States and get away with the goods. The general defenselessness of the nation was shown in disheartening terms. Here we are, a hundred million people, scattered throughout the United States and its dependencies, three thousand miles on one side from any country that might decide to take us over and five thousand miles away on the other, with absolutely no means of protection—nothing! We haven't a standing army of one or two million men. The entire coast, from the top of Maine to the bottom of Florida and from the tip of Washington to the lower extremity of California, is not a continuous fort. There are no guns, no cartridges, no equipment, not a single, solitary means of defense. It is a total loss and no insurance. Deplorable, too, and sickening to our pride.

That "Confidential" Report

When I say we were informed I mean it in a broad, general sense, not officially; for the report to Congress that brought out this information was not received by Congress. It merely was printed in a dozen or two newspapers in all parts of the country, whereby, of course, its terms were effectually concealed. What happened was that in response to a resolution passed by the House, asking the Secretary of War for an accounting of the national defense, a report was written showing this utter and terrible lack of preparation. It was sent out by the news distributing agencies for release on a certain day. Inadvertently one newspaper, thinking this report was the regular report of the Secretary of War, printed it and others took it. Notwithstanding, when the report came to the House marked "Confidential," although it had been sent to the newspapers to be printed on the day it was to be received by the House, it was sent back to the Secretary of War, who, after a colloquy with President Taft—who appears not to have known what was going on—sent in a shorter report with nothing in it.

Congress was excited. Congress always is excited on matters of this kind. Still, that isn't remarkable; for, as it appears, Congress was the only assemblage in the wide, wide world that didn't seem to know what the report set forth. There isn't a war office on earth that isn't in possession of the exact facts concerning the condition of the national defenses of this country. Everybody knows there are vast stretches of coast that are unguarded; that our army is merely a handful of men; that our ships, although as big and heavy as any, have no very great defensive functions because, although we have built and are building many battleships, we have not built colliers for them. There was no news in the report.

Still, the War-Scare Company, Unlimited, thought to make a great impression by that report. It was prepared by General Leonard Wood and his staff assistants, and indorsed by Secretary Dickinson. Hobson knew all about it and undoubtedly was concerned in its presentation. The row that arose over it and the consequent additional publicity came about in a curious way. This is the inside story: A few days after Congress met Representative Hobson called at the hotel where Chairman Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, lives. They went to Tawney's room. Then Hobson unfolded to Tawney, who had heard the story many times before, the unpreparedness of this country. Likewise he showed to Tawney a copy of the report which set these things forth. This was the first Tawney had heard of it.

The War-Scare Company Bungles

Then, after making his oration, Hobson came to the crux of the matter. He told Tawney that he and General Wood had prepared a bill providing for a Council for National Defense—or board or something—comprising certain soldiers, sailors, statesmen and others, and urged that Tawney introduce the bill in the House as the crowning achievement of an illustrious legislative career about to draw to a close, temporarily, at least, on March fourth next. Hobson said the plan was to have Senator Hale introduce the bill in the Senate as a crowning achievement of his illustrious legislative career also, the Senator being in the same boat as Tawney and leaving Congress on March fourth next. Tawney took the report and later made a few remarks on the subject; and the result was that the War-Scare Company, Unlimited, went out of business for the time being.

The episode proved that the War-Scare Company, Unlimited, doesn't know its business. In the old days, when the War-Scare Company, Limited, was operating and had the expert advice of one Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, there would have been no such bungle as this. The Colonel knew how to rake up a war-scare as was a war-scare. He didn't begin operations in Washington with a report, or with a bill, or anything like that. He started something away off on the Pacific Coast, had it grow out there and then increase in intensity until it came into Washington. Witness that time when he brought the big California delegation across the continent to confer with him, and created such a fear of hostilities with Japan that his program for battleships went through immediately thereafter with a whoop. They are poor performers, these members of the new War-Scare Company—mere amateurs.

Meantime the House of Representatives bulged ecstatically into the Christmas holidays with a proud record of some startling economies. It was decided to dispense with the baths in the House office building, an ornate set of marble cleansing apparatus in the basement of that huge structure, where weary or perhaps soiled statesmen have been accustomed to lave themselves for the amelioration of the one condition or the other. This started when the amounts for the salaries of the House bath attendants were being appropriated. Last year Senator Bristow, of Kansas, touched immortality with his fingertips by insisting that the attendants in the Senate baths should be deprived of their jobs; whereupon the Senate agreed, but kept the attendants just the same. They simply changed their designation and made the attendants clerks; and they are there today, rubbing and massaging and otherwise tenderly caring for the Senators.

Not to be outdone, the House took a whack at the House bathmen when their salaries, as fixed in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, were under consideration. Certain salaries were designated. Immediately there were many yells, some from the Republican and some from the Democratic side of the House, and the attendants were given a black eye when the vote was taken. Thereupon Representative Mann, of Chicago, made a joke of it by offering an amendment that instructed the superintendent of the House building to tear out all bathtubs, plumbing and apparatus, sell it all and turn the proceeds into the Treasury. They adopted that too.

It is this sort of thing that makes those who know of the workings of the House of Representatives have such a contempt for that body. Of course all this crusade against bath attendants and baths was mere humbug. The men who made it will get such credit for it in their home districts as they think they need; the items will be put back in the bill in conference and everybody will vote for the conference report—and the baths will continue to flourish as at present. The same sort of thing is constantly occurring. A windjammer gets up and makes a howl against some item that appeals to him as good material for crusading for home consumption. A lot of other windjammers follow and send back reports to their constituents of their ceaseless efforts for economy. Then the items are put back in conference and everybody votes for the conference reports, and there you are. The humbug has humbugged the folks back home and that is all the windjammer intended to do.

A historic instance was that time when they put an amendment in an appropriation bill forbidding the sale of liquor on Government reservations and in Government buildings. That was a favorite gallery play of a certain kind of statesman for many years. The provision was always stricken out and the frauds who put it in the bill could continue getting their drinks at the restaurant. One year, however, the Senate, tired of helping certain members of the House get credit for what was only hypocrisy, refused to cut out the item; and no members were more chagrined than those who voted for the amendment and spoke for it in the House. It made it much more difficult for them to get their daily quota of drinks and of course established speak-easies in various parts of the Capitol.

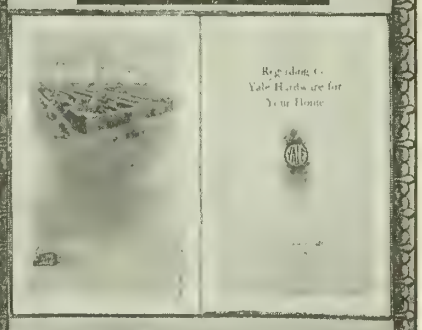
A Democratic Slip

Economy seems to be all the rage, although it is noticeable that this Government mostly economizes at the expense of the clerks. The plan works both ways; for when there came up in the House various propositions in this bill for the readjustment of certain salaries of men in the Treasury Department they were knocked out on a point of order. Now those salaries and advances were the result of two years' work in the Treasury Department, work of reorganization and cutting down, whereby six hundred thousand dollars a year is saved—and the total increase in salaries was but a few thousand dollars; and the Treasury goes back to its old disorganized condition, unless the Senate intervenes, as it should and may.

The discussion on this bill shows what will happen to every other bill carrying appropriations. They are fierce for economy—must have it! However, it is conceded privately that sometimes a member goes too far—viewed in the cold, gray light of the morning after. When the House was at its pruning, Representative Johnson, of South Carolina, made an impassioned plea against the retention of three clerks who have been employed for some years to make a digest of private claims.

Representative Gillett was in charge of the bill, but Tawney happened in and heard what was going on. Gillett wanted to make a fight, but Tawney whispered: "Let them have it." The amendment was passed. When the Democrats woke up they found they had deprived themselves of three very good jobs, for the clerks on this work are carried until July first next by the existing law and then, in any event, would have been dropped and three good Democrats given the jobs—quite an item when the hordes of hungry Democrats who want jobs are taken into consideration.

YALE



THE title of this book is "Regarding the Yale Hardware for Your Home,"—but that doesn't begin to tell the story.

It gives, in simple words and pictures, the characteristics of the principal "schools" or "periods" of architecture—shows photographs of famous buildings in the varying styles—Colonial, Louis XIV., Louis XVI., Empire, English, Gothic and many others.

It shows, too, many carefully studied Hardware designs in each "period" of decoration. But it is in no sense a catalogue.

There are beautifully printed pages full of interesting matter. For instance, one which tells approximately what you ought to spend for Hardware in houses or other buildings, according to the cost of the building.

It is *free*, though it ought not to be. And a post card will bring it to you by return mail.

No matter how long before you are going to build—*Send for the book today.*

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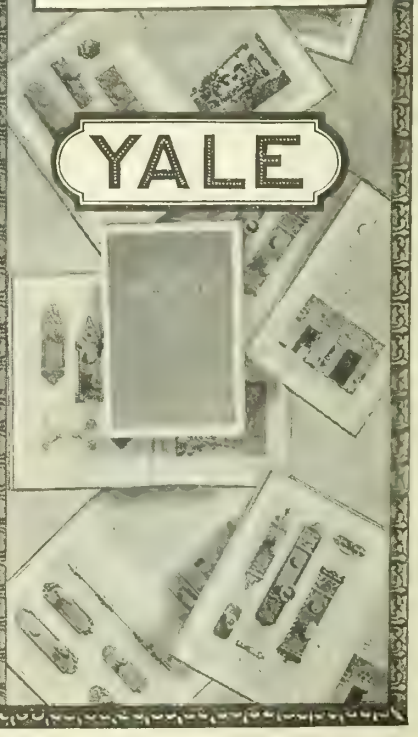
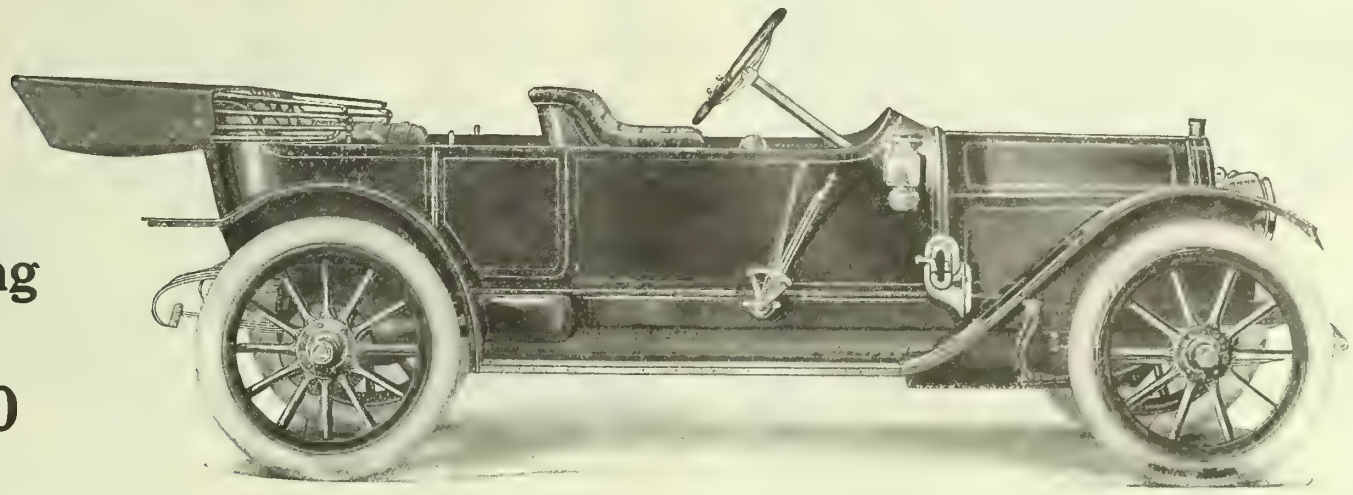


HUDSON "33"

"33" Touring Car $1250



"33" Pony Tonneau $1300

The "33" Torpedo $1350

Equipment on all models includes 3 oil and 2 gas lamps, horn, tools, pump, quick detachable rims, gas generator.

Mohair Top, Prest-O-Lite tank instead of gas generator and Duplex system ignition, with famous Bosch high tension Magneto, $150 extra for either model.

687 Sold the First Day

Reserve Your Hudson Now

The first days' sales made to individuals by Hudson dealers—on the day when the new HUDSON "33" arrived—totaled 687 cars.

Three-quarters of a million dollars worth of automobiles sold the first day!

There has not been a day since, that orders for immediate delivery were not far in excess of our output. At this writing—in midwinter with a large section of the country covered with snow—we have unfilled orders for more cars wanted at once than we can produce in a month.

Judge what the demand will be in the spring.

You will see the necessity if you want this car, of arranging a delivery date now.

Dealers cannot be given more cars than has already been arranged for. We are, in fact, compelled to reduce some of the allotments made for early delivery.

Our whole output was taken by dealers before the first car was shipped. Some dealers had sold half the cars they had arranged for before they had received a demonstrator.

The over supply of low-priced cars last summer may have led some to think that good cars will be plentiful. But remember that the over supply was of old model cars, displaced largely by the announcement of Howard E. Coffin's latest design—the new HUDSON "33."

Howard E. Coffin is known for the successes he has produced wherever automobiles are used. The four famous cars he designed were the leaders of their time. At first he designed high-priced cars. Then he turned his attention to building a car that would give the same satisfactory service—that has the same grace and beauty and fine quality of materials, workmanship and finish that had been expected only of those selling at $2,000 and up.

The HUDSON "33" is his masterpiece.

Desirable cars are difficult to obtain when they are wanted.

You who wait until spring comes will surely find this condition. The most desirable cars will be sold far in advance.

The six leading makers, in all probability, will find it impossible to make prompt deliveries on all orders in May and June.

If you intend buying a car, begin your investigation at once and assure yourself of delivery when you want it. There will be no change in models or price.

Even cars that ordinarily have small demand, will be in large demand in spring.

By taking your car now you can get three months' extra use without extra cost.

A 1910 car driven 15,000 miles can be sold, if you desire, with less sacrifice than a 1909 model used only half as much.

Therefore, get your 1911 model early. It can be resold in the fall to as great an advantage as if it were delivered in May.

The Coincidence of the "33"

The remarkable thing about the HUDSON "33" is the way the latest models of the greatest European Cars resemble it. Leading engineers of Europe have just exhibited their newest designs at the Paris Automobile Show. Such famous makes as the Renault, Fiat, Mercedes, Isotta, Lancia, De Dietrich, Martini and many others, show identically the same ideas that Mr. Coffin, working independently of the European masters, put into the HUDSON "33."

Simplicity the Keynote

Simplicity is evident in every detail.

The number of parts used is 900 less than in the average car.

Oiling places can be reached without inconvenience or soiling the clothing.

Moving parts are all enclosed and dust-proof. This includes the valve mechanism, which is exposed in practically all American cars.

The frame is heavier than is used on any other car of its weight.

The motor and transmission are held together as a unit, giving all the advantages of both the three and four point system of suspension.

Wheels are stronger than are ordinarily used.

Springs are so designed that they are practically unbreakable, yet are easy and flexible.

There is greater leg room in the front seat than is provided in most cars.

The steering wheel is extra large—same as on the biggest, costliest cars.

Don't these facts make you want to see the HUDSON "33"?

Think what it means to obtain for $1250 the masterpiece of such an engineer as Howard E. Coffin.

Think what it means to obtain a car at that price that embodies the ideas that the leading European Engineers are this year putting on their cars, anyone of which sells for from three to five times the price of the HUDSON "33."

Then think what is indicated by the 687 orders taken the first day.

Doesn't that look as though it would be hard to get prompt delivery on a Hudson "33" in the spring?

Therefore reserve your Hudson now.

Write for complete detailed descriptions and address of your nearest dealer.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

4048 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT

Licensed under Selden Patent

Copy No. 17

Postum in Modern Dietetics

Surprising how many people fail to recognize the true cause of many headaches, weak nerves and the various aches and ills brought on by thoughtless living.

In the past few years millions of dollars have been spent in teaching people the natural laws that govern health.

Doctors and Dieticians have time and again published exhaustive accounts of experiments showing the certain and harmful results that follow the use of some of our most common beverages.

Many people are today giving more thought to correct living, as shown by the ever increasing numbers who are using

POSTUM

in place of these questionable beverages.

Postum is a delicious, satisfying drink, when well boiled (see directions on package)—and is entirely wholesome.

It is made of clean, hard wheat and a small percent of New Orleans molasses; and with cream (and sugar if you like) is an agreeable and nutritious beverage.

Ten days' trial will prove the true place Postum occupies in Modern Dietetics.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co.,
Limited,
Windsor, Ontario.

HEPZIBAH

(Continued from Page 10)

"Still nothing could make clothes bearable then, and I began to notice that Lois was shy of skirts; and soon she never bothered about what little we had on. She smoked cigarettes because she liked them, with no thought of the plague bugs.

"That's the South Sea. You can bring the Ten Commandments down here written on steel tablets and they will yield to the sun and the warmth it puts into your nerves and your ideas and will become of putty, so that you can break off the paragraphs that interfere with your comfort.

"I'll not tell you of all those days, but the time came when I was not sure of my reckoning; and I kept figuring until I got it right, though my head swam with the heat and the strife of the situation.

"When I had it I'd figured we should make about this very bay in a day or two. When I had done that I put Ethan Mallory at the wheel and turned in.

"It was an hour or more, I suppose, when I woke up sprawling on the cabin floor with the sofa I had been on dancing over my head. At the same time Lois crawled out from her cabin door, which was sideways from where it should have been, and, hanging on, turned her white face to me with terror in her eyes. I drew a life-preserver from under the bench of the cabin and placed it on her proper; then I put one about my own self and, with another under my arm, I scrambled with Lois on deck.

"It was a bit of a typhoon; and where we were, or where blowing, no man could say. Ethan was fighting with the wheel, which tossed him about like a cork. I passed my free belt to him and tried to hold the wheel with him. It was wicked to fool with the power in that sea and I yelled in his ear to let the schooner fly, seeing we could not stay her.

"The two masts went clean by the board.

"There is no good in fighting when you can't fight, but, though I knew we should all be mawed by the sharks in a little bit of time, I took every chance I could. Ethan and Lois were in part sheltered in the companionway; I went below by being pitched there and managed to unreeve a few lengths of inch rope that was about my sea-chest.

"'It looks now, Ethan Mallory, as though your God had determined this case between you and me without giving us a chance; we are all going together, but we'll play the game out together. Reeve this about your waist, Ethan,' I said. He took the rope's end and tied it about him under his armpits. He'd given over praying—it was too late for that. He smiled at me and it did me great good, for I saw in the smile that he hated me as I did him, and that's as good a way to die as any, so long as you have nothing to say about the dying, one way or the other.

"With a safe hitch I fastened the line about Lois and the end about myself. And then we chucked ourselves—there was no other way to do it—out from the companionway and lay flat on the deck, hanging on as best we could.

"And then we waited. The schooner raced along. It may have been fifty, it may have been a hundred—any number of knots an hour; then she stopped, stood up on her stern-post, and the last I ever expected to see in life was the two hands of Lois reaching for me.

"And the schooner and the sea and the very world were not.

"If you've lived much you'll have learned that there is not much astonishment about things that happen when you know they cannot happen.

"So, there not having been a thread of a chance of my eyes ever seeing another day, I was not overly surprised when I found myself alive on a beach, God knows how long after I knew I was dead.

"As I lifted up I looked to see what held me down—it was the body of Ethan Mallory; and below us was the whiteness of Lois. We were a tangle of bruised humanity.

"I lay back and tried to twist myself from Mallory's stifling, heavy body; finally I remembered the rope, and I loosed it and rolled him off. I gathered what few rags hung around us and divided them, covering as well as they would Lois and Ethan Mallory and myself; for there seemed to be shame in two men and one woman being so nearly bare.

"While doing this I noticed what was a quiver of Lois' eyelids, and I slapped her

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If there is no Rexall Store where you live, remit $1.00 and we will send you a pound box, delivery charges prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada. *Pounds 80c. and $1.00*

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We don't ask you to merely take our word for it—seeing is believing. Let the WALES itself prove its superiority. Gladly we will place it in your office for a free test. Give it unlimited use in competition with any or all other makes. It is its own best salesman. If the machine doesn't convince you we will remove it immediately. No obligation whatever. All at our expense. Just write "Free Trial" on the face of the coupon.

If you don't care to cut out the coupon, write that you saw our advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post of this date. We will then know exactly what you want.

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Please send booklet and particulars of free trial offer of the Wales Visible.

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Ever buy a gas mantle—take it home, try to put it on a gas burner and find it would not fit?

If it's a Lindsay *it fits any burner.*

At 30 cents you will find the Lindsay Tungsten (*Registered Trade Mark*) the *cheapest* mantle you ever bought because it is the very best made, therefore outlasts several of the ordinary sort.

Lindsay always stands for quality. Buy of your dealer if you can, but if he does not have our mantle, write us.

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This is the Biggest Offer we ever made. We do it to convince every woman that **Richardson's** is the best Embroidery Silk. **Your money back** if not more than satisfied. You get free with the outfit our big new **1911 Premium Art Book**, illustrating all the latest things in Embroidery. **Write today, enclosing 30 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted.**

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THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO., 650 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

little hands together and called to her; but in face of all my trembling hope I wearied suddenly and could care for nothing but going to sleep. I thought again that I was dead, because I could not care more; and that what I had seen was part of the long past.

"It seemed that I had been asleep for years when words bored their way to my brain—faint, stammering words.

"'Ethan, do not trouble more with me; try to get John back.' The voice was that of Lois.

"I toiled to come back to the world and by dint of will I got my eyes open and stood up; and I looked into the face of Ethan Mallory as he turned from Lois and looked at me.

"It was pleasant to me that I saw on his face the same sour smile. After a cast about I smiled, for I knew where we were. My reckoning had not been badly mixed by the blow. We were on the sands just beyond the reach of those hills yonder and here at Toorlootai I had my station and agent, and the king then had belonged to me for five years. We sat quiet for a time getting our souls back comfortably into place.

"'It's time for the two of us to settle this matter,' I said to Ethan Mallory after a bit—and I nodded toward the girl.

"We both looked at her and she gathered her rags about her. She was not a sight that added to the peace of either of us.

"'The matter is settled, John,' said Mallory. 'Lois Enderby's word is mine and she will keep it. She has work to do; God has spared her life for His own purpose, and that is not to have her wife of yours.'

"'I'll fight you for her,' I replied; 'and, win or lose, I lead you to Toorlootai—I give you my word. If there's a missionary or a priest there, and you win, he shall marry you; if I win, you shall marry us.'

"Lois looked at me curiously and I saw she was changed. Though she was still the white woman, she had tasted bravely of the south and the way of the tropics had entered into her life. She was not ashamed that she had but a handful of rags about her and she was not fearful because two men proposed to fight for her as a prize. By the look she gave me she did not seem to be fearful as to who would win her.

"'Do you love me, Lois?' I asked, as she stood there like a breathing statue.

"'I do, John,' came from her steadily.

"'Will you marry me or will you wed with Ethan Mallory?' I said sharply, for I felt myself her master then. 'This is no time for fiddle-faddling, my girl. You are going to marry me anyway; but I want you to tell this man so yourself.'

"But she twisted her little toes about in the sand and said nothing.

"'Speak, child,' said Ethan Mallory. 'You have given yourself to God and your plight to me. Will you abide by it?'

"'I'm tired,' she said, sinking down on the sand. 'I have no more to say; we seem very far from troths . . . and South Dedham teachings, Ethan. You have my word, John Ilcomb is the man I love in the way of the world; and, bad off as we are, it is a more beautiful world than ever before.' And she sat and looked at us. It was my part to make the pace.

"'If you beat me,' I said to Ethan Mallory, 'she may have you if she will put her word above me; at any rate, I'll not have her. If I beat you I take her. If you won't fight I'll take her anyway. If you win my word is yours that I'll take you to your wedding.'

"'You talk vainly,' he said; 'you say you will take us to Toorlootai and you do not know where we are.'

"'I give you my word, Ethan Mallory, and that should be enough for you, for you know me well,' I said.

"'I take your word,' he answered; and he said no more, but thought much.

"'I've tried to be a man of God,' he finally said to me, 'and I don't love this girl as you do—it's her soul I want, to do the work her Maker selected her to do.'

"'You trouble yourself too much about her Maker's intentions. As far as we can see, when not thinking creeds, God made her and other women to be wives and bear children; and if they do both well it may be their Maker's work as much as missionarying. Will you fight for her?'

"He turned to Lois and looked at her with red on his cheeks, for she was wonderfully fair there. 'Lois, if I fight him will you abide by the result? I'll not make you marry me, but I ask your word, if I win,

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Winter in

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is the best time of the year, but no matter where or when you or friends of yours contemplate a trip this Winter, the Tours Department of the Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line solicits your correspondence and suggests that you avail yourself of the unlimited services and assistance it is in position to render.

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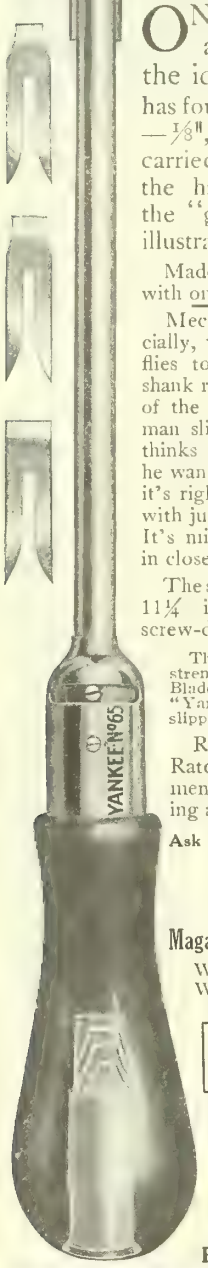
"Yankee" Tools



ONE tool for driving all sizes of screws is the idea of **No. 65.** It has four screw-driver blades —1/8", 1/4", 5/16" and 3/8"— carried in a magazine in the handle, as shown by the "ghost picture" in the illustration.

Made with six-inch shank and with one-inch shank.

Mechanics—electricians especially, take to the little one like flies to sugar. The one-inch shank reduces the entire length of the tool to 6¾ inches. A man slips it into his pocket and thinks no more about it—until he wants to drive a screw, when it's right THERE, on the job, with just the size blade he needs. It's mighty handy for working in close quarters, too.

The six-inch size (entire length, 11¼ inches) makes an ideal screw-driver for all home uses.

The grooved end of shank is strengthened by a web of metal. Blades are securely held by a "Yankee" device, yet are easily slipped in and out with the fingers.

Right and Left-hand Ratchet; and Rigid. Adjustments made by a slide working across the tool.

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Magazine Ratchet Screw-driver

With one-inch shank, **95c**
With six-inch shank, **$1.10**

TO THE DEALER
If by any chance this ad. catches you without **No. 65** in stock, wire your jobber to rush a dozen to you at once.

Free Tool Book for mechanics and householders, illustrating and describing 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools. Write to—

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia Pa.

never to see or speak to this man—never to have any manner of commerce with him.'

"Lois gave him assent and gave me a look through narrowed eyes that should be enough for a man.

"'I'll fight you, John,' said Mallory as he faced me and spat. 'We'll do as you say.' His eyes grew to pinpoints and I quieted my rage, for it is not well to feel overly angered at such times.

"'Will we go away from Lois?' I asked.

"'We will not,' he said. 'I have put away my faith to be a sinning man for her and it is well that she should see what manner of men like you mean to the world.'

"She sat with her back to a palm trunk, no longer Lois Enderby, and South Dedham was as far away as eternity is long.

"We went together in a clash of blows.

"He fought fair and well, I'll say that for him; and he was a full man.

"We were neither fit from the stress we had suffered, but hatred stays the stomach and lust for blood steels weakness.

"He put my nose sideways on my cheek in the first few smashes, and my nakedness was quickly streaked with scarlet.

"We soon smoked with sweat and blood. I had an ear of him torn and hanging; and, in turn, I felt an eye closing with the drippings from a cut on my forehead smarting on the ball. And, when the blackness was filling my brain and my fists with the knuckles near sticking through the torn flesh began to wobble, what I knew would happen came.

"Ethan Mallory's eyes grew startled; and, as I twisted a glance sideways, I saw what he had seen—a group of blackies, with my king in the lead, running toward us. I'm not so sure that I would have downed him if it had not been for that look, for, as his gaze wavered toward the savages, I put all my life into my right and shot it to his chin and down he went.

"He went down in a funny heap on the sand. I weaved as I stood and turned toward Lois, and she came from the palm and held me in her arms.

. . . . . .

"I was up and about my quarters in my station, which you still see above the beach there, in the morning, but Ethan had to stick to his cot where I had him placed when the blackies carried us both back.

"Lois and I stood by him and he put out his hand; and I shook it and he married us. As we walked away Lois began to cry and I felt the anger filling me again, for I thought it was for sorrow for Ethan.

"'No, John, it is not for Ethan I am concerned, but for myself, dear. I must tell you something: I have deceived you from the first,' she stammered.

"That was not pleasing, for there are many things that women might confess on their wedding day; but I felt that nothing could be amiss with her; and I did not care particularly, though I wished she had not spoken. So I told her to keep her confession and I would keep mine; mayhap it would be better for me if we did not exchange such things.

"'I must tell you, John,' she went on; 'I have lied to you from the beginning; Ethan knew it, but he never said a word.'

"'I care not, Lois,' I replied, though I began to care cruelly; 'say no more.'

"'It's the wickedest thing I ever did,' she continued, 'and you must know.'

"'Well, if you must, have it over quickly, Lois,' I said.

"'That is it,' she answered.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Lois!' she said with a wry smile. 'I am Lois; but my name—the one that every one uses—is my first name, and that is ——' She flushed and her eyes snapped. 'Oh, I hate it! and that is why I lied and let you think my name was only Lois, which is pretty, don't you think?'

"'I do, as you know,' I said; 'but what is all this bother about?'

"She broke away from me and stood looking earnestly into my eyes as she shrilled at me: 'My name is Hepzibah—Lois is my middle name and it is only an L. at home.'

"'Hepzibah,' I said darkly, though laughing in myself, 'you must take punishment for that; Hepzibah you shall always be from now on, so long as you stay in these seas—and that will be for the rest of time.'"

. . . . . .

John Ilcomb nodded kindly toward Her Majesty. "There she is," he said; "this schooner and all my others are named after her—and she doesn't mind it any more."

And Her Majesty smiled at him, lighted another cigar and went on reading her Bible.

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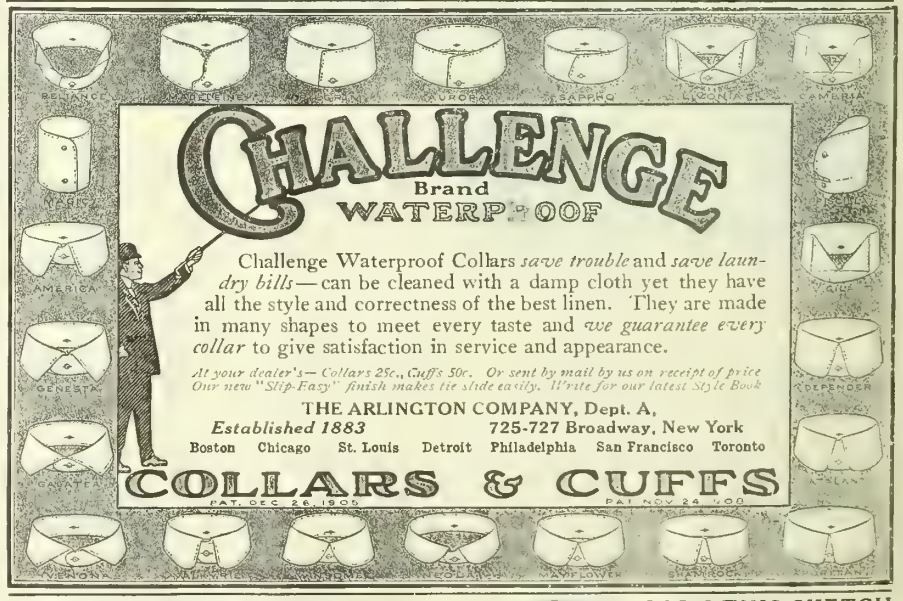

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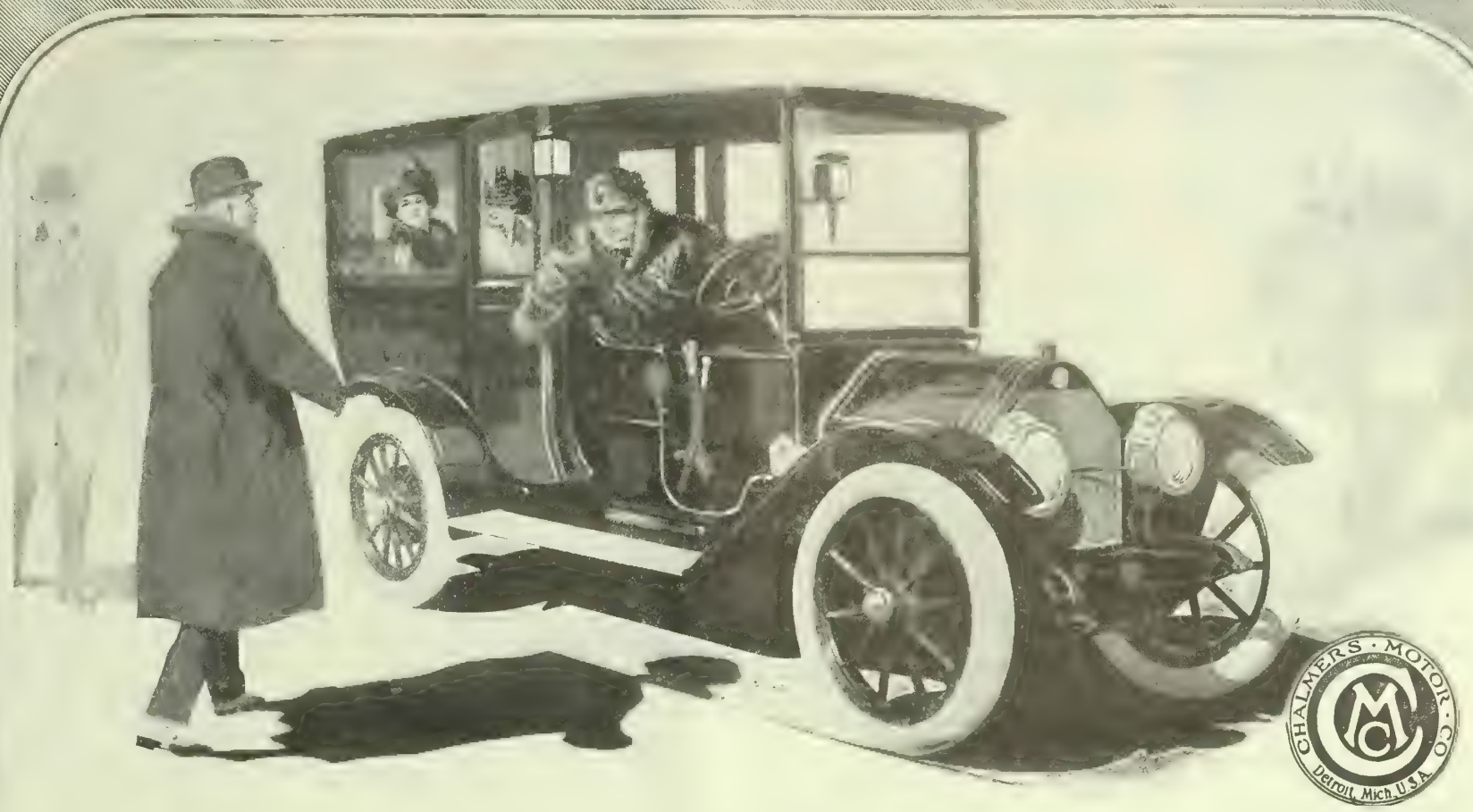

This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a Motor Car.

The Only Thing Against This Car Is Moderate Price

Here is a picture that is the most typical one possible of the utmost the individual can enjoy in comfort, luxury and utility. The setting might be different, but in the foreground there would need to be a fine limousine car. The limousine is the supreme accomplishment of the motor car builder. It is above all other vehicles of transportation in beauty, elegance and utility.

How many times at home have you said, "I wish I could just get to the office without all the trouble of going there." How many weary nights at the office have you said, "I wish I might be set down in the warm living room at home, without the wear and tear of the trip." How many times have you wished you could be lifted bodily, without worry or effort, to this, that or the other place.

Now imagine your Chalmers Limousine at your door. Step into it—that's no effort. Close the door—you and those with you are alone and exclusive. Nod your head to the man up front. A little electric spark, automatically put into contact with a bit of gasoline, which has been automatically vaporized to the exploding point, produces power. And this power, guided by the man up front, automatically carries you to the office—or anywhere else you wish to go.

You don't have to worry about it. Read the paper. Plan the day's work. Hold a business conference. Play with the children. Enjoy the outlook. Smoke and rest. Do what you please to do. The man will let you know when you arrive.

There is no chair in your home more comfortable than the seat of a Chalmers Limousine. There is no sensation more restful and satisfying than the sure and smooth efficiency of the car's movement.

The utility of the Chalmers Limousine does not stop with taking you to the office. The whole family benefits. It takes the women folks calling and shopping, and they come for you in the evening to take you home. It takes the children to school or brings them home. It makes all of you independent of street car delays, bad air and strap hanging.

Limousines are as useful in the smaller city as in the large. We have sold a good many this season to people who wished to be first in their communities to enjoy the prestige of limousine ownership. The price of the Chalmers is $3,000.

The story of how we happen to be offering this car at a medium price is a long story—much too long to tell here. It is our policy, that's all.

Many people, used to seeing what they want in fine town cars selling at prices ranging from $4,500 to $7,500, have concluded they couldn't get what they want at our price and that is where they are mistaken.

Price is usually an indicator of value, and many buy the highest priced things on the theory that they must have great value, else they wouldn't have such high prices. Very good. But the mistake is sometimes made of thinking that a similar article may lack exalted value, simply because it lacks exalted price. That is fallacy.

The very high priced limousines have great value—there isn't any doubt of that. But so has the Chalmers.

We know the Chalmers has the constancy, the style, the finenesses that you demand in a closed car. It has the goods in it. And it has the workmanship. You can take pride in it always.

The size of this car is put inside, where it means roominess and comfort to those who ride in it. Not outside, where it means mere bigness to the eyes of the people in the street. Seats for five facing forward. No more inside room in any car. And there isn't the upkeep expense that goes with heavier cars.

The Chassis is the same as that used in the car which won the Glidden Trophy in the hardest touring contest ever held. The motor develops plenty of power without the vibration and waste of a big motor.

A touring car body can be quickly substituted for the closed body in summer at small additional cost, if desired.

The price of the Chalmers Limousine is $3,000. What else could you buy for $3,000 that would give you so much comfort and service, your family so much social pleasure as this limousine? Interest on this limousine investment comes in time you save, in luxury in service. Compare that with the interest on same money invested in any other way. See these cars at our dealers. Write us for booklet E.

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To reduce the high cost of living: Use *Yours truly* Coffee.

To realize genuine coffee deliciousness: Taste this delectable, delightful new flavor.

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To create a simply unconquerable appetite: Taste how genuinely palatable it is—

To be refreshed—invigorated—satisfied: Drink *Yours truly* Coffee *every* meal.

Such is the happy result of having the many blends in *Yours truly* selected directly from the great coffee groves by one of the world's greatest experts.

This uniform coffee-delight is invariably yours if you will insist on *Yours truly*—the National Standard Coffee.

HIS MAJESTY THE FRESHMAN

(Concluded from Page 7)

with their more fortunate fellow members. Thus, when a man makes an outside club his fellows in the hall, far from losing him and being left out of the university life, gain a more important friend, who keeps them in touch with it. This is the way the dual system of colleges and university clubs works out at Oxford, and there is no reason why it should not be equally efficient here. It makes strongly for democracy.

The idea of quads at Princeton is now a sleeping dog, but it is by no means a dead one. Already there is a graduate college, Merwick, organized on lines quite similar to those of an English college or to the Freshman halls at Cambridge. A system of undergraduate quads, in this wiser and more practicable form—as an ally and corrective of the upperclass clubs—is reasonably certain to come in the course of time. As an architect's plan in the office of the University shows, new buildings are to be constructed with reference to it as a possibility. At Harvard the situation is much the same. Impracticable at present because of the lack of funds, it is being clearly kept in mind. It may be long delayed, but in the end it must come, for it is the only logical outcome of the most powerful modern tendencies. After a year of the compact and well-ordered life of a Freshman hall the misfortune of the old scattered life will be obvious. It is only, in fact, by means of a system of upperclass halls or quads that the assimilation of the undergraduate can be made thoroughgoing and complete.

This movement toward a system of undergraduate halls and commons is most advanced at Princeton and Harvard, but the evils of increasing size and disorganization that it seeks to remedy are universal in American institutions. Everywhere there is a tendency, conscious or unconscious, to counteract them by quite similar expedients. At Cornell and the universities of Wisconsin and Chicago the tendency has long been conscious and those highest in authority are laboring quietly but powerfully to bring it into effect.

In the system of instruction there has been a similar disorganization, and the prevailing remedy is the same—a personal interest in the Freshman and a general reorganization in his behalf. For a generation the theory has been that he is able to shift for himself—that an enlightened self-interest directs him inerrantly in choosing and grouping his courses of instruction. Experience has not justified this optimism. The light of his self-interest is all too inclined to smoke. Certain subjects are inevitably more difficult than others, certain instructors more severe; and this is a matter in which the cheerful guild of loafers keeps thoroughly well informed.

The Princeton System Costly

The earnest student found great difficulties. Even when he knew what he wanted in the way of education it was usually impossible, because of the splitting up of subjects and the conflict of lecture hours and examinations, to pursue a well-ordered, systematic course. And generally he did not know. Few fellows of eighteen do, however serious.

It was Princeton again that first blazed the path of constructive reform. Its system of preceptors has often been described. It must suffice to say that it is the most efficient means yet devised in America of starting the Freshman right in his studies and keeping him so, for the essence of the system is an intimate and prolonged association between teacher and taught. Probably the chief reason why the system is not universally adopted in America is the expense in preceptors' salaries.

At universities that offer a larger range and variety of courses of instruction the expense would be proportionately greater. These have had to content themselves with more or less rigid rules as to the grouping of studies, backed by such personal supervision as the already hard-worked professors are able to give. Cornell and the University of Wisconsin have made notable progress in the matter of Faculty advisers, and at the same time are endeavoring to arouse in upperclassmen a personal interest in the Freshman. Indeed, both tendencies are strongly felt wherever our higher education is the subject of progressive thought and action.

Harvard is the last to supervise the grouping of studies as it was the first to advocate prominently the idea of untrammeled election; but the revolution, which is the work of President Lowell, is so well considered and thorough that it may well be taken as the type of the application of this idea of personal association between teacher and taught.

From the outset the Freshman has a Faculty adviser who takes an interest in his studies similar to that which the Senior adviser takes in his college life. Some fifteen years ago, when this system was begun, service as adviser was voluntary and each instructor had a score or more of advisees. Obviously there could be very little personal association. Under President Lowell every member of the Faculty is expected to be an adviser and the number of advisees under each has been reduced to a maximum of four. Some such relationship between teacher and taught as that obtaining at Princeton is obviously not impossible. In the larger courses, one of the three weekly hours of instruction is given to personal conferences, which are closely similar to preceptorial instruction.

Advantages of the Group System

The signal innovation in President Lowell's scheme is in the matter of grouping electives. At many institutions, notably Princeton, the work of the first two years is prescribed; and for the last two years the student is obliged to choose one of several groups of closely related courses. At Harvard, what is called the new elective system consists in grouping elective studies from the outset. It accepts the old definition of a liberal education as consisting of a little bit of everything and a great deal of one thing. There are four groups: (1) Languages, Literature, Fine Arts and Music; (2) Natural Science; (3) History, Political and Social Economics; (4) Philosophy and Mathematics. At the outset every Freshman is obliged to concentrate in one of these four groups; and at the end of the year he is obliged to adopt a complete plan for the remainder of his course. He must take, in all, six courses from some one of the groups and at least two courses each from the other three groups. This leaves four courses which he can apportion as he pleases. If he is a specialist he elects further courses in the group in which he has already elected six. If he wishes a more general education he elects courses in the three outside groups.

Flexible as this system is, it can be still further varied by consent of a committee especially appointed to consider individual cases. Some such system of grouping is in vogue at most of our universities; but President Lowell, it is believed, is carrying it to an especially complete organization and with especial facilities for personal intercourse between teacher and taught.

The essence of the system of grouping studies is that "it holds up before the student a positive standard of education: and the setting up of that standard alone is of inestimable value. So long as he is told that any sixteen courses are, in the opinion of the college authorities, equivalent to any other, it is natural that he should often be careless in their choice. But when he is given a standard that is authoritative and that appeals to his good sense he is likely to adopt it in his own mind; and, what is more, he is likely to work not perfunctorily but well."

The present movement is spontaneous, growing out of conditions that have obviously become intolerable. Far from being an imitation of things foreign to us, it is a reversion to the ideals of the older American college, which were driven out by the German invasion. It is thus in full accord with our oldest and most firmly rooted instincts. The older American college, it is true, was closely similar to the English college of that time and of today; and, in general, our native instincts are largely of English origin; but what we are now dealing with is a local condition.

When we have assimilated the new social and residential ideals a little more thoroughly into the body of our undergraduate life we shall have a university which, as a school of character no less than as a school of mind, is perhaps the most perfect institution since the Middle Ages. Meanwhile, in the choice of a college, one question is of paramount importance: What is it doing for the Freshman?

The Pleasure in

Yours truly

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Don't ask for merely Macaroni or Spaghetti—

Nor choose foreign brands—

Insist on *Yours truly*—

For *Yours truly* possesses all the good qualities of foreign makes, but none of their faults.

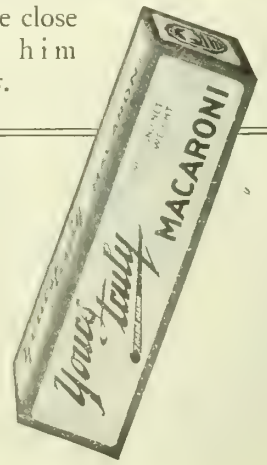
Made in America—by Americans—in clean, fresh air-rooms, where the very water, that washes the air which dries it, is first filtered and purified.

That accounts for its cleanliness—its purity; while its deliciousness—tenderness—its nutritious qualities and delicate taste are due to the excellent materials and expert process of making.

You try *Yours truly* Macaroni and Spaghetti and *also* learn the delight that awaits you.

If *your* grocer doesn't sell it—

One close to him *does*.



Sense and Nonsense

"See This Seed? I'm Going to Throw It in the Spring"

"There! A Beautiful Plant Springs Up Instantly!"

My Olas Four

SONATAS, nocturnes, Träumereis—they're simple, easy things for me; the notes of bygone classics rise—it's all as plain as A, B, C. I only have to feed in rolls and pump in air with my two feet and I thrill music-loving souls with harmonies profound and sweet. I have Beethoven on a reel and may unwind him when I please; and at my leisure I may peel off yards of abstruse rhapsodies. I've piles of salted Masters old, arranged in boxes neatly kept—such strains as through old castles rolled when Liszt and Haydn raved and wept in transports of true ecstasy. I sit and pump the livelong day and dash up waves of melody that burst upon the ears in spray. Upon my feet, I may declare, the laurels are that Mozart's brow in other days was used to wear—I have a Musicola now!

THIS is the Age of Art with Ease—of genius on a spool or reel, to be unwound whene'er we please to make the hungry soul a meal; so I have planned a new device which I feed only words and feet, and out of it in just a trice I get my lines and stanzas sweet; if Milton had had this device installed for him at any cost I'm certain that his Paradise would never, never have been Lost. The novice need not once rehearse; he feeds a word, a phrase, a clause, and he gets automatic verse by just obeying simple laws; it grinds me sweet love sonnets out and quatrains apt enough to quote, and any kind of verse about, that Burns or Byron ever wrote; an Elegy like Gray's to bring from my invention—songs like birds'—is just the very simple thing of pumping air and feeding words. So poets might as well resign; the laurels that upon the brow of Petrarch used to rest are mine—I have a Poemola now!

AND Art is such a simple thing—I have a hand-made Art Machine that turns me sketches out of spring and many a sky and woodland scene; I feed it only paints and oils, some canvas and a brush or two; and my invention never spoils a painting, as some artists do. I just sit down and pedal hard on my device and in about a minute's time I turn a yard or two of real Old Master out; I turn out landscapes and marines by simply feeding colors in; and I get splendid fishing scenes with just a dash of salt and fin. My walls are covered and complete with canvases that I have done by simply pumping with my feet and letting my paint-brushes run. What need to study Art for years as artists of the old time did? What need of poverty and tears and light beneath a bushel hid? Nay, nay! Invention is the word, and I have laurels on my brow until the size of them's absurd—I have an Artistola now!

AND oh, divinest of delights! I have a patented concern that lets me sleep in peace o' nights, not caring if the cook return. I feed into my food machine most any sort of pantry trash and get sonatas of baked beans and nocturnes of good stew or hash. I only have to pedal hard or softly, as the case may be; and there is not a busy bard gets such good food as comes to me. 'Tis culinary art in cogs and belts and wheels divinely blent; it fries me toothsome legs of frogs, with relish, sauce and condiment. I set the pointer—see! 'tis oiled—a lever in the side is pressed and out comes lobster finely broiled, a salad quite divinely dressed. What need to seek a grander field? What need for blessings more to look? The ages' secret is revealed—I have an Automatic Cook! The laurels Epicurus wore are firmly settled on my brow. In life for me is nothing more—I have a Kitchenola now!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Buried Alive

SENATOR BEVERIDGE and Fred Landis, former Representative and now an Indiana novelist, campaigned together in Indiana last fall.

Landis had a particularly effective peroration relating to the wrongs perpetrated by the railroads on the people. It had a lot about the right of eminent domain and told how these grasping corporations could come along and run their roads through farms, houses, graveyards—or anywhere.

They were speaking in Michigan City and Landis got down to his peroration. He pulled out all the tremolo stops and had his audience worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. "And, fellow citizens," he shouted, "they can run their roads through those sacred cemeteries, those last resting places of the sainted dead, where you, fellow citizens, and your ancestors have been buried for fifty years!"

You Would Want to Eat the 57 Varieties if You Could See Them Made

Every visitor to our kitchens confirms this statement. Besides, every housewife should know that the food for her family is prepared in a cleanly manner. Without assurance of this she hesitates to buy prepared food.

Heinz 57 Varieties are clean-made of specially grown, selected materials, and as carefully prepared as any home food could be; that's why they're always safe to buy.

The Heinz Kitchens are clean as soap and water and scouring sand can make them.

Heinz kettles, pans and all utensils are kept clean and shining like a mirror.

Every berry, every piece of fruit or vegetable that goes into the 57 Varieties is picked over by hand.

Currants and raisins are washed by water jets until they are clear and transparent.

The workpeople who prepare the 57 Varieties wear clean uniforms and their hands are under the constant care of manicurists employed by the company.

More than 40,000 people register at the main plant every year to visit these kitchens and see these things. Heinz Kitchens are always open for inspection.

Heinz products are all made without Benzoate of Soda or other artificial preservative.

This painstaking care is exercised not only in the Heinz Main Kitchens but in the Branch Preparing Establishments, which are located throughout the land wherever soil and climate produce the best flavored fruits and vegetables.

Every one of the 57 Varieties bears witness by its quality to the value of Heinz methods of preparation. For example, there is

HEINZ Tomato Soup

A cream of Tomato Soup that owes its deliciously appetizing flavor to specially grown red-ripe tomatoes, rich, sweet cream and pure spices, blended in the Heinz way under perfect conditions.

Heinz Tomato Soup contains no meat stock, and it is the only tomato soup on the market enriched with certified, pure, fresh cream.

Other seasonable suggestions from the 57 Varieties are Mince Meat, Fruit Preserves and Jellies, Tomato Ketchup, Cranberry Sauce, Euchred Pickle, Odorless Cooked Kraut in tins, etc.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Distributing Branches and Agencies Throughout the World

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods.

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 19)

The next day's mail brought no letter from Adam, but I was too much upset by what was going on to indulge my grief. With the help of two men hired for the purpose Lavinia managed to have every piece of the new furniture except the piano carried into the attic and the old things brought down. I was like dough in her hands; the children were lumps of young leaven with which she made the day rise and shine. She occupied one chair in the living room all day; from this she directed what was done with the animation of a bandmaster practicing a Wagnerian symphony. If she had had the agility in her legs that she had in her arms she might have been an acrobat.

Mrs. Sears appeared like a frightened apparition, first at one window of her house, then another. She was consumed with curiosity. At last, no longer able to bear the suspense of not knowing what was going on, she threw her apron over her head, hopped in her thin, birdlike fashion across the street, knocked at the back door and demanded to know of little Adam, who opened it, if anybody was sick.

"It's Mandy Sears!" screamed Lavinia, who appeared before Mrs. Sears in all the amplitude of a pink kimono from her elevation in the living room. "Come here, Mandy. I want to look at you," she called.

But the lady cast one horrified glance at her, recognized her and fled. Lavinia laughed.

"Mandy's soul was always quarantined by devilish righteousness," she commented unabashed.

From the first she had appropriated every one of us with the bland assurance of her own helpless condition.

Mother came over in the evening, after order had been restored and the house rested with its old vitals in the right places, from the rawboned rockers to the most ancient rugs. She brushed aside twenty years with her ineffable smile and greeted Lavinia as if only the day before she had tied her ribbons and seen her frisk off with me for the afternoon promenade. Then she sat down opposite Lavinia, put on her glasses and took her in.

"Lavinia," she said in the thin treble of advancing age, "you are not changed a particle—not a particle! I'd have known you in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Lavinia surprised us both; she burst into tears—passionate weeping.

"Mrs. Langston," she sobbed, "you are the only woman in the world good enough to see that! It's because you see through. I am the same in my heart, in the way I feel; but"—she paused, wiped first one eye and then the other with the corner of her handkerchief—"but how am I to show it, as thick as a bale?"

"That's so," crooned mother; "you have taken on a little more flesh. I hadn't noticed it."

Nothing is more certain than this: when you have made up your mind to be merciful always and forever, God inspires you. The wisest man in the world could not have thought of so comforting a thing to say to Lavinia as mother had said without thinking at all.

The following morning the full treason of Lavinia's mind was revealed to me. We had breakfast, the children were off to school and we sat together in the living room, she mixing paints before her easel, upon which she had ordered Langston to place a large new canvas which she had brought with her. I was threading a needle with darning silk and listening for the postman, when she said:

"You know what I have really come for, don't you?"

"To see me," I replied; "and I'm so glad you did."

"That, of course; but more particularly I have come to paint your portrait. I want a new picture for my exhibit in Washington week after next and I've decided to make it of you. I'll call it 'The American Eve.'"

I gasped and blushed.

"I could not think of permitting such a thing."

"You dear goose!" exclaimed Lavinia—"not in the altogether."

"But I have nothing suitable in which to sit for a portrait," I demurred, remembering my scant wardrobe.

"You have that muslin with the purple cosmos flowers in it and the tatting collar. That is the very thing. What I want is the soul, not the naked form of Eve."

I could not understand, but at last I submitted. It was arranged that for three days the children were to be exiled to their grandmother and that I should sit for a portrait to be called whatever Lavinia pleased to call it.

For the better part of three days I sat becalmed in the homeliest chair in the house beside an open window that overlooked the blooming garden. She worked prodigiously, beguiling the time with stories of her life at home and abroad; more particularly with what may be called a vocative treatise on marriage. The woman in the Scriptures with seven husbands could not have been nearly so well informed as Lavinia believed herself to be on this subject. She spoke out of the abundance of her ignorance with an imagination unhampered by experience. She regarded it, she said, as a primitive problem that would always remain primitive; upon which the advance of social culture would have little effect.

"It is the one relation in life upon which even the Bible casts no light," she exclaimed one day.

"It says husband and wife are one flesh," I put in.

"But you aren't," was the quick rejoinder, "outside of your children. There are not two people in the world more different in the flesh than you and Adam. Don't talk to me, Eve!"

It was no use to argue with her. Besides, I was in no position to contend upon this subject. Adam continued silent. I spent most of the time thinking about him while Lavinia talked. This is how I account for the expression upon the face of that portrait when she had finished. It gives a woman the most spirituelle of all spiritual expressions to sit and think about an absent and unfaithful husband. On the afternoon of the second day I heard an explosive sniff after I had been sitting a long time thinking about Adam.

Lavinia was working rapidly with the tears streaming down her broad cheeks.

"I'm getting it at last," she murmured, brushing the tears from her eyes.

"Getting what?"

"There is a poor little Eve in every good woman who never leaves her garden, who is always seeking sweeter apples for her Adam—a vaguely sweet, lonesome soul who is never at home in the world outside. She is the spirit of devotion that hovers to this day over every ruined Eden—Heaven bless her!"

This was the puzzling explanation she gave of her tears; and, having shed them, she was extravagantly happy to the end of her task the following day, a happiness that was in nowise dampened by my own disappointment when at last I was permitted to see the finished portrait. The figure was of what seemed a great woman in size, sitting with folded hands in an ugly chair, the back of which rose high—a sort of ladder behind her upon which the light gleamed.

"But, Lavinia, no cosmos blossoms were ever so large!" I exclaimed, amazed at the lavender glory of the old muslin gown in the purpling evening light of the picture. "And my hair—I am not so gray as that!"

It was the face, bent and turned away into the shadows, that alarmed me. It seemed incredible that she could have known how sad I was—and, knowing, could have betrayed it so pityingly.

Through the window the flowers in the garden looked in one by one, each with an expression, a meaning, for the woman. The lilies were mindful of her sorrow and inclined to her; the roses turned their heads away. The light was pale and the whole figure faded into the dimness of the darker shadows, all except the slats of the chair behind her head, which held the pallor of a strange brightness.

I began to weep.

"Oh, Lavinia, I cannot bear that this should be me!"

"It is not just you, dear. It is the poor Eve that is in us all—the woman who cannot change or escape her destiny, ever the same in the old or new lands, doomed to waiting and patience, the sanctuary of her race, with rungs of the ladder for others always to be reached from her shoulders."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

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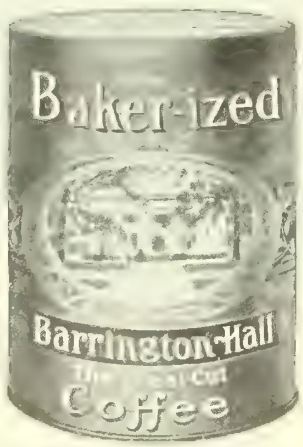

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The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

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THE HIGH HAND

(Continued from Page 16)

immediately after your election. I didn't believe the man lived who could have done what you did."

"I know you didn't," replied Jim Warren—"that is, I judged it from our conversation that day."

"The help I was able to give you ——"

"It was a great help," Jim Warren interrupted. "If you hadn't been in just the position you were I doubt if I could have won."

Jim Warren's sky-blue eyes narrowed a little, his chin was thrust forward slightly; but that haunting grin still played about his mouth. Lewis smiled easily. Edna's keen woman-sense divined some undercurrent that she did not quite understand, and she glanced from one to the other uncertainly.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Warren," Lewis went on easily. "I like to feel that you are under an obligation to me. Some day I may call upon you to remember it."

That was all—merely a pleasant little clashing of verbal rapiers. Lewis ran on lightly, talking of other things, while Jim Warren permitted himself to grow disturbed at the calm air of proprietorship that he displayed toward Edna. There was something in her attitude toward him too—something that smacked of deep admiration for this man and more.

Other people came in, four or five of them. Lewis sauntered over toward a group of men.

"You are interested in politics, you say?" Jim Warren asked Edna.

"I am, yes"—curiously.

"You read the newspapers, of course?"

Edna's rosebud lips were thrust forward tantalizingly.

"Sometimes; not often," she answered. "I used to read them a great deal where there were things concerning my father, or—some friend."

Jim Warren hesitated and his face grew grave as he framed the next question.

"You must have read something of my fight down in Warburton, then?" he asked. "Pardon me, I don't want to appear egotistical—but you read something of it?"

"I didn't read all of it, because ——" She stopped.

"Because ——"

"Because I don't like personalities." Her eyes met his steadily. "The time never comes when it is necessary to attack an individual for no other reason except that one wants his political head."

Jim Warren stared at her dully. Then she did know who and what Lewis was! She must know!

"'Revile' was the word you used in your note to me," he reminded her accusingly.

Edna's brows were lifted scornfully; there was a set defiance about the rosebud mouth.

"In my note to you?" she inquired coldly. "What note, pray?"

"It came too late, anyway," Jim Warren explained evenly. "Lewis had already quit."

There were strange lapses in Jim Warren's recollections of what happened after that. Edna and Lewis sat side by side, he knew, and seemed to be absorbed in each other; and every one else talked politics, and he was not interested. After dinner he joined a party of men in the smoking room and they talked politics again. It was there that Jim Warren met for the first time a sleek, round person named Tyson—a manifold copy of Tillinghast trimmed down.

One glaring thing he did remember; he couldn't have forgotten it if he would. It seared its imprint upon his brain; and as he wandered on through the cool streets toward his hotel he seemed to be suffocating.

"If I am elected governor for the next term ——" Tillinghast had begun.

"When you are elected governor, you mean," Lewis had corrected banteringly. "We've got to elect you governor, because Edna says our wedding must have the governor's uniformed staff as a background. It's up to me to elect you."

Jim Warren remembered that, all right.

XV

MORE than usual interest attached to Jim Warren's initial appearance as a member of the august body that made the laws of his state. In the first place, he, an unknown maker of plows, had whaled the life out of Lewis, who had been looked upon as invincible; in the second place, despite the fact that he had accepted the support of Lewis' machine, it was generally understood that he was an independent—possibly the only one in the legislature; in the third place, there are always dormant possibilities in a redheaded young man who has done the impossible thing. Besides, he was a representative of labor men and there was a very wide and growing belief that he was incorruptible. Still, the newspaper men had found him friendly, terse and to the point; while the cartoonists reveled in the luxury of his freckles and that haunting grin of his.

Jim Warren's first sight of the legislative chamber on that first day of its convening was one he never forgot—a vast hall, gay with flowers and flags and bunting, packed with humanity from the speaker's desk, almost hidden behind a pyramid of blooms, to the long gallery that ran around three sides of the room. Seemingly this gallery was given over to women—wives, daughters and sweethearts of these men on the floor below. A glow of pride enveloped him when he realized that he, Jim Warren, was a part of that splendid picture. If only the little mother had lived! As it was, no woman in all that mass of fluttering ribbons and plumes and handkerchiefs had a word or thought for him; none knew him, unless —— She would be there, of course! He turned and studied the gallery deliberately. He didn't see her.

From the moment of his entrance Jim Warren was made to feel his importance, for he had instantly been surrounded by a besieging body of alert-faced young men—newspaper reporters. He was the chap who put it all over Lewis and they didn't permit him to forget it. Now that he was here on the job, what was he going to do? He had accepted Lewis' support; did that mean that he would vote with Lewis' party? Did he understand that as an independent he would have absolutely no power otherwise? Did he have the panacea for all labor troubles concealed anywhere about his person? Now, confidentially, what was the real inside history of that flop of Lewis' after the phonograph episode? He wasn't married, of course? How old was he? And a few thousand other questions.

A large man with a large stick finally took Jim Warren away from the reporters and led him to a desk in a remote corner of the chamber—a desk that was almost hidden beneath an enormous mound of flowers. Jim Warren stared. He unsteadily turned over the card on the flowers and there was an absurd tightening of his throat as he read it:

"From Old Bob and the Boys"!

"God bless 'em!" said Jim Warren softly.

There was another bunch of flowers too—a small, tissue-wrapped cluster of violets, cool, damp, fragrant. There was no card. Jim Warren's eyes opened in wonder; then he turned slowly and for the second time studied the mass of color in the gallery. No; he didn't see her. It was foolish, of course, that he should imagine such a thing; but if not she, then who had sent them?

There came the call to order, the tedious work of organization, the partial announcement of committees and all the other routine. Late in the afternoon of a weary day Lewis, with the freedom of a quondam member, appeared beside his desk. Apparently he had forgotten all those things that had gone before. He brought a smile and a pleasant word.

"How do you like it as far as you've gone?"

"I can answer that better in a month from now." Jim Warren grinned.

"It's not a very good seat you have here," Lewis remarked carelessly. "I don't suppose you would object to a better one if I could arrange it?"

"Go ahead," said Jim Warren.

"And how about committees? What have you drawn so far?"

"Church and Parish Affairs." Again Jim Warren grinned. "I can't see myself setting the state on fire as long as they hold me to that."

"Some of the committees haven't been completed," Lewis remarked musingly. "I don't suppose you'd object if I said a

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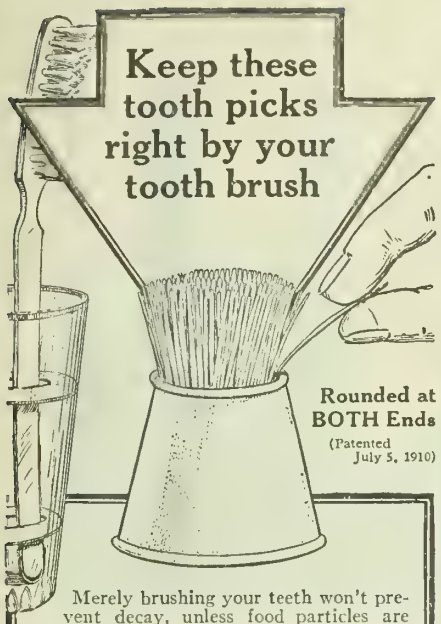

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About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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FOR a long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

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MR. DICKSON teaches memory.

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I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges. This man is neither bright, interesting nor learned.

He's a dunce.

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Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a face. If he sees you once the next time he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson. He said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson that I hesitate to write here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory-training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell what you know; and then a trained memory would help you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays tricks, I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his facts do not convince you, you are not to be convinced.

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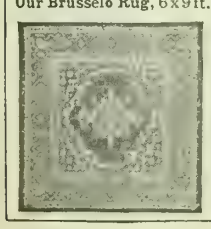

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word for you in that direction? I happen to be pretty close to Tillinghast."

"Go as far as you like."

Lewis strolled away and Jim Warren, watching him with narrowed eyes, fell to wondering. What was Lewis looking for? Another bump? From Lewis his thoughts traveled on to a distractingly pretty girl, and she reminded him of violets. He picked up the dewy blossoms and inhaled their odor deeply.

A legislature is like a setting hen—it takes it a week or more to get down to business. Jim Warren spent that week in observation; and the longer he looked the more he was impressed with the bigness of this particular bit of state machinery. He was in the kindergarten; he didn't know his A-B-abs. Slowly, too, he came to see the tremendous power of the speaker; and, seeing that, he knew that Lewis, despite the fact that he was no longer a member, had greater influence than he had ever had before. He owned Tillinghast, body and soul. He was out to make him governor and Tillinghast was paying for that job in advance as far as he was able to.

Francis Everard Lewis stepped out of his automobile one night in front of a dingy lodging house in a dingy side street and rang the bell. A disheveled maid-servant answered.

"Does Mr. Warren live here?" Lewis inquired—"Mr. James Palmer Warren?"

"Third floor front," barked the girl.

"May I see him, please?"

"Sure! Right up them steps—two flights—front room."

The girl vanished down the hall and Lewis climbed the stairs. A deuce of a place to live, this! Phew! Onions! Lewis' delicate nostrils twitched; his lips curled downward.

He paused before a door and rapped.

"Come in," called Jim Warren.

Lewis entered. Jim Warren, sans collar, sans coat, with his sleeves rolled up, had arisen and was standing near a table, where evidently he had been writing. At sight of Lewis his face flushed a little, his lean jaw was thrust forward, his blue eyes glittered. Instantly it passed—that inextinguishable grin returned to his lips.

"Hello!" he greeted.

"Good evening," said Lewis cordially. He offered an ever-ready hand, feeling vaguely that here, away from the eyes of the world, Jim Warren would refuse it—but Jim Warren didn't.

"Sit down?" he invited instead.

"I can only stay a few minutes," Lewis remarked. "By the way, do you find your new seat in the chamber an improvement on the other one?"

"Yes, thanks."

"That's good." Lewis lighted a proffered cigar and settled back in his chair languidly. "Warren, I'm up here under a flag of truce." He paused and smiled. "You don't happen to have a loaded phonograph about?"

"Not this time." Jim Warren grinned.

"Under a flag of truce," Lewis continued languidly. "I want to make friends with you. It's probable that you and I will see a good deal of each other during the present session, and it seems absurd that we should always be snapping and snarling at each other."

"It does," Jim Warren agreed readily.

"You beat me—you made me quit," Lewis conceded magnanimously. "I haven't a word of criticism of the methods you employed, unusual as they were. We'll say no more about that part. I can do you good up here and you can do me good. You could sit in that legislative chamber for forty years and never get anywhere, for the simple reason that you're inexperienced and you are not with either of the big parties. If you wanted to do anything for your constituents you couldn't do it without the aid of one of those parties—to be more explicit, without the aid of my party. You are beginning to see that?"

"I am"—readily.

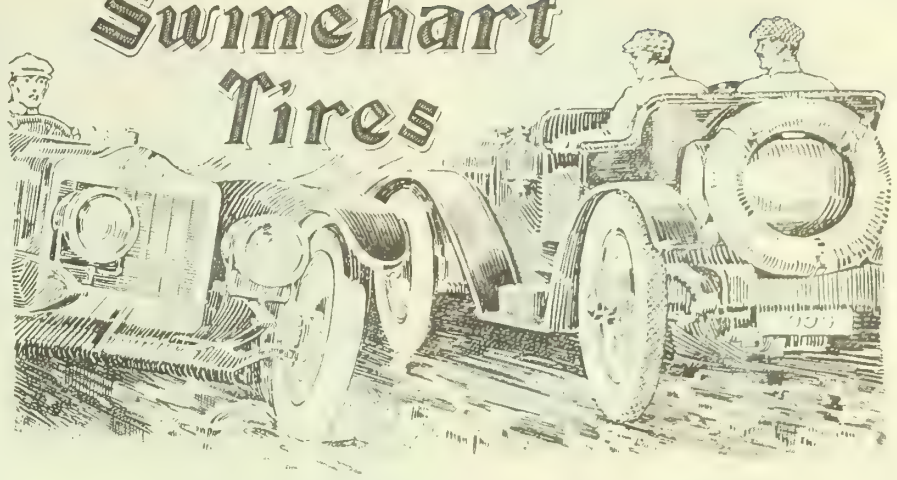
"Well, what's the use?"

"None at all." There was a short silence. "I don't feel that I owe you any apologies, Lewis, for our fight was all in the game. There's no reason why we shouldn't forget all about it. Frankly, after all that large time I had getting up here, I've got to do something for Warburton and I can't do it alone." He was thoughtful for a time. "As I look back on it now I find that my campaign was destructive rather than constructive."

"It was"—heartily.

"Now that I'm here I've got to deliver the goods."

Swinehart Tires



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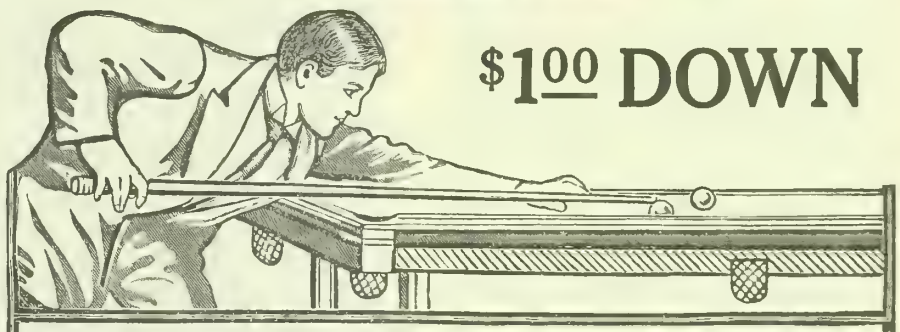

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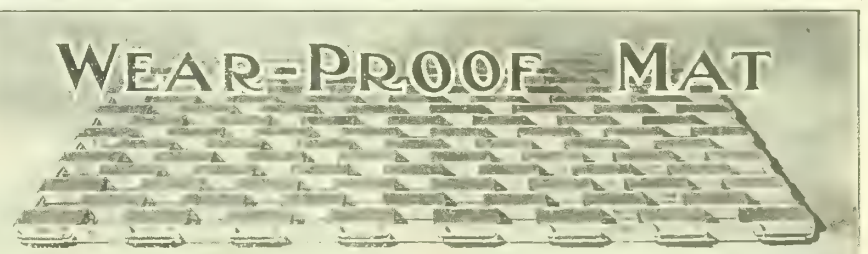

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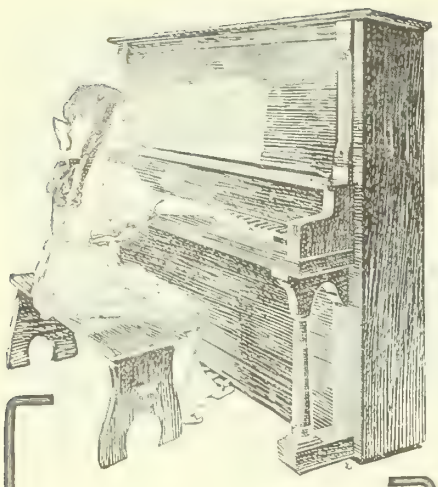

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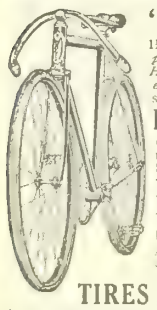

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"You've the right idea, Warren." Lewis was fairly beaming. It had been perfectly simple after all. Having reached this conclusion, he was off on another tack: "You remember I spoke to you a short time ago about your committees?"

Jim Warren nodded.

"There are two or three places still open—particularly one on the Committee on Public Structures. It's an important committee, as you know. Tillinghast has been considering you for the place, because he knows you to be a practical man. I came up partly to tell you this and to suggest that if you get an invitation to Tillinghast's country place for a week-end it would be to your advantage to accept it. Is it necessary to say more?"

Jim Warren arose and smashed one clenched fist into the palm of his hand. If he, a first-year man, could only get on one of the big committees! He had not dared to hope for so much; and yet—in those committees was the power.

"I understand," he said. "What am I to do for this?" He was searching Lewis' bland face. "How do I pay for it?"

"Pay for it?" Lewis repeated as if astonished. "You know you've got a totally wrong idea of what the legislature is?" he went on. "There are things to be done and some one must do them. Occasionally we'll admit there is something questionable, but everybody in the legislature isn't crooked. You'll have to get that idea out of your head."

"I'll go," Jim Warren said.

"Do," said Lewis. "You'll be back Sunday evening, I dare say? I may run by and see you for a moment, to see how it came out. I had a deuce of a time finding your place here," he remarked carelessly. "You'll pardon me, I know; but you are abominably situated for a man of your position. If Warburton should send a delegation up here to see you you'd——" He stopped.

"I'm poor, Lewis," Jim Warren explained simply. "I gave up two thousand a year to take eight hundred. I can't afford better than this."

Lewis seemed about to say something more, but changed his mind and left.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TOO MUCH GOLD

(Concluded from Page 11)

calculated deterioration as to its value over the loan period will have to be paid by the borrower in an increased rate of interest. Railroads are hoping for the return of a period when they can sell low interest-bearing bonds. In my opinion that period will never come with the loan payable in gold. The day of three and a half per cent for the best borrowers has passed, never to return, and long-term bonds will not be so desirable as they were in the past. The rapid advance in intelligence and education in the science of money and values is bound to disturb the blind and orthodox belief in the value of gold as a commodity. More and more shall we see that it is safer to own the stocks of, say, a railroad having no bonds than the bonds of a railroad, because the stock ownership represents good property, something intrinsically valuable; whereas, with the bonds, speculators could step in and pay them off with a depreciated commodity.

"To my mind, merchants' notes taken for goods sold or advances on goods in transit are the highest securities; next, short-term state securities, with the taxing power behind, and short real-estate mortgages."

The most striking phrase is where Mr. Edison says: "Thinking masters of capital will hesitate to loan money to be repaid at some long period in the future with this commodity. If they loan at all, and place themselves at the mercy of a steam shovel and a chemical works, the calculated deterioration as to its value over the loan period will have to be paid by the borrower in an increased rate of interest."

Considering that, unlike many professional economists and academic students, Mr. Edison is thoroughly familiar with the mechanical and chemical side of this great problem as well as the theory, I believe this to be the most astounding statement on the "gold theory" that has ever come from the pen of any living man; and it is certainly worthy of the most careful consideration by every banker, merchant and investor.

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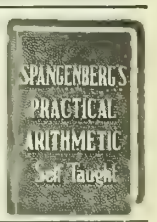

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PROFESSIONAL FARMING

(Concluded from Page 13)

agricultural colleges. The student in the common and high schools should keep up the same studies as are now required: the languages, mathematics, history, literature and the elementary sciences; but if there are those in school who expect to make farming or any of its allied branches a lifework there ought to be courses of study leading up to this line of endeavor. There are many farmers who cannot send their children through a college, or even to a district agricultural school, who could and would sacrifice considerable time, money and energy to give their children a high-school education along agricultural lines.

Each state should have courses worked out to suit its own peculiar conditions of soil, climate and meteorology. A law student in New York can study the law in one state and successfully practice in another, but an agricultural student in New Jersey or Florida would have to do much work different from that needed to prepare himself for farming in Oregon or Arizona, on account of differences in soil, climate and the crops raised.

Lessons in Plant Life

In the common schools the pupils should be taught how plants grow, how to cultivate them, how to prepare the ground and sow the seed of flowers and garden-plants, the value of fertilization and the necessity of thorough cultivation. Even if the child does not intend making farming a means of livelihood, possession of this knowledge would give him great pleasure as he grows older. One often hears a housewife bemoaning the fact that she cannot make her home as attractive as she wishes because she does not succeed with house-plants. A few hours' training and instruction each week in school would have changed all this.

An agricultural high school would be much the same as a manual-training high school. There would be more or less theoretical work, of course, but much that was practical as well. The chemistry of soils and plants could, for example, be mastered; all the essentials of preparing the soil, seed-selection, cultivation and harvesting could be taught thoroughly by those who made the experiments on the school grounds or near by. The theories of stock-breeding, studies of the values of different breeds, how to breed and feed stock for special purposes and how to care for each for best results in its particular line, are all matters that can be taught even though not actually demonstrated in the schools.

An agricultural high school could allot to the morning the usual high-school courses—literature, languages, mathematics and the general sciences, including elementary botany, physics and geology—and to the afternoon study and practice work pertaining to agricultural science. This would include the actual growing of the plants, perhaps, in soils from different neighboring farms or from an experimental farm in connection with the school. An agricultural education is more or less an education by demonstration and experiments in how to do things, and the work of an agricultural high school would combine the usual high-school studies with work in the soil and practice with actual growths.

The larger farm experiments and the actual practice in any extended way must be left necessarily to the agricultural colleges and their experiment stations. There the demonstrations are carried on for successive years by actual farm tests. Of course, in the high schools, the results of the college experiments and teachings would be studied, analyzed and put into use as far as practicable. These would be of immense benefit to every one taking the courses, even if they could not go further. In the agricultural college the work would be much the same as in any professional or trade school. The students should be given a complete theoretical knowledge, with actual work in growing all the crops useful to the state in which they live. There should be exhaustive studies of soils and seed-selection, the chemistry of soils and plants, and practical demonstrations in cultivation, fertilization, harvesting and the storing of crops.

Only in recent years has an effort been made to arouse interest in scientific professional agriculture, but already the farmers are taking such a hold on the proposition that the agricultural schools are overcrowded. Until now the work of the agricultural school has been limited mostly to one locality in each state, but it is becoming the vogue to establish branch schools and experiment stations in different parts of the states, both for convenience and for a better dealing at short range with local conditions.

The movement has gained great impetus during the last three or four years through the farmers' institutes—real movable schools, sent out over the state by the agricultural college, teaching the various branches by lectures and demonstration. There is not much chance of interesting the farm boys in professional farming unless the fathers are interested. These institutes are arousing this interest, and parents are beginning to discern the advantages of scientific farming, whereby they are persuaded to send their children to the agricultural school to learn the work thoroughly. Agricultural colleges of the Mississippi Valley states are leaders in all this propaganda. Throughout the year members of the college faculties and the more advanced students are traveling about their states, telling how to make two stalks of wheat or corn or grass grow where only one grew before, and how to compound rations for the most rapid, economical and profitable fattening of meat animals and for the highest production from dairy cows.

More Schools Needed

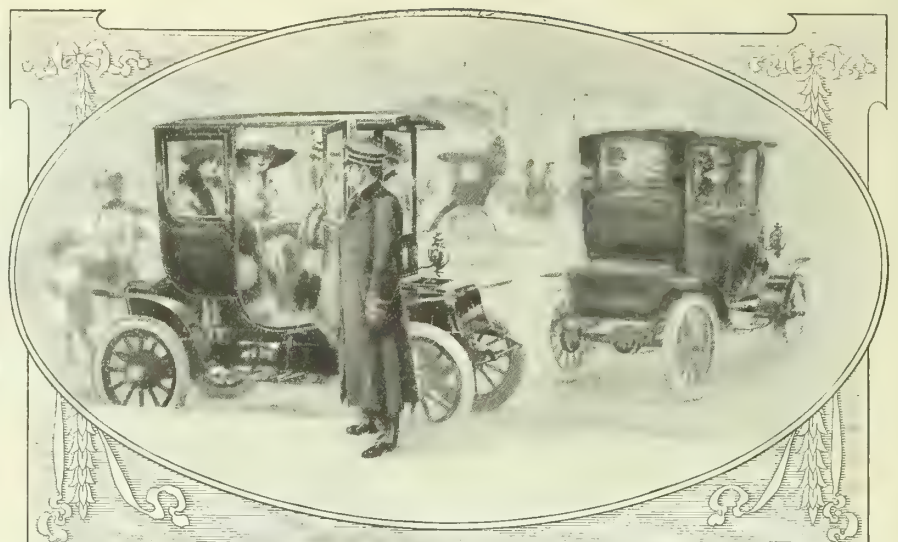
A scheme, even better than the movable schools, but to which the latter are a happy complement, is just now being developed in Kansas. In several counties experimental farms are being established, the county poor farms being used for the purpose. The agricultural college sends professors or advanced students to take charge of or rather supervise and direct the planting and tillage. The soils and climate conditions are studied and then such crops are planted and methods pursued as seem most suitable to the situation. The actual labor is done by local people, but all the time under the supervision of college instructors, and every phase of farmwork is given consideration.

One difficulty with mere printed instructions always has been that when the experiment stations sent out, say, a bulletin showing how wheat had been made to yield, in some distant county, thirty bushels to the acre when the ordinary yield was half that or less, the skeptic would say, "Oh, well, that will not help us, as the soil is different there from ours, and they have more rain than we have!" The work of the county farms shows what can be done right in the neighborhood of their location. Although a very new undertaking, its influence for better farming is already noticeable.

Secretary Wilson, of the National Department of Agriculture, says there ought to be one hundred thousand students in the agricultural colleges. There ought to be many times that number. There are not enough schools to care for their present attendance, or the present schools are not large enough. In most states far more attention is paid to the usual college work and that of the professional schools than to the agricultural schools; in fact, by comparison the latter is insignificant.

Methodical farming has a most intimate relation to the cost of living and the production of sufficient foodstuffs to satisfy the hourly increasing demand. The trained farmers are the ones who will meet these oncoming issues. The possibilities of production have not been reached here, as in the older countries. The limit in America will never be reached until farming becomes a profession—until every acre is made to do its utmost, with its strength conserved and added to for the future years.

Agriculture, the most important of all businesses, has been sadly neglected in the educational systems of the country, but promises to come into its rightful place as a real profession; and it will not be so many years before the citizen educated to and for his business of tilling the soil, as others are educated for their specialties, will stand in the same class as members of other professions, and receive the benefit of the rule that to the best-trained minds belong and come the greatest returns.



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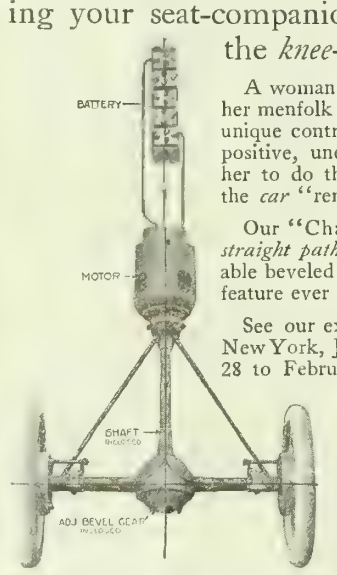

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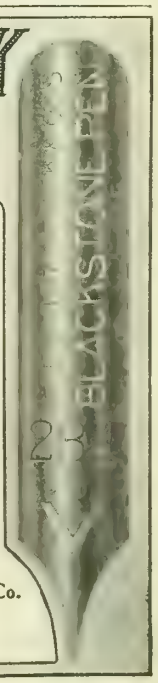

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The Million-Dollar Twins

(Continued from Page 5)

"'Enery, 'adn't they orter say their pra'ers?"

"Course they orter," says I, sorter put out that I hadn't thought about that myself. So we knelt 'em down and showed 'em how to put their hands together, but they only laughed and took it for some sort of a game.

"Blarst me!" says Bill; "they hain't been taught no pra'ers. I misdoubt as 'ow they never been brought up proper."

"You say the Lord's Pra'er slow, Bill," says I. "Mebbe they can say it arter you."

Bill, he got red as a turkey-cock. Then he swallers once or twice, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and starts in; but he got stuck afore long and I had to help him out. The twins, they lisped it the best they could; but I see it was too long for a starter, so I told Bill we'd better have 'em begin on "Now I lay me." They done that better, the words not bein' so long.

That night, while we was havin' a smoke on deck, I says to Bill:

"Bill," says I, "you're jes' a plain sailorman, but I'm ten year older'n wot you be and a heap wiser 'bout some things. Now a man couldn't have a nicer little brace o' shipmates than wot we have; but it won't do."

"W'y not?" growls Bill.

"First place," says I, "they ain't ourn. Second place, when Mr. Stirling gits acrost and finds that the torpedo boat didn't find them twins, he's goin' to have a fit."

"I 'adn't thought o' that," growls Bill.

"Third place," says I, "sooner or later somebody's bound to locate 'em; and then it's the jug for ourn. Fourth place, there's the two thousand dollars we stand to lose. No, sir; all things took into consideration, we got to hand over them twins."

"'Oo to?" asks Bill. "Blarst me if I'll 'and 'em over to the mother! Her ain't no fit'n' proper person."

"That there is true as the log book, Bill," says I; "but wot's the matter with turnin' 'em over to the father?"

"'E ain't 'ere," says Bill.

"No," says I, "he ain't; but wot's to pervent us deliverin' these here twins to him t'other side the pond?"

Bill, he saw my drift, then, and his eyes stuck out like a crab's.

"Wot!" he cries, jumpin' to his feet. "Sail 'em hover in this?"

"Why not?" says I. "This yawl's stanch and able, and her log book shows as how she's been to Bermuder and the West Injies."

"'Enery!" Bill almost roars. "Wot, hexpose the lives of them two innercent babes!"

"Hush," says I, "or you'll wake 'em. It wouldn't expose 'em none. This here yawl could go anywhere. I ain't sayin' she's the Dreadnought, but she's sound to the core of her and well found throughout. There's that suit o' winter sails in the lazaret; and she's got all the instruments—sextant and chr'nometer and taffrail log—and the like. She ain't so dull, neither. Mr. Stirling, he's a pretty good sailorman himself, I take it; and, bein' a millionaire-like, he wa'n't fixin' neither to drown himself nor starve himself when he built this one. Now, you're a navigator, havin' a mate's papers, and I ain't no such slouch for all my sixty year. I ain't sayin' as how I'm a 'grand old man'; but, as Shakspere puts it, Bill: '. . . My age is as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly.'" I riz up. "Let me go with you. I'll do the sarvice of a younger man," says I.

Bill, he was impressed. Just the same, he started in to object; but I hove more Shakspere into him. Them quotations has a heap of effect on seafarin' men.

"'Lame me not with reasons,'" says I. "'All difficulties are but easy when they are known,' Bill, as Shakspere bootifully puts it."

Bill, he weakened.

"'Ow about grub?" says he.

"We've got that hundred Mr. Stirling give us," says I; "and, besides, I kin git all the credit we want. I'll leave these here boats with the storekeeper and take sixteen-foot dories in their place. If Mr. Stirling would give us a thou' apiece jes' for sailin' them twins acrost the Sound, like as not he'd double it for sailin' 'em acrost the Atlantic. Then you cud buy

Fashions Change in Watch Cases

You usually know an old or out-of-date watch by its case—not always because the case shows wear but because it is out of style. As a rule, the better the case the better the design and the longer it stays in style.

It is the worst possible economy to buy a cheap or a trashy watch case. It is not fair to a good movement to put it in a poorly made case. Then, too, the case represents a substantial part of your watch investment—and if you want your money's worth you must know who made the *case* as well as the movement.

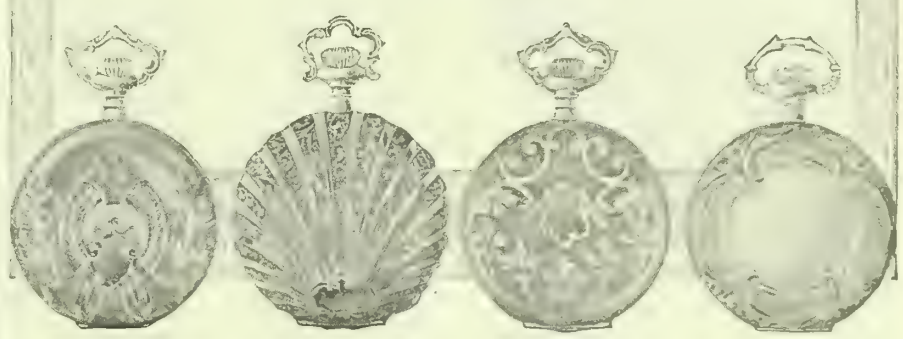
The trade marks illustrated below are your safeguard. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for 50 years. They mean absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay, in construction of a watch case. Be sure to find them. Every good jeweler in this country knows the marks and carries the cases. They are made for ladies' and men's watches—plain, engine-turned, engraved or enameled. All sizes, all patterns.

TRADE MARK CRESCENT GOLD FILLED

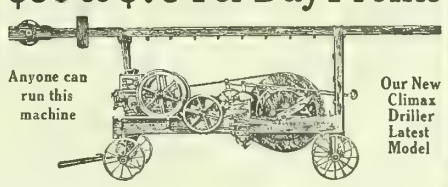
KEYSTONE 14 K TRADE MARK KEYSTONE SOLID GOLD

TRADE MARK JAS. BOSS GOLD FILLED

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia



$50 to $75 Per Day Profits



Anyone can run this machine

Our New Climax Driller Latest Model

The well-drilling business offers great possibilities for big, quick money making. Two South Dakota men made over $100,000 in ten years drilling wells. E. A. Price, of Buffalo, Minn., earned $717 in 75 hours with our machine.

Waterloo Well Drilling Outfits

have been standard for over 43 years. Every town home, farm and ranch must have its own water supply. Many drillers' time booked six months ahead. Write today for our 128-page *free* illustrated book. The finest and most complete ever published on this subject. (28)

THE ARMSTRONG-QUAM MFG. CO.
1528 Chestnut St. (Established 1867) Waterloo, Iowa

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Illustrating and Cartooning
properly taught by mail. Pleasant and profitable work.

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Handsome illustrated book on art study sent free. A reliable school at the National Capital.

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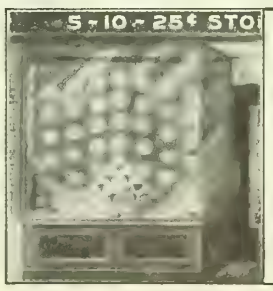
THE "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. per week. Gives 500 candle power light and casts no shadow. No dirt, grease, nor odor. Unequalled for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Public Halls, etc. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St. CANTON, O.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about town[illegible] business, rents, etc., in every part of the United States, so can tell you where places where a new store can start with small capital and grow from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information. I have free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

The Lullaby Brooder

Poultrymen!

You lose too many chickens

Don't let another day pass without trying out the Lullaby yourself.

Equally as good whether for brood of 25, or 100, or 10,000, broods of 25 each.

Saves time, labor and big losses you have experienced in the past.

Freeport, Me., February 21, 1910.
The Park & Pollard Co., Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen: I received the brooders and have 40 chicks in one of them. I am delighted with it and shall send for more.
(Signed) MRS. CHAS. T. LAMBERT.

Only $1.50 Delivered

And your money back if not what we claim you take no chances for you are to be the judge.

But once you have used the Lullaby, your troubles will be over, your work more pleasant and decidedly more profitable.

Order the Lullaby of Your Dealer Today

If he will not supply you, order of us direct.

Anyway, write today sure for our Poultry Almanac—tells all about the Lullaby, and full of valuable poultry information. Worth $1.00, but free if you write for it.

The PARK & POLLARD CO.

Originators of DRY-MASH Makes them LAY OR BUST *Feeding System*

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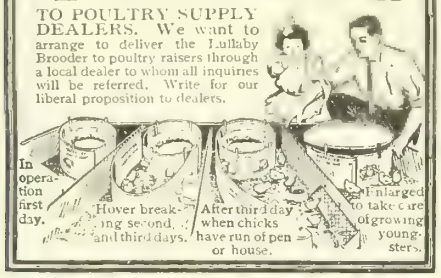
TO POULTRY SUPPLY DEALERS. We want to arrange to deliver the Lullaby Brooder to poultry raisers through a local dealer to whom all inquiries will be referred. Write for our liberal proposition to dealers.


In operation first day.
Hover breaking second and third days.
After third day when chicks have run of pen or house.
Enlarged to take care of growing youngsters.

The Billets That Hit the Popular Taste

These solid chocolates made good from the start. Their flavor is different. Everybody who tastes them wants more. Business men have some in their pockets to satisfy that between-meal hunger. Shoppers carry them in their purses. Children take them to school and also enjoy them at home.

ZATEK CHOCOLATE BILLETS

are solid chocolates in tin-foil jackets, which keep them dainty, fresh and clean.

How to Get Them

Ask your dealer for Zatek Billets. If he hasn't them send us 25c and your dealer's name and receive by return mail the special quarter-pound box shown above.

A half-pound box prepaid to your express station for 50c; or a full pound for $1.00; or a five pound box for $4.00.

We have a proposition that will interest every dealer.

PENNSYLVANIA CHOCOLATE CO.
Dept. N, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mokers of Cocoa, Chocolate Liquors, Coatings, etc.

PATENTS
WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to protect them. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.
Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned.
H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
(Successors to Woodward & Chandlee)
1257 F Street, Washington, D.C.

that there little farm down in Devon for your old mar," says I, crafty.

"S'posin' the young uns was took sick, 'Enery?" he asks.

"They won't be, oncet they git the land grub outer their systems," says I. "We'll lay in the best stock of airtights money can buy and enough bottled spring-water to last 'em right acrost. Them twins will thrive on the trip. I'll write a letter to Mr. Stirling to say what we're aplannin' to do and send it care o' the American counsel at London. You can take her over straight, can't you?"

"Course I can, growls Bill. "I'd be marster of a wessel now if only I was better edicated."

. . . . . .

We wa'n't many days gittin' ready for sea. Bill, he shifted to the winter suit o' sails, which was smaller and heavier and—like everything else aboard nigh brand-new. I wrote a letter to Mr. Stirling and it read like this:

MR. JOHN B. STUYVESANT-STIRLING,
Esquire.
Steam Yacht Sacondaga,
Care United States Counsel,
London, England.

Dear Sir: I take my pen in hand to inform you that your twins is safe and well, said twins bein' still aboard the yawl in care of Willyum Hawkins and your obedient servant. When we sighted the torpedo boat on the port quarter of the steam yacht, Masters Randolph and Cecil was took ashore to the Middle Ground by Hawkins. Plain-clothes men, failin' to find twins, went off on torpedo boat, same bein' detailed to look for yawl; since then twins has remained on yawl, they bein' well and tended careful. Twins is washed every mornin' and fed and dressed all shipshape and proper.

Not knowin' what to do with twins, and learnin' that yacht was last sighted outwardbound off Montauk, and wishin' to deliver twins, Hawkins and your obedient servant now plans to deliver twins to you in England and hopes to make the v'yage, wind and weather permittin' and yawl bein' a smart sailer for her weight. Am plannin' to carry all provisions proper for health and happiness of said twins and bottled water for same, with best brands of soup and milk, and live chickens to last until same is eat, which ought to last two weeks. Are shiftin' sails aboard yawl for winter suit, Hawkins advisin' same for heavy weather, we bein' shorthanded.

Hopin' such plans meet with your approval and with compliments of the season, yours truly,

HENRY JUDD & WILLYUM HAWKINS.

P. S. Twins can now say "Now I lay me." Twins enj'yin' best of health. Teeth and stummicks O. K.

Bill was right pleased with this here letter.

"I never would 'a' guessed you 'ad it in you, 'Enery," says he. "That there letter ought to give their par a heap o' comfort."

I reckoned so too, especial wot I said about the twins bein' washed and dressed proper. I hated to have him think that becuz them young uns was in the care of a sorter wanderin' philosopher like me they might get frowsy and lose their self-respec'.

We didn't have no trouble at all about our stores. We was alayin' off New Suffolk and when we was all ready for sea I went in and hunted up a shipchandler. I had on a good suit o' blues I'd found in a locker and a smart-lookin' cap. Says I to the storekeeper:

"I just got a telegram from my owner. He wants me to take stores for a v'yage to Halifax. Party of eight. I got a list here; and if you set the stores right aboard the owner will settle the bill as soon as he gits here."

"Oh, that's all right," says the storekeeper. "Let's see your list."

I give him the list, which I'd made out the day before.

"Kin you git ahold of a couple o' fishin' dories?" I asked. "I figger to leave our two boats and take the dories instid."

"Sure," says he.

"Then, if you got some place to stow 'em," says I, "s'pose I leave my boats here with you. My owner's apt to wire me that he's comin' by any train and he don't like to be kep' waitin'.

"I'll take care of 'em," says he.

This was all right for us, because them boats of the yawl was new, clinker-built

15 Years Here

First National Bank.
Huntington, L. I., Aug. 1, 1910.

MESSRS. OSTERMOOR & CO.

My first Ostermoor Mattress was purchased **15 years ago** to replace a very expensive hair one, which the Ostermoor much surpasses both in comfort, cleanliness and durability.

As I wrote you when General Manager of the Maine Steamship Co. in 1904, we found the 3000 Ostermoor Mattresses you furnished in equipping throughout the steamships *North Star*, *John Englis* and *Horatio Hall*, proved to be all you claimed for them—they have given the utmost satisfaction in every way to our patrons, who were delighted with their comfort and luxury.

Yours very truly,
HORATIO HALL, *Vice-Pres.*

Ostermoor $15.

"Built—not Stuffed"

YOU choose between two kinds of mattresses—Ostermoor and an imitation. They both *look* alike, possibly *feel* alike—at first. The Ostermoor is backed by a record of nearly fifty-seven years' service and *proven worth*. The other is only an untried imitation simply *sold* as "just as good as" the Ostermoor. **Which mattress do you want?**

The Ostermoor is *built*—not stuffed. Upon this *built-in* quality the Ostermoor bases years of service no other mattress in the world can equal. During all these years it has been the choice in homes of all classes, because:

It is the most comfortable—it cannot sag or bag, grow lumpy or bumpy—a result of its hand-laid construction.

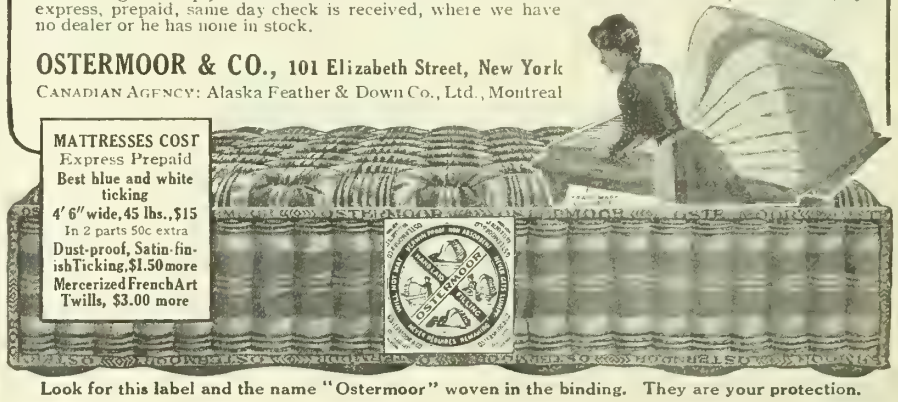
It is absolutely clean and sanitary—sterilized, germ-proof, vermin-proof, damp-proof, odor-proof.

Its comfort and its quality are the most lasting—the Ostermoor is the only mattress that can show letters from prominent people who attest that after generations of use their mattresses are as comfortable as when new. Be assured of the genuine Ostermoor by seeing our trademark sewed on the end.

Write for 144 Page Book and Samples, Free

Buy from your Ostermoor dealer—his name will be sent if you write us. Do not be deceived into taking a cheaply constructed imitation offered at another store. We will ship a mattress, by express, prepaid, same day check is received, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 101 Elizabeth Street, New York
CANADIAN AGENCY: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal


MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4' 6" wide, 45 lbs., $15
In 2 parts 50c extra
Dust-proof, Satin-finish Ticking, $1.50 more
Mercerized French Art Twills, $3.00 more

Look for this label and the name "Ostermoor" woven in the binding. They are your protection.

PLAIN OR BEADED EDGE

VASSAR PINS

Made of tempered steel with coil spring and needle points that pass through the stiffest linen without tearing it.

Either pattern same price.

10c for card of four, size No. 00 or No. 0, or for card of three, size No. 1. Nickel Plate, Jet or Dull Black.

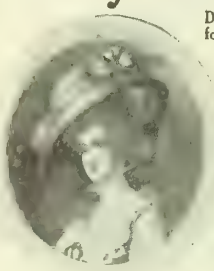
25c for card of two, any size, 14 K. Roman Plate or Bright Rolled Gold that will wear for years.

Not sold in less than card lots.

If your dealer does not keep Vassar Dress Pins, we will send one or more cards of style and size wanted on receipt of price and dealer's name. Money back if not satisfied.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
170 Farrand Street Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lady Bell" Icing



Delicious New Dainty for spreading on the cake.

Saves the time and worry of making icing. Gives perfect results and keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely after tin is opened.

White and Chocolate. 25c, 50c, $1 tins

Made by makers of "Lady Bell" Cocoa
After Dinner Mint.

If not at your dealer's, send to us direct.

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A Poultry Chance Famous Queen Incubator sent out on make-good plan. Long time free trial, 10 year guarantee. Direct from the factory. Hatchers that make poultry a money-making business. I'll start you. Write for fine free book, giving wonderfully liberal offer.
WICKSTRUM, Queen Incubator Man, Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.

Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

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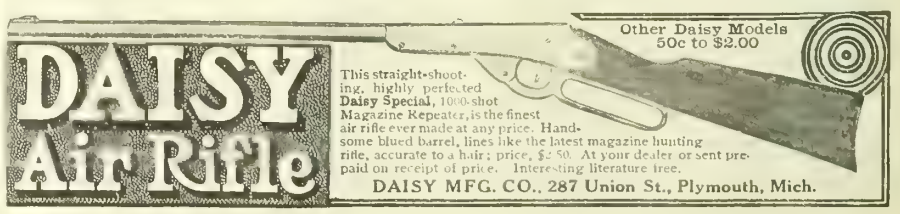
DAISY Air Rifle



Other Daisy Models 50c to $2.00

This straight-shooting, highly perfected **Daisy Special**, 1000-shot Magazine Repeater, is the finest air rifle ever made at any price. Handsome blued barrel, lines like the latest magazine hunting rifle, accurate to a hair; price, $2.50. At your dealer or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Interesting literature free.

DAISY MFG. CO., 287 Union St., Plymouth, Mich.

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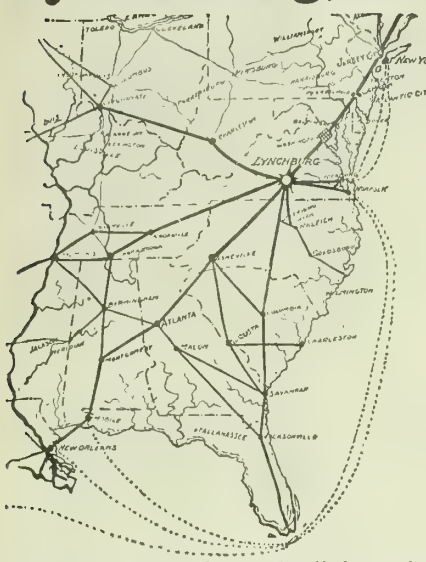

Manufacturing ability and a little capital were the original assets of Lynchburg's successful business men.

Freight rates and unequaled distributing facilities have made this city, viz.:

In Shoe Production 5th in the United States

Larger Wholesale Market than Richmond, Atlanta, Memphis, New Orleans—any Southern city in dry goods, notions, shoes.

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ADVISORY BOARD, Chamber of Commerce, Lynchburg, Va.

Start your own Business

It only takes a small amount of capital to do it.

The PECK Patented

Pencil Slot Machine

is the Business. Only machine of its kind in the world. Sold outright. Price $15.00. No Royalties.

Machine sells lead pencils of any standard size or make. Can sell 25 to 50 pencils a minute. Each pencil it sells yields at least 100% profit.

Think of the Market for Pencils. Everyone Uses Them Every Day.

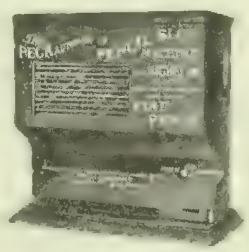
Machine can be set up anywhere—in or outdoors—in stores of all kinds, newsstands, cafes, railroad stations, near schools, or any other public place. A few sales per day quickly pay for it.

Machine built of green and gold enameled steel—12" high, 12" wide, 6½" deep—weighs 18 lbs.—holds 144 pencils in plain sight of buyer—guaranteed slug and thief proof.

Order 1, 2 or 3 machines as a trial. Send money with order. We prepay express charges to all points. Orders filled on day received—no delays.

If machines don't make good, return them at our expense. We will refund purchase price.

Exclusive city or county rights considered where machines are bought in large quantities.



E. W. PECK CO.
1123 Broadway, New York

OUR ALFALFA Government tested 98 to 99% pure—flourishes everywhere. Write for Free Book on all Garden and Field seeds. Write today.

Griswold Seed Co., 121 So. 10th St., Lincoln, Neb.

cedar ones and wuth nigh on to a hundred dollars apiece. I cal'lated the store bill would come nigh on to a hundred and the dories maybe forty or fifty for the two; that left the storekeeper with good security, seein' as I had no idee of payin' his bill. But I wa'n't exactly payin' it with the luff of my mainsail, neither, seein' as I was leavin' them boats.

Bill fetched off the stuff from the landin' the next day and as soon as it got dark I dropped into the store.

"Just got a telegram from my owner to run acrost to Saybrook to pick up him and his party," says I. "If it's all the same to you I'll settle that there bill when we call back for them boats."

"Oh, that's all right, cap'n," says he, and give me a box o' seegars.

So we made sail and got out with a nice little breeze from the nor'west. We was sure well pervisioned, wot with all the tinned and pickled stuff and two dozen hens loose in the forecastle, with a gratin' over the hatch. I put 'em in there and fixed up nests in the bunks so's they could lay some eggs if they was a mind to; and sure enough they done it too. Moki was powerful interested in them chickens, and would 'a' spent most of his time acockin his ears at the gratin' and barkin' if Bill hadn't sent him down below to mind the twins.

Well, sir, the weather was fine, with westerly winds; and at the end of the first week Bill reckoned we'd made nigh on to a thousand mile. Crossin' the Grand Banks, Bill was powerful oneasy, for we got white fogs and there was icebergs about—so Bill said; and one night it seemed like we cud smell the ice and the water got cold sudden. Bill, he didn't sleep much; nor me neither—one of us on lookout for'ard and hammerin' the bell steady.

Oncet clear o' the Banks, we got a ripsnortin' old nor'wester and tore off the knots handsome. The yawl was sure a good sea boat, dry as punk; and she kep' amovin' too.

Them twins took to it like little petrels. I'd got 'em some little knit pants and jerseys and they was on deck most of the time, tethered out by lanyards so's they couldn't git to the rail.

Cecil, he got took with a stomachache the third day out, and Bill fretted something fierce. He wanted to put into Halifax, but I give the little feller a dose of ile and he was all right in a few hours, seemin' all the better for havin' got his system rensed out like. They had lots of fun feedin' them hens, bein' too young to notice as how the poultry yard was shrinkin' from day to day.

Halfway acrost we caught a bit of heavy weather and was hove to for thirty hours, but the yawl rid out the blow like a gull, shippin' a bit of spray, but nothin' serious; and this give me and Bill a chancet to rest up a mite. We stood watch and watch and Bill allowed he'd never had a easier v'yage. Every mornin' I give the twins their bath and at night Bill sung 'em to sleep with his "Sam'l Hall" chantey, which seemed to have a soothin' effect. It was a pretty sight to see Bill with them babies and Moki in his arms, asingin' that way, though the words wa'n't jes' what they orter been for a lullaby. But we both figgered that the kiddies was too young to take any real harm from it.

The only thing that worried me a mite was that I see from the start that Bill wa'n't no great shakes with the hog-yoke. So long as the wind was fair we could do pretty well on dead reck'nin'; but we knowed there was a current under us and when we'd been out sixteen days I begun to git a little oneasy. But Bill didn't seem bothered none.

"I growed up in a 'oveler's boat, 'Enery," says he, "and once we drawr in on the land I can smell the way."

The seventeenth day out Ran was tuk right sick, 'count o' Bill afeedin' him too many can peaches. Bill, he was nigh crazy. It was sorter understood betwixt us that Cecil was my twin and Ran was Bill's, but I p'inted out that that wa'n't no reason why he should go to interferin' with his rations. Bill was that distressed that it was plum' touchin'.

"I 'adn't orter went and done it, 'Enery," says Bill, alistenin' to Ran's wails with his face workin'. "I'll mind the wheel all night and you stop down below anursin' of 'im and watchin' of 'is symptoms. If you need any 'elp give me a call and I'll 'eave 'er to and lend a 'and."

"How you talk, Bill!" says I. "Do you reckon he's goin' to get that vi'lent I can't

"Kellerstrass Way" of Raising Chickens

My Book tells you everything that is necessary in conducting a successful poultry business.

It took me years to write this book. It is the result of practical, hard-earned experience.

There isn't a thing that would make you successful in the poultry business that is not fully shown and explained in this book.

I HAVE written a book that tells how I took a flock of 1638 chickens, and made them net me a profit of $11.09 per bird in 12 months' time.

It tells how I made $3,600.00 in one season from 30 hens, on a city lot 24x40, just by feeding the scraps from my table three times a day. I'll give you the names of those who paid me over $2,000 for the eggs alone from these hens. You can write to these people.

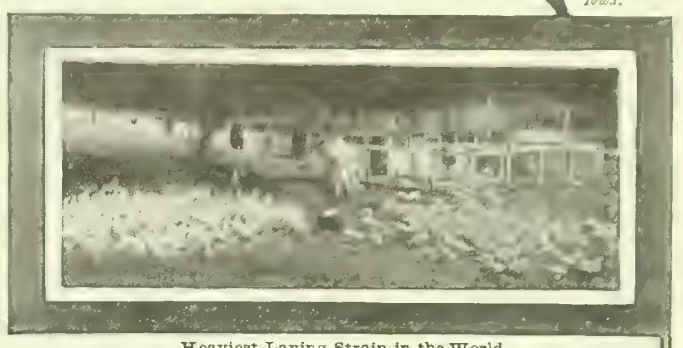
"I Made $18,178.53 Net Profit In One Year Selling Chickens and Eggs"

It was a rare treat to ... a visit to the ... Kellerstrass ... originator of the Crystal White ... pington, ... famous the ... over. Mr. K. ... strass ... a pen of ... $25,000 ... birds at the Chicago Show.—*Western Poultry Journal, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

I tell you, in this book, how I make my chickens weigh 2½ lbs. in eight weeks. I tell you how I prepared my chickens for the show room so that I won over 90 per cent of all the blue ribbons offered during 1907 and 1908.

This valuable information has never been published before. This book tells how I feed my chickens for egg-production—how I keep them healthy and free from disease—how I break up my broody hens without injury to them. I tell you how I pack my eggs so as to keep them fresh—how I mate my chickens to produce best results in fertility of eggs and quality of offspring. I tell you how I operate my incubators and brooders—how I supply moisture. I tell you how I raised my famous $10,000 hen "Peggy"—and how I produced my big egg-laying strain. I tell about broiler-plants, egg-plants, etc.

It covers all branches—it tells everything necessary for successful poultry raising. It tells how I started, and what I have accomplished. It shows you a picture of the first hen house I built, 6x6 feet in size. It contains over 50 full-page pictures of buildings and views taken on my farm. It was written from actual, practical experience.



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Yours respectfully,
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Best dollar's worth I've ever received.
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I received your book sent me Saturday a m. It would have been worth to me $500.00 if I had had it last spring. "Good Book," common sense learned by hard-earned experience. Worth $1,000 to me. Respectfully, L. R. HAYWARD.

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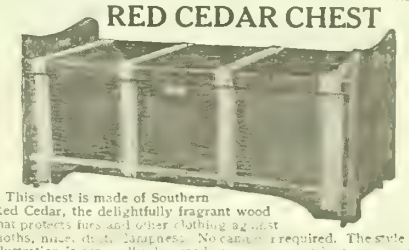

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hold him? 'Tain't nothin' but a light attack o' cholery-morbus."

"Wot!" cries Bill. "Did you say 'cholery,' 'Enery? Oh, my Gord!"

"Cholery-morbus," says I. "It ain't noway serious."

Says Bill, sweatin': "If you'd see a hull ship's comp'ny down with it like wot I have, you'd say 'twas serious, 'Enery. Wot's to be done?"

"You go back and take the wheel and leave him to me," says I. "My young uns had it frequent and we fetched 'em through all right not that they ever growed up to be a credit to me," says I. "If they had I never would 'a' hit the grit. This here twin ain't in no grave danger. Gimme that ile," says I, "and git on deck. She's rammin' all over the hull Atlantic."

So Bill went on deck, lookin' below from time to time. I was up all night with Ran, but toward mornin' he quieted down and in a couple o' days was chipper as a cock robin. But the strain told on Bill more than you cud b'lieve.

One day—'twas the nineteenth out—Bill says to me:

"We orter sight Bishop's Rock Light tonight. I've 'eld away to the southard apurpose, becuz once into the mouth o' the Channel I'll feel like I was 'ome."

A little after dark he clumb aloft and a minute later I hear him let out a yell.

"That's 'er!" he shouts. "We're all right now, 'Enery. Port yer 'ellum, mate, and swing her up a couple o' p'ints."

The night was cl'ar and Bill, he'd seen the flash of the light agin the sky. He wa'n't but about twenty mile out of his course, which was pretty good, c'nsiderin'. Daylight found us sailin' over a smooth sea, with Bishop's Rock stickin' up like a big chimbly far astern. Then came a surprise; for, a little later, Bill sights a vessel bearin' down on the port bow and directly we makes her out to be a big white steam yacht.

"S'elp me, 'Enery," says Bill, astudyin' her through the glass, "troo as I'm astandin' 'ere, I b'lieve it's the Sacondaga."

Down come the yacht, the water fairly bilin' under her slick bows. Straight for us she come; and as she drew nigh we see the Stars and Stripes streamin' from her taffrail and the shrouds black with men. Then—Wop! -Wow!-wow!-wow! goes her sireen.

"It's the marster!" yells Bill.

And the marster it was. I tell you that there yacht was sure a sight as she come afoamin' down, with her sireen ascreechin' and the black smoke abelchin' from her stack. I'll bet them stokers was shovelin' some. Clost aboard and—Boom! went a gun and the ensign fluttered down in salute.

"Dip, 'Enery; dip!" shouts Bill, and makes a rush for the flag halyards.

A cable's length away we hear the telegraph ring to stop, then go astern. The white water churned up around her quarters; then she stopped and lay there heavin' slowly on the long swell. Even afore she lost her headway the boat-falls screeched and a la'nch tuk the water with a swash. Bill was tuggin' at the ensign halyards, but I thought o' somethin' better; and grabbin' Cecil in one hand and Ran in t'other I h'isted 'em up over my head. They thought it was some sort of a new game and piped out cheerful, clappin' their chubby little fists. Then they seen 'em from the yacht's bridge—and Wop! Wow! goes the old sireen and everybody aboard yelled theirselves hoarse.

Mr. Stirling, he didn't wait for the la'nch to go to the ladder, but come down the falls with the crew; and in no time the la'nch was churnin' up the water alongside us. That there was the proudest moment o' my life.

"Popper!" says I to the twins. "Holler to popper."

"Popper! Popper!" they sings out, the two of 'em, tuggin' at the lanyards. Bill, he casts 'em off and picks up Ran, while I collars Cecil. As Mr. Stirling leaped aboard we shoved them babies into his arms.

"'Ere you are, sir," says Bill. "All A 1 at Lloyd's, they be."

Well, it seemed like Mr. Stirling would jes' eat them twins. He was blubbin' like a baby himself and Bill was aswallerin' an' gulpin'; and I, for all my sixty year, was weepin' like a lost child. But so was all hands, I reckon.

Mr. Stirling turns to us and gives us a grip o' the fist, him not fit to say nothin'. Then he bundles the four of us and Moki, who was hoppin' around yelpin' his head off, into the la'nch and leaves three or four hands aboard the yawl. We went back aboard the yacht and everybody crowded round and shook us by the hand. It was a plum' joyful occasion, especial when we shot alongside and the yacht's crew cheered theirselves hoarse. Then up come the steward with champagne; and my!—before long I was that confused I didn't rightly know where I was at. Bill, he'd insisted on runnin' a dry ship on the way acrost and my head ain't so strong as it used to be.

Bill, he managed to keep hisn, though how he done it I can't see. He told me arterward he wanted to see that them twins said "Now I lay me ——" all c'rrect when they went to bed.

The next day, while we was settin' in the saloon with Mr. Stirling—for he made us live aft like quality durin' the time we was aboard—he says to me and Bill:

"This job is worth ten thousand dollars apiece to you men. It's worth all I've got to me to have my children, and neither one of you will ever want for anything while I'm alive." And the tears stood out in his eyes.

I sailed in to thank him, but Bill interrupted.

"Beggin' your pardon, marster," says he, "but there's somethin' as ud mean more to me than money."

"Wot's that, Hawkins?" says the boss.

"Money, sir," says Bill, "hain't everything in this 'ere world. Me and my mate, 'Enery, 'as growed mighty fond of these 'ere blessed babes and 'ates to be separated. Mebbe you might 'ave some sort of a billet aboard this wessel, so's we might see them twins frequent—bosun or the like for me and lamptender or cookin', or sommat o' the sort for 'Enery. We 'ave talked it over and we'd like for to be near at 'and, where we could sort o' watch hover 'em like."

And I'm blessed if Mr. Stirling didn't have to wipe his eyes!

. . . . . .

Bill, he's mate o' the yacht now. I sorter potter round the place and rake leaves and git in the way. Yes; we come back to America. Mr. Stirling fixed it up with the woman so's he cud keep the twins; and he didn't pay no million neither. Scuse me, sir—there's Master Cecil now, fixin' to git himself drownded in that there fountain.

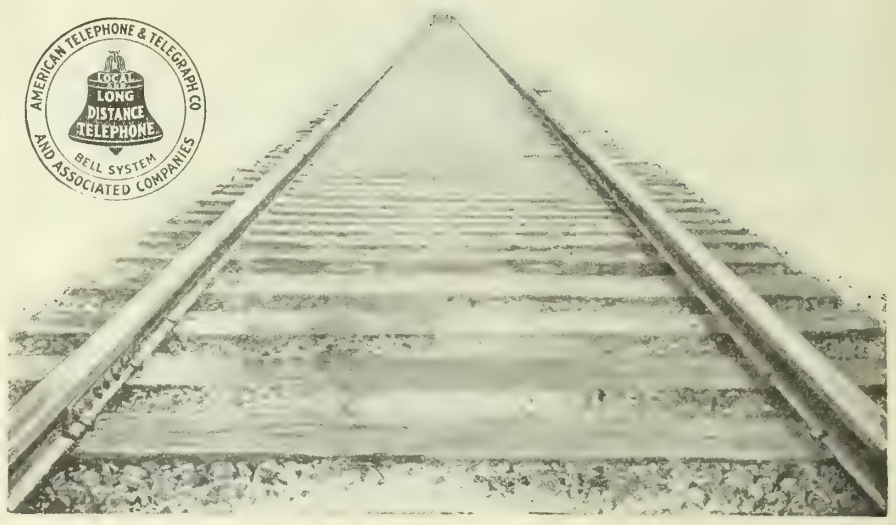
Friends No Longer

They used t' be friends, jist as close as could be,
But one had a bay that could go in 2.03—
So he said, an' he could—fer a quarter, I guess;
But somethin' was wrong with his wind, which was less
Than a trotter's should be; an' one had a gray
That was toppy an' fast, but got spavined someway;
So they traded—both honest enough, I allow.
An' they used t' be friends, but they ain't speakin' now.

They used t' be friends—jist as thick as two peas
In a pod—an' got on jist as fine as y' please;
But one had a maid who was precious as pearl,
What wimmen'll call an unusual girl!
An' one day she quit—wouldn't work any more—
But went to th' other fer five dollars more;
All honest enough—jist a chance, I allow.
An' they used t' be friends, but they ain't speakin' now.

They used t' be friends, an' they hardly could bear
Fer one to be somewhere an' t'other not there;
They talked it all over an' fixed up t' stay
Th' heat of th' summer up Blue Mountain way;
So one took her children an' t'other took hern,
An' lived in one cottage all summer t' learn
A lesson that's old as th' hills, I allow.
An' they used t' be friends, but they ain't speakin' now.

They used t' be friends, an' they lived right nex' door
To each other, an' set a remarkable store
By each other fer years, an' had never a spat
Till one bought a bulldog an' one bought a cat;
An' one day the cat turned up half-tore in two.
So somebody doctored a soup-bone an' threw
It across to th' dog—fair enough, I allow.
An' they used t' be friends, but they ain't speakin' now. —*J. W. Foley.*



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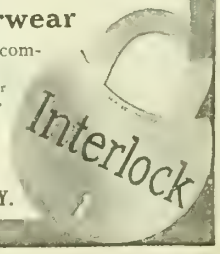

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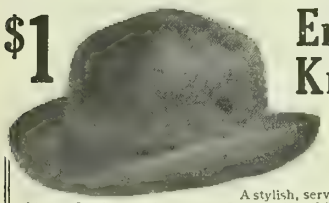

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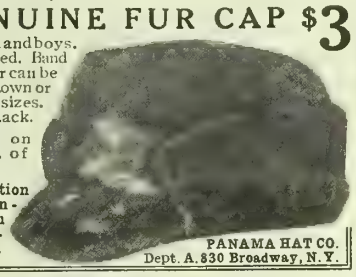

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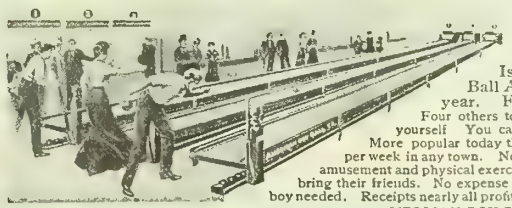

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$1.00 only. Sample prepaid. Agents get busy. Sells on sight. For mending harness, shoes, straps, canvas. Sews or mends anything; whole repair shop. Automatic natural tension reel, carrying waxed thread. Original and only perfect lock-stitch, diamond point needle; groove running full length protects the thread, exclusive feature; always ready, universal demand. C. A. Myers Co., 6405 Lexington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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60 Egg Incubator $5 Freight Prepaid

Greatest bargain of 1911; make sure of yours today. Order from this advertisement—

IDEAL 60 Egg Incubator $5.00 60 Chick Brooder $3.00

Incubator and Brooder ordered together $6.50. Delivered free east of Missouri River and north of Tennessee. Write for price to points beyond. **Both $6.50**

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Government Reports show that **STRAWBERRIES** yield more dollars per acre and give quicker returns than any other crop. Our Strawberry text book teaches Kellogg's way to grow big crops of big, red berries. IT'S FREE.

R. M. KELLOGG CO.
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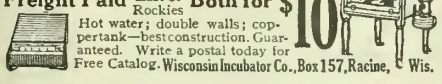
Order all of your periodicals through Bennett. New Catalogue, containing 3000 CLUB OFFERS, Free. Send Bennett your name and address today.

BENNETT'S MAGAZINE AGENCY, 173 Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rockies **Both for $10**



Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

CHICKEN BUSINESS There's Fortunes In It!

We start you. Most successful Poultry Farm. Thousands to choose from. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, etc. Big, illustrated, valuable book, "Profitable Poultry," sent for 3 cents. Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 94, Clarinda, Ia.

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I TEACH BY MAIL WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. Write today. Address F. W. TAMBLYN, 417 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The Abbott-Detroit Unprecedented Record Means Everything to Motor Car Purchasers

SO decisive have been the repeated victories of the Abbott-Detroit in American Blue Ribbon events that the question of purchasing the *right* motor car has been settled absolutely.

It is certainly no cause for wonder that because the Abbott-Detroit has triumphed day after day and week after week, pitted against the highest-priced cars, that it has become the first and only choice of discriminating automobile purchasers who want the greatest value in a $1500 car.

An Absorbing Story of Uninterrupted Motordrome Successes

The record reads like a novel! No motor car has ever done so much in so short a space of time. The makers did not consider racing the Abbott-Detroit until a few days before the last Vanderbilt Cup Races, when they suddenly decided to send a stock car after the famous trophy in this class. This was the Abbott-Detroit's first race—and it finished second.

Then followed an almost bewildering succession of triumphs. For five straight weeks the Abbott-Detroit covered itself with glory winning races, taking places and breaking records. Trophies, telegrams and congratulations poured in from all sides. No other motor car ever equaled the record in the time.

Has Never Failed to Place in a Race

The Abbott-Detroit continues to hold the furious pace it has set and right up to this writing has an absolutely clean-cut record. Its superiority is as sharply defined as a knife edge. It has never failed to place in a race. In every contest entered it has finished among the first three cars. And many times it has flashed under the wire a winner of both first and second honors.

Read the details of the victories of the Abbott-Detroit in the Book of the Abbott-Detroit, and understand that these determine absolutely the superiority of this car over any other car at $1500.

Let Us Send You the Book of Abbott-Detroit

This attractive illustrated book, showing the leading models, points out to you that the painting and trimming specifications of the Abbott-Detroit are parallel to those of any $4000 car on the market.

That the Abbott-Detroit has Chrome Nickel Steel Construction in the transmission and rear axle with imported F. & S. Annular Bearings and Timken Roller Bearings.

That the Abbott-Detroit has a complete electric light equipment of two electric headlights and combination electric and oil side and rear lamps and Bosch High Tension or Splitdorf dual ignition system.

That when you purchase the Abbott-Detroit at $1500 you get a fully standardized, perfectly balanced and completely equipped motor car.

Just Sign Your Name to The Coupon

And we will send the book which will tell you that such a superb motor car at $1500 means new motoring pleasures because it is capable of greater service to you than you have ever even attempted to exact from another car or ever expected to be able to afford. After you have filled in the blank space with your name and address, tear out this coupon and mail it to us.

In addition to sending you the Book of Abbott-Detroit, we'll give you a letter of introduction to our local agent, who will be pleased to show you the Abbott-Detroit and extend to you every courtesy possible.

Dealers writing for territory still open will be made our regular Agency Proposition.

Prices

5-Passenger Touring Car $1500; Fore-Door 5-Passenger Touring Car $1550; Roadster, $1500; Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau (Tonneau detachable) $1650; Coupe, $2350; all include standard equipment, f.o.b. Detroit, Michigan.

ABBOTT MOTOR CO.
117 Waterloo St., Detroit, Mich.

"The Place For You to Sign."

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Address_____

S. E. P. Jan. 14.

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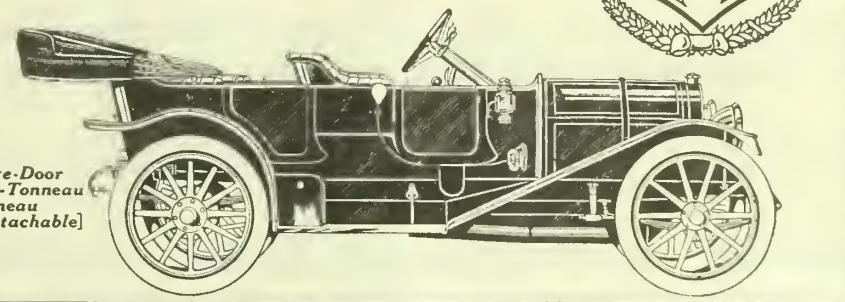

Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau [Tonneau Detachable]

CLEANS the *backs* of your teeth.
And in *between.*
Ask for Brisco-Kleanwell shape No. 57.
Bristles at the end protrude just enough.
Curved handle.

There are ten Brisco-Kleanwell shapes.

If you want to see the others, ask your dealer.

Price 35c

Send 4c for Dolly's Kleanwell — a tiny toothbrush.

THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

BRISCO-KLEANWELL

Brisco HAIR BRUSHES

Made of high grade, imported bristles set firmly in the back. Many styles at all prices. Ask your dealer.

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Free Book of Class Pins

This Handsome Booklet shows all the latest and most up-to-date styles in class pins, badges and fobs at the lowest prices.

Handsomest new designs in gold, silver and enamel you ever saw. Out-of-the-ordinary pins all the way through. Write to-day for free booklet. It contains important extracts from Rules of Order, for Class, Society and Fraternity meetings, etc.

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GALBRAITH "NEW LAND" FRUIT TREES

Free from Disease. Grow faster. Heavier fruiting. Yearling Apples 9c. Catalpa Speciosa $2.00 per 1000. Ornamentals. No agents. You save 50 per cent. Complete Catalog free.

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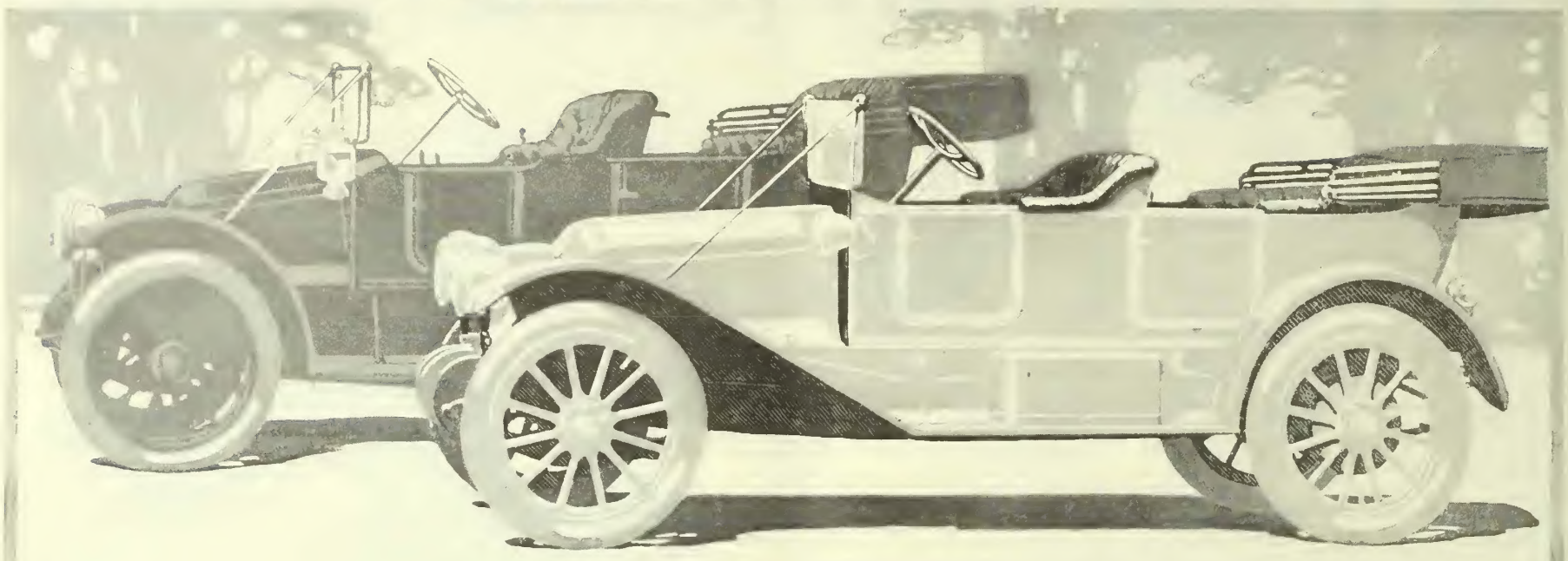
Franklin



You save two thirds of the tire expense common to other motor cars when you buy a Franklin.

No matter what price you pay for an automobile, if it blows out tires it is going to cost you too much.

What is the cause of tire trouble, poor tires or something else?

"If the load on pneumatic tires never exceeds the elastic limit of the rubber they will endure a very long time, whereas if loaded but slightly beyond the elastic limit they soon go to pieces."

That is what Hudson Maxim says. He is right. The evil is overloading. Blow-outs, punctures, stone bruises, all come from too much weight on the tires.

How the Franklin overcomes tire troubles.

Three things have to be considered—tire size, weight of car, riding ease. Franklins, light-weight and resilient, are easy on tires. In addition their tire equipment is extra large. The tires are never overloaded. That is, they are not loaded beyond their elastic limit.

There can be only one result: satisfactory tire service. Tire expense is not a burden. Franklins go from three to four times farther on a set of tires than do other automobiles.

There are convincing proofs of Franklin tire supremacy. Actual reports show that 1910 Franklins have made the wonderful average of over 2500 miles without punctures and with blow-outs practically unheard of even up to 8000 to 10000 miles.

Only a car of the right design could make such a record.

Will all automobile engines be air-cooled?

The simplicity of the Franklin air-cooled motor, its freedom from freezing and heating troubles, its high efficiency, lead many people to predict that all automobiles will be air-cooled.

Franklin air cooling eliminates the weight of water and water-cooling apparatus. There is no mechanism, nothing to get out of order. The highest economy is secured.

Franklins have won every important economy contest in this country. Their records have never been approached by any other car.

Health and comfort conserved.

Well tired and light-weight, Franklins ride easier than heavier cars. They are not racked and strained by inequalities of the road. Their full-elliptic springs make riding easy under all conditions of going. Vibrations are completely taken up by the springs and laminated wood chassis frame. Because of this, riding never becomes tiresome. There is never any feeling of being worn out. Health and comfort are conserved.

Not only are Franklins easy riding, easy on tires and free from freezing trouble, but they go the fastest and the farthest in a day. This is not because they have excessive power, but because they travel smoothly over all conditions of going.

In the Franklin line for 1911 are two "sixes" and two "fours".

There is a Franklin for every requirement.

Franklin Model D for 1911 is the first light-weight, five-passenger, six-cylinder touring car. It is a distinct sensation. Other models include a six-cylinder, seven-passenger touring car; a four-cylinder, five-passenger touring car; a four-cylinder, four-passenger touring car; a double torpedo-phaeton, a special speed car, limousines and landaulets.

Franklin enclosed cars, having air-cooled motors, are absolutely dependable for winter use. They have another important advantage in their full-elliptic spring suspension. Riding is always delightfully comfortable.

The new Franklin hood with its graceful sloping lines meets the body without a distinct break and gives Franklin automobiles a smooth, clean and extremely agreeable effect.

Write for Franklin catalogue

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y
Licensed under Selden Patent

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY Syracuse N Y
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Time Tells the Tale of

Everwear

TRADE MARK

HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

Most all of the guaranteed hose you've heard of will last the guaranteed six months;

Because some of them are made merely for wear without much regard for comfort or appearance.

Not so with Everwear.

There's comfort in Everwear every minute—

Comfort in the fact that they look good on your feet, feel good in your shoes and last the life of the guarantee.

Everwear Hose are soft, fine, shapely and elegant, due to the high quality of Everwear materials and the unique Everwear process of knitting.

Ask your dealer to show you Everwear—prove the truth of the above statements by a careful examination and a personal test.

If he hasn't them, write to us stating size and kind wanted and we will send them express prepaid.

Whatever you do, get Everwear.

Everwear are sold six pairs in a box, solid or assorted colors. For Men, Women and Misses in Silk Lisle, $3.00 a box. Egyptian Cotton: Men's, $1.50; Ladies', $2.00 per box. Children's in extra fine and strong, long staple Cotton, $2.00 per box. The Men's Hose are made in medium and light weights in all the ultra-fashionable shades. Women's in black, black with white feet, and tan. Children's in black and tan.

Everwear Hosiery Company, Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The shaving soap that works best under inconvenient conditions certainly works best under ideal conditions. The soap that gives a fine lather with cold as well as warm water, outdoors as well as indoors, in winter as well as in summer, is the soap that you want to use.

Williams' Shaving Soap, made in two convenient forms—stick and powder—is the soap that makes a good shave when everything is against a good shave. By the use of Williams' Shaving Soap in any form the daily shave becomes as near a pleasant luxury as any daily duty can.

Both the Stick and the Powder are put up in Williams' famous hinged-cover box.

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

Did you ever stop to think how careful you should be about not only the purity but also the action of anything you use as often as you do a toilet soap? It is not enough that your toilet soap should be merely harmless; it should be beneficial. It should not be merely negative; it should be positive.

Jersey Cream Toilet Soap is not only absolutely pure, wholesome and cleansing; but is also softening and soothing and prevents chapping and irritation.

Jersey Cream Toilet Soap is something more than a soap, it is a complete toilet preparation.

Williams' Dentalactic Tooth Powder

Not just another tooth powder, but a better in every way. We became convinced that the public was waiting for a tooth powder that combined fineness and smoothness with unusual antiseptic and cleansing properties. Dentists constantly warn against the use of tooth preparations that injure the precious enamel of the teeth and scratch gold fillings.

Williams' Dentalactic Tooth Powder cleanses thoroughly, stimulates circulation, refreshes the mouth and is so fine that it can't scratch. The visible top outlet enables you to put just enough powder, just where it is wanted. Hence no waste.

Special Offer: A miniature sample package of either Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 16 cents in stamps.

Address The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.